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**ANIMALS ARE MY HOBBY**



jin Jiggs, doyen of my chimpanzees, relaxes with a cigarette after a haircut

# ANIMALS ARE MY HOBBY

*by*

GERTRUDE DAVIES LINTZ

*Illustrated*



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## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. JUNGLE IN BROOKLYN	7
II. ELEPHANTS IN TENNESSEE	12
III. RIGI DAVIES TO AURORA BOREALIS	24
IV. A BENCH OF CHAMPIONS	35
V. SAINTS, DEVILS, AND HUMMING BIRDS	47
VI. MAGGIE AND JOE	60*
VII. CREATURE OF MYSTERY	73
VIII. PRINCE OF THE FOREST	85
IX. CARNIVAL IN CHICAGO	97
X. NURSERY SCHOOL	108
XI. NOT QUITE ANIMALS	121
XII. CHILD OF DARKNESS	138
XIII. CHECKED WITH THE BAGGAGE	149
XIV. GROWING UP	161
XV. MY POOR GIANT	174
XVI. CROSSROADS	187
XVII. THE HUMAN BEAST	199

## ILLUSTRATIONS

Captain Jiggs, doyen of my chimpanzees, relaxes with a cigarette after a haircut - - - - - *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

St. Bernards: (i) A bench of future champion St. Bernards from my Hercuveen kennels. (ii) Centreport, the biggest St. Bernard on record. Notice that his head is much larger than mine. (iii) Loveliest of them all —Champion Hercuveen Aurora Borealis - - - - -	32
Champion Hercuveen Standard holds up his magnificent head - - - - -	33
I have a lapful of chimpanzee: Suzabella, Skippy I and Captain Jiggs - - - - -	80
My Saints and imps meet in a friendly greeting - - - - -	81
In spite of the bars, Dick and Buddy are still good friends - - - - -	81
Young Captain Jiggs takes the newspaper seriously - - - - -	96
The infant Captain Jiggs enjoys a noisy joke with a friend	96
Family of Apes: (i) Missy with an armful of infants— Maggie Klein and Joe Mendi at the age of five. (ii) Massa as a baby. Notice her silvery hair. (iii) Later, Joe Mendi dressed for his vaudeville act	97
Captain Jiggs enjoys the sea breezes on the pier at Atlantic City - - - - -	128
Buddy's hand and a normal-sized man's. Notice the short thumb, and the long forefinger pointing at the region of West Africa from which he came - - - - -	129
Gently and affectionately, Captain Jiggs holds one of his pet kittens - - - - -	160
I help Suzabella to walk upright, a difficult feat for a chimpanzee - - - - -	161
I am proud of Massa, who is now a happy inmate of the Philadelphia Zoo - - - - -	176
Waiting for Missy. Buddy, a few months after his first trip to Florida, watches with the wistful expression reserved for my visits - - - - -	177
Suzabella sits in her place in the sun, gazing with interest at the camera - - - - -	192
Beauty treatment goes down well with Captain Jiggs - - - - -	193

## CHAPTER I

### *Jungle in Brooklyn*

I HAVE a house on the Shore Road in Brooklyn, New York City. There is a box hedge around it—a green wall that is not meant to keep people out, for I like people, but to keep my animals in, for my home and its grounds are a jungle in the midst of a great city. Anyone who likes can come in, and meet the animals, and hear their stories. But when they leave they are careful to close the gate tightly, for my animals must be kept safe at home!

Some of my animals are the kind that people are quite accustomed to seeing. If you like puppies, there's sure to be a litter just the right age—soft golden balls to pick up and snuggle in your neck. Or perhaps you'd like to see a tumbler pigeon on his suicide plunge from a great height, falling, turning over and over, then straightening out just before he crashes, to make a perfect two-point landing. Out beyond the rose-covered dog-runs there are rabbit hutches, but don't be surprised if you mistake the bunnies for ermine or mink or chinchilla. That's the way they were born.

But farther along, in the glass-fronted house at the bottom of the garden, are the animals who really make my wall necessary. Most of these youngsters are in the playroom, and before you close the front gate of this book you will know them all better. For they are my great apes, and in any story of my animals they are bound to be far and away the chief actors. Indeed they are actors already, of another sort. That's Joe Mendi playing the harmonica—you may have seen him on his vaudeville tours. But perhaps I should explain that the tune he's playing is "Turkey in the Straw"; our Joe is not too fussy about hitting the notes, but he's a tyrant with his tailor. Maggie Klein—the one in a red-checked dress and sun-bonnet—is a vaudeville star, too, but just now she's try-

ing to sew. You remember Jackie, of course. You must have seen him in the "Tarzan" films. But have you met Captain Jiggs?

In fact, how many chimpanzees do you know personally? Or gorillas, orang-outangs, and—poor relations of the great apes—the gibbons? I think the only way to know these creatures is to meet them one by one, to watch them grow up as children in a human family, and to see what happens to them. After that, we all have to shake our ideas of them into a new pattern.

But I was going to introduce you to Captain Jiggs, soldier and gentleman, though only a chimpanzee. Just now he's boxing with Buddy. It's worth watching, for nowhere else in the world will you see a chimpanzee boxing with a young gorilla. Buddy's stage name, Gargantua the Great, fits him better now than it does behind the bars of Ringling's circus. For here in the back yard he eats with gusto, laughs out loud, and plays roguish practical jokes.

The smaller gorilla, with her beautiful silvery pelt, is Massa. She has a meteoric temperament, but just now she's playing mother, picking up the baby chimps, Suzabella and Skippy, and guarding them in a chair. Massa always does that when a rough-and-tumble game like the boxing match is going on. I've seen her put the babies under the billiard table and hover beside them when some of the older ones were playing too uproariously. After you get to know Massa you'll learn to expect the best and worst from her in quick succession.

We might stroll over to the Hercuveen kennels, because you'll want to know some of my St. Bernards personally, too. The most beautiful of them all is Aurora Borealis. In fact, she was the finest St. Bernard of her day—in the show ring at Madison Square Garden and in her own back yard too. And here is a litter of the biggest dogs ever born, and every one of them a champion. You'll meet the cream of my twenty-five years of effort to create an American-bred St. Bernard, which began the year I left school.

Whether you make the acquaintance of Purser the leopard,

Jack and Jill, the giant horned owls, and my Chinese dragon is optional. They're here just for fun.

And the people in the book are here, not as I see them, but as the animals saw them—as devoted friends who fed them, played with them, and understood all their needs. So I shall merely introduce them, and thank them on behalf of the Brooklyn jungle.

First of all Richard Kroener, who for twenty years was the man at my right hand. He is one of those people who are born understanding animals, and after he became a kennel expert, he took the difficult experiment of raising great apes in his stride. I'm afraid that at times I shifted to his shoulders ungrateful tasks like scolding the apes and disciplining them—with nothing more deadly than a fly swatter—but his shoulders are strong. He got us through many situations that were critical and dangerous, and only Dick himself knows how much I owe to his devoted services. Dick Kroener's clean-cut features and slender athletic build are familiar to all the people who go to circuses, for he has devoted his life to caring for Gargantua. But few realize his gifts as a naturalist. In my Brooklyn jungle he grew prize dahlias, collected butterflies, tropical fish, studied the birds. Nothing that grows is alien to him.

And Hermann Woest—powerful, thick-set, sunny-tempered, impervious to annoyances or dangers—was with me almost as long as Dick. He started with no experience of animals, and absorbed the arts of handling them so quickly that he became indispensable and a general favourite in the simian world. For some time his brother Rudolph and sister Ericka were in the household, so I have three Woests to be grateful for. Hermann or Dick—I can't remember which—taught the animals that my name is "Missy."

Tony Desmoni is known to all those people who follow the fortunes of the St. Bernard, for he is now one of the best authorities on the breed in the country. For years, when we showed our Hercuveen dogs at the Westminster shows in Madison Square Garden, it was Tony who groomed them and got them ready for the judging. He was one of the attrac-

tions of the Hercuveen bench, and thousands of people came year after year just to see Tony, with his handsome, smiling face. Like Dick and Hermann, he made the odd transfer from Saints to apes without a quiver, and I always called him in when I was exhibiting my colony. He was a master of the art of presenting animals at their best.

If I am mentioning my husband last, and if he appears less often in this account than Dick and Hermann, it is because their job, twenty-four hours of the day, was with the animals, and Dr. Lintz's first responsibility was to his patients. We helped each other when we could; I would drive him to emergency consultations in the small hours, and he would help me with the medical problems of the apes. They are physically so like us that they are quite outside the veterinarian's field, so in working out the puzzles of anthropoid medicine we were guided by the best pediatricians and went on from there.

My jungle in Brooklyn was full of problems and puzzles and experiments. Everybody knows the St. Bernard as a noble and benevolent friend of man. This great dog is as familiar and established in our world as any animal. But some of my most exciting experiments were made in creating and stabilizing a new breed, and in watching the effects of growth hormones and vitamins on the dog before similar work had been done on human beings.

As for the great apes, they are neither familiar nor established, and every step of the way has been an adventure full of surprises and rich rewards. I began work with chimpanzees before they had been studied carefully in America and brought up two gorillas as nearly as possible like human children. After nearly twenty years of close and affectionate companionship with our nearest of kin, they are still a mystery to me, as they are to all who know them well.

People sometimes ask me, "How could you bear, after breeding wonderful St. Bernards, to take up with dirty little monkeys?" I've never cared for monkeys myself, so I know how they feel. But in the first place, apes are nearly as far from monkeys as we are ourselves, and in the second place,

apes are fastidiously clean. They are so highly developed that if they're not persons they're clearly personalities. There is a great gulf between man and ape, but not the sort of abyss we think. In the last few years we have begun to understand a good deal about the chimpanzee, but the gorilla remains the most baffling and fascinating creature in the world. My singular fortune in bringing up two gorillas under the happiest and most nearly normal conditions of any in captivity has increased our scant knowledge of them, and reversed many scientific guesses.

My animals all lived in luxury. They were well housed and fed, scrupulously tended; they were petted, amused, and encouraged. With the country full of children who are neglected and miserable, this may seem criminal. But I shall make no plea in my defence, unless the story in this book may serve that purpose. I was not blessed with children, and perhaps I was born to work with animals. My investment paid me rich dividends in accomplishment, though often I felt as bankrupt as a hungry beetle on the financial side.

But hundreds of my Hercuveal puppies went into homes and were credits to them, as only an intelligent and trustworthy dog can be. My ape colony has delighted many thousands of people and helped to create a new conception of animals we must understand if we are to understand ourselves. I have often been quoted as insisting that no woman should try to bring up a child without first bringing up a great ape. That remark was by no means frivolous.

No, it seems to me the animals enrich our lives, open up our sympathies, and teach us many things. It's a poor world that has no place for pets. It's a narrow heart and a puny imagination that fail to see in the world of nature the richness that has brought us, too, into being. We can be the highest creatures on earth only if we understand nature's other children.

## CHAPTER II

### *Elephants in Tennessee*

**T**HINKING back over their lives, most people are unable to find any one overwhelming interest that began in infancy and lasted straight through. The normal pattern of childhood is much the same for us all; we shift from one thing to the next without specializing too much and so grow into adults who have boxed the compass of human experience, in the ordinary sense. But in my own case there was a definite pattern, and a definite drive that has brought me straight through to today. As I think back to my early childhood in London, the two most vivid memories were connected with animals.

The first tears I remember shedding—in any great quantity—were for caged lions in a zoo. I was three, and my favourite uncle took me for my first visit to Regent's Park. In front of the lion cage he hoisted me to his shoulder, for I was tiny as a child, though later I made up for that. The magnificent cats paced back and forth, back and forth. There was an angry look in their eyes, and a dreadful restlessness in their movements.

"Uncle," I wept, "why don't they let those lovely things out?"

I was in agony about them. I knew how they felt, because it seemed I was caged too, always looking out of windows at a world I longed to explore. If I had my way even now I would use a house only to crawl into at night. All the way home in the carriage that day and for hours afterwards I wept because the lions were shut up.

Apart from being shut away from the world, my first years were happy enough. I was too young to realize that my father was running through his money—and he was too busy spending it to realize himself what was happening. John Henry Davies was an exciting person, with all the gifts of his Welsh

blood—warmth, imagination, persuasiveness. He was a handsome man, short and compact, with a fine broad forehead and widely spaced eyes. His voice was so beautiful that he was dreaming of an operatic career. My French-English mother was a tiny, gentle thing, always under the Victorian whiplash of producing children and more children. There were five of us who survived: Leonard, then myself, then Sidney, Beatrice, and Earl. Before us there had been five boys who died as infants, and after us three more.

My second memory was of a dog—and a St. Bernard at that. Every afternoon the muffin man came crying down the street, and we rushed out to buy crumpets for tea. We would toast them at the fireplace, and at these daily feasts my mother's St. Bernard, Rover, was allowed in for a romp. It seemed I could never get near Rover, because my brothers monopolized him. I vowed that some day I would have a St. Bernard all to myself.

Without reading between the lines, it is plain that my two memories of life in England spelled two desires: to give fine animals freedom, and to own a St. Bernard. And certainly I carried out those infant longings pretty handsomely at the first opportunity. For I have given even dangerous animals more liberty than was prudent. And by my early twenties I owned well over two hundred St. Bernards, all of the finest.

When I was a little older father announced that we were moving to the United States. Leonard and I were exhilarated. Evidently we mixed up America with Africa; at any rate, we expected a jungle full of black men and elephants. Our uncle had gone over before us, and when he met us at the boat we children looked at each other and shook our heads. Uncle hadn't turned black yet! Well, perhaps it took a while. Every day I watched my own skin for signs of the entralling, hoped-for change, but it remained the dazzling white of a red-haired child. We were encouraged to find, every now and then, people who, we felt, rightly belonged in the American jungle. But all the time we stayed in New York City we didn't see a single elephant.

Father had two try-outs for the opera. He had the looks,

the dramatic talent, and the voice. But he had something else—weak vocal chords. His voice couldn't stand up for long, it changed pitch and became exhausted. I can understand now the bitterness of his frustrated ambitions. But at the time we small fry realized only that father was going to be a Presbyterian minister, and that meant the family was going to Darkest Africa.

Father's first charge was a whistle-stop in Tennessee called Hickory With. Follow a cowpath through the woods, and you came to a general store and a church whose steeple seemed to stretch far up into the sky. Keep on the path till it was lost in the backwoods, and you came to a log cabin plastered with mud. That was the manse of the Reverend John Henry Davies of London. No doubt our parents were horrified at living in this hamlet after enjoying considerable luxury in England, but we five children were enchanted. We had found our jungle, and we began hunting for the wild animals.

One day Leonard came running into the cabin to collect all the kitchen knives. He said with great importance that he had found an elephant, and was going to get the ivory. Sidney and Beatrice—always called Batsy—and I followed him to the field where a long-horn cow lay dead. It was impossible to collect the ivory, but this didn't quench our enthusiasm for life in the wild. For a long time all large animals were either elephants or buffaloes.

My only sad memory of Hickory With was finding out the truth about Santa Claus. Leonard, with the usual sadistic glee of the disillusioned child, compensated for his own disappointment by informing me there was no Santa. I didn't see how I was going to go on living without this jovial saint to whom I brought my secret prayers all through the year.

Meanwhile, father was doing wonders with his first church. He could move people to tears, or make them see visions, just by reading the Bible. The little church was soon bursting with worshippers who had ridden miles through the backwoods to hear this marvellous new preacher. The elders of the church were very happy, and their glow of affection for father extended to his children. We were considered won-

derful, too, with our red curls, bright English complexions, and blue eyes always opened round in wonder. What a picture, thought the elders—five little angels clustered at the feet of the bright evangel for instruction in the mysteries of religion.

One day one of the elders took me on his knee and began catechizing me, perhaps expecting me to babble in my infant way words of inspiration. I realized that he was talking about a wonderful being, all goodness and kindness, who was nowhere and everywhere, just like my Santa. I twisted on his lap and looked at him defiantly.

“Don’t tell me such stories,” I said with all the bitterness of a hurt child. “I was fooled about Santa, but I’ll never be fooled again.”

We soon moved on to Texas. In the next years we lived in many towns in Texas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma, for father was becoming the chief travelling evangelist of his church. He was very elegant in the pulpit, dressed in fine broadcloth and spotless linen, and though we children still understood little of his real powers, we were proud of him. But his temperament was egocentric, and he never got very close to us. As for me, though I was his favourite, and in some ways very like him, I never understood him until I was grown up. Father was engrossed in the Kingdom of Heaven, and I was engrossed in the animal kingdom, and we seldom met on a simple human basis. It was my darling, tiny mother whom I loved, half realizing that bearing thirteen children, and caring for five, with all the difficulties of our frequent moves, were draining her frail reserves.

The first pet I had all to myself in this wandering childhood was a homeless dog. I found her toward evening and brought her home. She was to be my exclusive property, so without a word to anyone I hid her under the porch and smuggled supper out to her. The next morning I crawled under the porch, and discovered six horrible leeches, as I thought, clinging to her. For the first time I had to be brave in order to save an animal’s life. With some trouble I

gathered up the little monsters into my brief skirt, and started toward the brook to drown them.

My mother happened to see me and made me come to her and show her what I was hiding in my dress.

"Why, they're little puppies!" she said in surprise.  
"Where is their mother?"

I was dumbfounded. Mother had to explain to me how it was that I had found not one dog, but a whole family. After that nobody could touch me with a ten-foot pole, and I spent most of my time hovering over my first kennel. Though five of them vanished later, I didn't suspect that they had been drowned in earnest. And meanwhile I had discovered that I could find pets, just as some people can divine the presence of water. Once I came upon a newborn kid lying near its dead mother, and saved it in the nick of time. It was bottle-fed and my sole responsibility; it grew into a strong young goat that ate the washing off the line. The fields offered rabbits and gophers, which I was sure I could tame if only they would stay put and not run away, and grazing mules which the grown-ups said were too wild and mean to be broken, but which I mounted and rode bareback. Sometimes I would take my little sister Betsy for a ride on one of these borrowed mules. We became a legend in the neighbourhood, and a living proof of how Providence looks after little children.

When I was about eight mother bore her last stillborn child and died. It was a loss that none of us ever got over. Father collapsed, and I tried for a few months to be mother of the family which was in the real sense orphaned; for father had the usual Englishman's ignorance of domestic affairs. He was preaching in a long circuit of Arkansas towns, and his temperament made it impossible for him to pinch-hit as a parent. He didn't know what to do with us but accept the urging of his parishioners, and let the community take care of us while he was away.

The family flew into pieces. We five children went to different homes, and for a while saw little of each other. It was a rural neighbourhood with scattered farms, and few of the people had enough sophistication to understand the

five little Davies children from London. I was the toughest nut to crack, for by now I had become a gypsy. The other children more or less stayed put, but I didn't stay put at all. For one thing, whenever father's orbit swung back he would take me away from the family I was living with because he was very fond of me and wanted me with him. That would offend the family, and so when father left again I would start all over again in a new home. I couldn't grow roots anywhere, although I think that was what I wanted. A nomad life was much more exciting.

Our juvenile literature is full of stories about boys who run away with their pet dog under an arm, but I don't remember any tales about girls with the same impulse. Though I was good at catching wild mules and riding them, I wasn't a tomboy. I was a small, rather frail, and decidedly feminine child whom people liked to pet and dress up. And yet I became an infant tramp, a chronic runaway. More than once I would vanish from my temporary home and take to the woods with my black-and-tan terrier Rex. He was one of my lucky finds because he happened to be a thoroughbred, though I would have loved a mut just as much and kept him just as clean and well fed. For the two years after mother's death he was my closest friend.

Though the woods seemed very big and mysterious to me, I was perfectly happy to spend the whole day roaming through woods and fields as long as I had Rex. If we failed to find a farmhouse at night we nested in the woods. Everybody knew who I was, and I had only to show up at a farmhouse to be fed and given a bed. But the next morning I would explain that I was expected elsewhere, and off Rex and I would go again, like two puppies on a rabbit chase. Since I belonged to nobody but an absent father, I could keep up this nomadic life for a long time. So long, in fact, that I became unwashed and uncared for. Nobody combed out my red-gold curls, or put me in a tub. I didn't go to school, and probably my meals were too haphazard, for I became as thin and sore-eyed as a stray kitten.

And yet father's church flock had to let me alone, because

I had become an expert in vanishing. Many of them were full of ill-feeling at father's habit of snatching me away from people who wanted me for keeps. At any rate, I was once the victim of real malevolence. I was supposed to be staying with some people we will call the Blanks, but I had wandered far afield. One day I caught a grazing mule, led him to a rail fence, and mounted him, clutching Rex tightly. This was my usual system, but this mule bolted and ran like one possessed to his home stable. As he dashed in the door, he scraped me and Rex off, and I was knocked out with concussion, and possibly a fractured skull. The farmer carried me over to the Blanks, where he thought I belonged, and since nobody was home, he put me in bed with Rex beside me and hurried to find a doctor. It is hard to understand why people do the things they do—but Mr. Blank murdered Rex while I was unconscious. A few days later, when I was still weak, I came in from a rather wobbly walk in the yard to find my belongings tied up in a red handkerchief, with a stick to carry it.

With my bundle over my shoulder I took to the woods again, but this time there was no little terrier for company.

When I was ten father married again and established a home. He called his children back, and presently we were together once more, going to school and acting like normal children. But we were Humpty Dumpties who had had a great fall. No sooner had we filtered back to the parental roof than we began filtering away again. Leonard left for good when he was still a boy, and then Sidney went his way. As for me, I was restless and unhappy, finding grown-ups hard to live with, and lavishing my affections on my beautiful sister Batsy and on Earl, the baby of the family. I wanted so many things that were still too vague to have a shape or a name, impossible bright things one asks of Santa Claus in moods of extravagant hope.

As an incurable optimist whose patron saint was the good Nicholas, I was hardly astonished when everything I longed for was suddenly there on the Christmas tree. Father took a

summer pulpit in Upper New York state, and one of the elders of the church was a multimillionaire from New York City. He came up every summer for wing shooting, and had a hunting lodge nearby. He was interested in the church, and helped support it. To balance the malevolent Mr. Blank, there was "Uncle David." In no time we were calling him that, and in no time he added Betsy and Earl and me to the long list of children he had educated and started out in the world—all with such modesty that even now, though he is long dead, I will call him just Uncle David. His generosity was too sincere to need a fanfare.

Realizing that I was somehow the fifth wheel in the Davies family, he offered to adopt me. But father refused vehemently, and was affronted some years later when I was sixteen, and could adopt Uncle David as my legal guardian. That was the last time I ever saw father, though he lived to a hale and handsome old age in the south-west, building church after church. But by that time I had struck my roots in the East.

My new home was out of the ordinary pattern, but it gave me the first real security since my mother's death. Betsy and Earl and I were put in the care of a wonderful woman, Mother Baldwin, and went to Philadelphia to live and go to school. I may as well confess that none of my schooling made as much of an impression on me as the things I did outside. In vacations I learned to go bird hunting with Uncle David, and by the time I was seventeen I was entrusted with some of his fine trotters, which I drove at county fairs. I remember Lady D, who bolted when she came opposite the bandstand, but won me the first blue ribbon in a life that was to be snowed under with them. And Commodore, a pure-white horse that I drove down in Augusta. A red-haired girl, a white horse, a blue ribbon—an inevitable combination.

I was never without a dog, but late in my girlhood I had a most unusual house pet. Suzette the gibbon was my first excursion into the primate order. She astonished us by her intelligence and her dazzling acrobatic feats, but she was an awful nuisance. As the dinner hour approached she would

hide above the door, and when we came into the dining-room she would jump down and scare the wits out of us. She stole everything she could lay hands on—thimbles, trinkets, toilet things—and hid them away. My sister's mirror was lined with precious souvenirs like dance programmes and snapshots, and time after time Suzette despoiled it.

She was the black-and-white variety, and about nine months old when I bought her in a careless moment. We had no idea how to take care of her, but gave her a bed in the bathroom, and she soon made us understand what she wanted, besides mischief. She could think that out for herself. One day the coloured maid opened the bathroom door and quickly shut it again, and came running to us with her eyes rolling in terror.

“All ghosties came floating out de do’!” she cried.

We found Suzette blowing soap bubbles as no artist at the game has ever done better. She had been so deliberate and careful that none of the bubbles broke, and it was quite true that the room was full of them. She showed great skill at a number of things for a mere baby, and at acrobatic swinging and climbing she was swift as lightning and perfectly sure of herself. We thought that if she had had a tail she could have been called a monkey, rather than an ape, an unscientific notion that science later agreed with.

Still, she wasn't quite a monkey. She was too companionable. When Betsy and I sat on a divan in a bay window Suzette was sure to slide between us so she could keep a tiny hand on each of us. Whenever we noticed something in the street she was all agog too. And she had to be rocked to sleep, or she would strike about going to bed. For this service she chose Betsy, the calm dark Madonna, rather than me. In those days I was as full of sizzle and shooting stars as a Fourth-of-July celebration, and I am still postponing any chronic placidity to my old age. But though I wasn't placid enough to rock Suzette to sleep, I could have fun taking her for rides in my electric coupé. Next to animas, motoring is my greatest diversion, and then and there I found I could combine the two. I have taken more strange animals for

rides than anybody I ever heard of, and have yet to find one that didn't enjoy it.

Everybody was urging me to "do something" with my voice. I sang in the church choir and at informal parties, and my friends thought that with proper training I could do big things as a singer. I began to dream, as my father had, of a career in grand opera. And simply because my voice was like his, I refused to realize that I might duplicate his experience. My guardian believed in girls having some definite career, so he decided to send me abroad to study voice. Mother Baldwin took me to Paris and settled me in a pension school at Enghien-les-Bains, a few miles outside the city, and then went home. I found myself among a selected lot of girls from all over Europe who, like myself, were expected to learn French and on our daily excursions into the City of Light absorb the richness of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and all the other repositories of culture. Instead of learning French I taught everybody in the school to speak English. And while we duly went into Paris, chaperoned by the fluttering little Tante Mimi, we always ended our pursuit of culture with a spree at Rumpelmayer's wonderful pastry shop.

Still, I worked very hard at my singing lessons with Madame Hexior. It seemed to me that I worked much too hard, for when I finished my lessons I was always completely done in. But Madame kept me singing hour after hour, trying to decide where my voice really belonged. Sometimes I was a lyric soprano, at other times a deep contralto. Was this a coloratura voice, or was it a freak? She finally took me every day for a fortnight to a famous master in the Paris Conservatoire. He didn't hurry his verdict, but he was very definite by the time he had studied my problem.

"This girl has phenomenally weak vocal chords," he said. "Perhaps she can do light concert work, but opera is out of the question. Prolonged strain makes her voice sag from the high registers to the low, and gives her severe nervous fatigue. On the whole——"

On the whole I was my father's daughter. It was a blow to my first definite ambitions, and yet a relief. It was quite true

that singing for any length of time was an ordeal. So I wiped the whole thing off the slate, and went on enjoying my schoolmates, and Paris, and the usual romantic dreams that flourish so well when you're young. I'm not trying to make myself out a brave little soldier. I'm blessed with a happy temperament, and though my life has been full of setbacks, I have never learned to expect anything but wonderful things to happen next time.

What happened immediately was a delightful tour with a little group of my schoolmates and a courier maid. We saw Italy and Spain, Germany and Switzerland. Then I went home for a while to tell Betsy all about my experiences, which were exactly like all schoolgirl tours of Europe, but which we both felt were unique. Uncle David felt that I was not yet "finished," nor had I started on a new career. So I went to a school near London, and this time what I most remember was being taught my manners and something much deeper. The head mistress had the typical English attitude about self-control, which this war has taught us to appreciate at its real value. She told me, "Never show your feelings in public. If you keep your head up, you'll find you can go through anything." That was a tremendous help to me, and I found it was even more important in dealing with animals than with fellow human beings. Animals can't bear ructions or any show of nerves.

By now my career was chosen. Perhaps being in England again reminded me of mother's St. Bernard. At any rate I decided to start a kennel of "Saints." England was full of the gentlest and most trustworthy champions of the breed, and I might have bought my first dogs there. If I had my life would have been very different. But I was starting on another chaperoned tour, and could hardly have taken a pair of giants along.

We had a dazzling time in Imperial Russia, and in Heidelberg. Both were full of handsome men, and I began to learn something of the complicated art of flirtation, which had not been included in my school curriculums. However, I was bent on a career, so I climbed the Rigi. I was growing

up, for though I had gone on elephant hunts in Tennessee, I was now clear enough in my geography to know that St. Bernards had been rescuing travellers on the Great St. Bernard Pass for nearly a thousand years.

At a famous kennel I went wild over the puppies. I told the manager that I was going to breed these splendid creatures—and then carefully chose two male puppies. Mother's little lecture on my first dog family had been rather incomplete, and the manager did not venture to supplement it, as I was obviously a schoolgirl.

Tactfully he held up a female puppy. "You must take this wonderful one, and only one of those you have chosen. Then I can assure you there will be much more luck for you when you start your kennel."

## CHAPTER III

### *Rigi Davies to Aurora Borealis*

**I**T was a sweltering August day that promised thunderstorms, but whatever the weather, the smart world never misses a dog show. This particular event was the Monmouth County, New Jersey, Kennel Club Show, held in Long Branch. The year was 1909, a date I remember with some hilarity. Nobody who witnessed my crashing of the kennel world that day dreamed that for the next quarter century I was to carry the St. Bernard breed almost single-handed, and such a breed as this country had never seen, even in the great days of the Saints during the Gay Nineties.

If I felt the day momentous, it was because my first dog was to make his *début*. From the moment I bought my puppies at the Rigi kennels I considered them the most wonderful dogs on earth. The male, Rigi Davies, was just out of puppyhood and displaying his man-eating ferocity, for the Swiss breed was no gentle Saint. I groomed him with loving care and put on his muzzle, then dressed myself up to the eyes in a diaphanous summer gown bought in Paris the year before.

Rigi and Gertrude Davies made an entrance. In fact, we stopped the show—the muzzled brute on a leash, the Titian blonde girl beaming behind him, and in the lee a maid carrying my parasol and rubbers. All the papers had the simultaneous idea of heading their story “Beauty and the Beast.” In 1909, clichés were the rage.

We stopped the show, but were promptly thrown out—that is, Rigi was disbarred. I knew so little of the bench world that I didn’t realize that no dog dangerous enough to need a muzzle can be shown. At the first opportunity I took the judge to task in no uncertain terms. How could he possibly appreciate Rigi Davies without casting more than a glance at him?

"My dear child," he smiled at me, "how could I possibly see your dog when I was looking at you?"

From then on I made judges look at my dogs, and soon they had to blink and rub their eyes.

For I began learning at that show, and in finding out what was wrong with Rigi Davies I decided what was wrong with the St. Bernard breed in this country. A true American strain had all but vanished, and the Swiss and German types, bred for sharpness and watch-dog qualities, were often unsafe. I might have started my kennels with the English type which represented the thousand-year unbroken tradition of Saints as gentle, powerful, noble, and friendly companions of man. But I resolved to breed an American strain, following the English method of crossing rough- and smooth-coated dogs.

Everybody knows the romantic tradition of this breed, with the most marvellous history of any type of dog. Everybody knows that in the tenth century St. Bernard of Menthon, a French count, took holy orders and established his lonely hospice on one of the most dangerous passes over the Alps, using his great gentle dogs as guides to travellers and as their rescuers during severe storms.

Where did he get these dogs? Here the breeder's story begins, and it goes farther back, before Charlemagne, when the strong giants were used for the brutal sport of bear-baiting. When Charlemagne took his army over the Swiss pass in 773, he gave some of his dogs to the mountain chieftains in part payment of toll. Saint Bernard found their descendants and trained them in their traditional duties. The monks continued to breed the strain and never sold their dogs. Now and then they resorted to outcrossing in order to keep the correct size and ruggedness, and the wonderful ability to locate trails even in a heavy snowstorm.

About 1830 some disaster depleted the kennels and the monks started a rather astonishing experiment in outcrossing, for instead of sticking to blood lines and drawing on neighbourhood stocks, the descendants of puppies culled and given away, they crossed the pure hospice breed with the German boarhound, the Pyrenean wolfhound, the Great

Dane, and especially the Newfoundland. They knew their business, and produced better Saints than ever. Since long hair is a handicap for a dog working in deep snow, they perfected a smooth-coated type. The rough- or long-haired type was developed in a great era of breeding in England late in the last century.

So much for the breeding background. I decided that if the Saint could hold true to type and even improve with out-crossing, there were dazzling fields of experiment ahead. I began buying the very best types obtainable from Switzerland, Germany, England, Wales, Scotland, and America. They were all different, though all had the basic qualities any child recognizes in the Saint—his great head with kindly, astute eyes, his massive and yet well-carried body, and his character. I began to get a very clear idea of my ideal Saint, down to colour markings and shape of nose. The two chief things I began driving at were strength and beauty, and Hercules and Venus were telescoped into my kennel name Hercuween, which I registered with the American Kennel Club in May, 1910.

That was less than a year after I had made my ridiculous *début* with Rigi Davies, but if you're born to do a thing, you can do it fast. In no time I had established my kennels in Red Bank, New Jersey, and was keeping a manager and six men busy with about two hundred and fifty purebreds. While Uncle David had given me the first necessary help, I sold puppies from the start and soon was making money in an impressive way. As I have said, it was almost impossible at that time to get an American-bred St. Bernard, and few families can afford to import dogs.

Soon after the Long Branch show I had a chance to buy Alta Marvel, an American-bred dog, and I remember stripping off a diamond ring and selling it to raise the seven hundred dollars. Soon I was paying twice that for dogs which were advertised in the foreign kennel magazines, and which I ordered by cable. And by February of 1910 I appeared with Alta Marvel and another American-bred, Countess Grafenried, at the august show in Madison Square Garden, the

biggest annual event in the dog world, and for the first time I was in the ribbons. This show is held by the Westminster Kennel Club, and no breeder on either side of the water gets anywhere unless he has Westminster ratings.

That was the year I imported an international champion, rechristened Orion of Hercuveen, and for years he was standard-bearer for my kennels. But I think of him with especial tenderness as the guardian of my baby niece Madeline. My sister Betsy had married a young professor back in Arkansas, but I missed her so much that she came to stay with me in Red Bank for nearly two years. The baby was born and passed her infancy on my country place, and we all thought her the most enchanting child on this earth. She looked like a fine bisque doll with clustering black curls, and a wondering, dewy innocence in her eyes. From the first, Orion adopted her as his special charge, lying under her bassinet on the porch. When she was able to sit on the grass he would come over to nuzzle the curls at the back of her neck and, later still, carry her on his great shaggy back.

I suppose that having an intimate and very moving picture like that to carry in my mind all my life is the best reward for years of hard work. For to me the St. Bernard is a child's dog, strong and self-sacrificing enough to protect his small owner with his life, and yet gentle and even tender in romping with a child. I have always bred dogs for their qualities as intelligent and completely trustworthy companions for children, feeling that only a pet with fine character can give a child his first lesson in love. He expects his parents to give him everything, and so in the real sense doesn't know what love and its responsibilities are until he is given charge of his own pet.

Those first years of the Hercuveen Kennels were the most exhilarating of my life. Everything came my way, as if my patron saint, the merry and indulgent Nicholas, had chosen me as his favourite child. I was young and radiantly well and happy, endowed with enough energy to run my kennels, live a gay social life, to play golf and ride horseback, romp with

the puppies, and spend hours in adoration of my niece. I suppose my attitude toward life was as simple as that of a puppy who expects nothing but more delightful things to happen.

From the first I took the world of kennel and bench *au grand sérieux*, going to all the shows even when I was not entering dogs, beginning to judge Saints in some of them, offering cups and specials here and there. I was identified with St. Bernards, and so deeply enthusiastic about them that I was determined to revive their prestige and give America something to brag about again. After a while the kennel magazines began to call me the "Joan of Arc of the American St. Bernard," because I was really making a crusade for home-bred dogs, and stirring up interest. And though it is an art and a rather exacting job to show dogs, I studied this side of my work with passionate interest. Unless I was ill and tied to my bed with straps, I showed my own dogs for twenty-five years. When you're handling a brace of giants, or a team of four, and walking them around the ring, you have to learn all the tricks of controlling and exhibiting them, and develop pretty powerful muscles for a woman. My family had expected me to grow up tiny, like my mother, but though I was small-boned, I developed into better than average size.

I never regretted selling a ring to buy Alta Marvel, for in the Westminster show of 1912 he won the cup for best St. Bernard, and the higher honour of being judged the best American-bred dog in the show. Orion and Hercuveen, Marmion and Benevolence, and the Welsh lady, Troedyrhiw Queen (imported from the district that had also produced the Davies family), began to pile up the Hercuveen ribbons at all the shows to such an extent that this brand-new kennels was distinctly on top. Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Jr., was also a fancier of Saints, and in these days we began a half-friendly feud that lasted until his death.

The public side of the kennels was exciting enough, but the kennels themselves were the joy of my life. I suppose people never get tired of puppies, and there was a constant supply of soft little balls of mischief. But imagine the thrill of seeing a new litter from two great champions you have

bred as an experiment, picking up one puppy after the other to see his markings, the conformation of head, and all the signs of future greatness—or of an obscure but useful life as the playmate of somebody's child. Later I could pretty well judge a wet puppy for his closeness to standard, but now I was just beginning to learn the complicated science of breeding. That is why I needed so many costly sires and dams, to keep the blood lines from snarling.

The kennels had been going for just three years when a mysterious ailment attacked my beauties. Grown dogs and puppies began to die from a cause no veterinarian could trace. We had their food analysed without finding anything wrong, but felt it safer to change their diets and bring their food from new sources at a distance. For we had a fantastic sense that something, or perhaps somebody, was systematically, invisibly, attempting to destroy the kennels. Post mortems on several of our poor victims showed no trace of poison, and yet the dogs died and continued to die. I fed them with my own hands; I sat up night after night as Hercuven, Orion, and all the rest flickered out. With their food analysed and fed to them in complete safety, I could not believe what was happening, until one day I realized we had only eleven well dogs left in the kennels.

We sent them secretly to a boarding kennels a long way off, and yet all but one, the bitch Frolic, died a few weeks later. By that time I had pieced together the solution of the mystery and realized that the kennels had been deliberately destroyed, not by anyone on the staff, not by a rival, just by some people who had no particular animus against us.

I had suffered a great deal in watching my glorious dogs die, and strained my health in caring for them. The first thing I knew I was in a hospital bed in New York, to stay for months.

In mid-April of 1914 William Lintz and I started abroad on our honeymoon. People teased me a good deal for falling in love with the doctor who had pulled me through a long and complicated illness—but I had other reasons besides

gratitude. We fell in love and married, just like everybody else. Then we came home from the honeymoon, settled down like hundreds of other young couples living in Brooklyn, and set to work to build up the best possible life. My husband is like me in loving hard work and being able to take a good deal in his stride. When we married he was a professor of bacteriology in the Long Island College of Medicine and beginning to build up a practice. He soon dropped everything but his private practice as a doctor of internal medicine, and has been a busy consultant ever since.

Naturally I began to imbibe a certain amount of medical lore from my husband, and since I have a strong bent toward medicine and might have been a doctor myself if something had started me in that direction when I was young enough, the whole field fascinated me. I began to devour all the medical journals that came to the house, and certain new fields just opening up looked green and enticing to me. There were experiments I wanted to try on dogs. True, I was down to my last Saint, but what I had done once I could do better the next time.

Our marriage was not blessed with children, and I was resolved not to follow in the footsteps of those neurotic women who try to fill a great void with many small emptinesses. So I revived the Hercuveen Kennels two years after my marriage. The Kennels consisted of Frolic, but in due time she presented me with a litter of eleven, from a German sire; and one of the puppies, Macushla, got her blue ribbon at the next Westminster show. The wheels were turning again, but I was done with grand splashes and an overloaded collection of dogs. I had learned enough about breeding so that I could get the results I wanted with fewer dams and sires.

Until we moved to the big place on the Shore Road in 1923, we had only an unusually big back yard for kennel space. I began then a practice I kept up, of keeping only thirty or forty Saints on the place and culling the litters at six weeks. Puppies that promised to be good show dogs or breeders we kept, the rest were sent to a country kennels. I am saying "we" because when the kennels were revived

Dick Kroener became my right hand man, and he must share the credit for our success. And Hermann Woest, who started out as chauffeur, showed such aptitude for handling animals that soon anybody with a spare minute could drive the doctor downtown to his consulting rooms if Hermann was needed in the kennels.

With all the routine shouldered by these faithful assistants, I could concentrate on blood lines and my experiments. I stuck to the English type of large, well-mannered dogs, which I felt satisfied the best traditions of the Saint; only now and then did I get a sire of the fiercer Swiss and German lines to give stamina to my breed. During the next years I went abroad several times in search of ideal types to perfect my kennel strain, and these quests were worth while. Almost from the first the Hercuveens were so distinctly Hercuveens —though perfect to standard—that they could never be confused with other lines of Saints.

My most daring experiment was with growth hormones. Not only was this the first work with glands ever done on dogs, but it produced the largest dogs that ever saw the light of day (though possibly the almost extinct Irish deerhound has produced bigger ones not on record). The whole science of endocrinology was still to be worked out, so I began with great caution on the very first litter of the new kennels. I gave five of Frolic's puppies growth glands and kept the other six as controls. In those days you couldn't get glands in bottles at the corner drugstore; in fact, they were being chucked out on the refuse heaps of abattoirs. So we made daily trips for fresh glands.

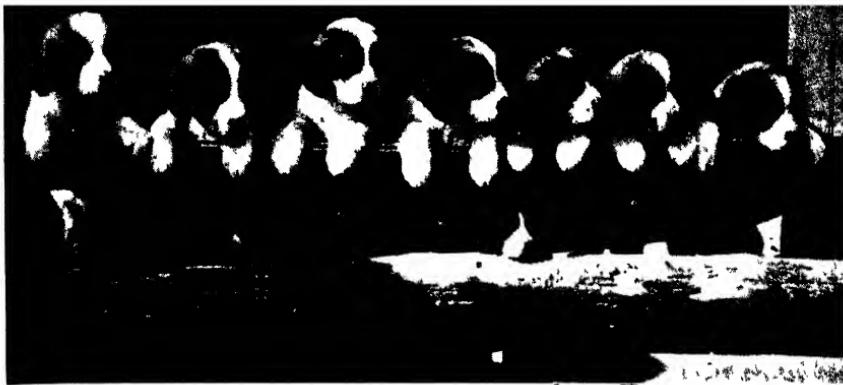
A few days after their birth I always gave young puppies fresh beef scraped into a soft paste, and now I added a bit of thymus to the feeding. This gland is important in all animals only during infancy, and when it is absorbed the growth function is taken over by the pituitary. We followed this natural process, stepping up the amount of growth stimulation by giving the puppies the whole pituitary gland in powdered form when they were a few weeks old. We had nothing to guide us about dosage, so we went carefully.

The gland-fed puppies were larger and better than the controls. By the second generation they were still larger, and by the third they were giants, weighing 250 pounds and more and standing over three feet tall at the shoulders. The giants were perfectly sound, conforming closely to standard, but they were even more fragile and vulnerable to disease than the smaller dogs. I suppose I should add here that the thoroughbred has a shorter life and is more susceptible to ailments of many sorts than the ordinary mut. You have to pay for everything in this world.

I paid for my giants by losing them earlier than the normal-size dogs. And there was another boomerang, for they were literally too large to be born. That led to the first Cæsarian operations in the kennel world. Hercuveen Beloved was the dam that first required this expedient, but we had to resort to it perhaps a dozen times during the giant era. Apart from the Cæsarians, which were performed under local anaesthetic by a veterinarian, and which saved both dams and litters, I delivered every Hercuveen puppy myself. I happen to have a perfect, small-boned *accoucheuse* hand, and I soon learned to use the methods of modern medicine, such as having adrenaline ready to revive puppies born "dead." Nobody who has raised thoroughbreds needs to be assured that our sterilized, carefully stocked delivery room was no whimsy. These high-bred Saints not only require aid in whelping, but they cannot mate without assistance.

Having produced my giants at such risks, I stopped giving growth hormones altogether and began making my dogs smaller again by outbreeding with German imports. But I did find the thyroid gland was a boon to St. Bernards, which are often too phlegmatic and will not exercise enough. Such hypothyroids thrived on the gland they lacked, and their resistance and endurance increased.

My second series of experiments was just as revolutionary for the period, but it was less spectacular though its results were all to the good. In short, the Hercuveens got vitamins at a time when the general public was hardly aware they existed. I added to the kennel diet brewer's yeast, wheat



*Above* : A bench of future champion St Bernards from my Hercuveen kennels.  
*Right*: Centreport, the biggest St Bernard on record. Notice that his head is much larger than mine. *Below*: Loveliest of them all—Champion Hercuveen Aurora Borealis





Champion Hercuveen Standard holds up his magnificent head

germ, and fresh liver. Puppies a few weeks old had as a daily ration a quart of warm milk, one meal of finely chopped raw vegetables mixed with meat (I believe these dogs are too domesticated to thrive on too much meat), wheat germ, cod-liver oil, and parboiled liver pounded to a paste. The puppies grew large and strong, but I was always careful not to let them get too big until their legs were strong enough to hold them up. A six-week-old puppy that weighed as much as thirty pounds always showed some bone deformation later on.

While I must admit to a suspicion that wheat germ, an innovation to the dog, increased the tendency to cancer, and so was shelved in time, I cannot sing the praises of liver too highly, and am convinced that nobody eats enough. It cut down the rickets in my kennels and gave me strong, active dogs. Some of my father's evangelistic spirit descends on me when I get on this subject of liver—as I shall again when the great apes come into the story. Perhaps I should add that the Lintz family began having it for breakfast, and it helped us get through strenuous days.

There's a good deal of romance in breeding dogs, and I must relate the story of a puppy whose kennel name was Batsy. Her sire was King's Debarred of Tynebank, and he got his appropriate name as a result of the British Defence of the Realm Act in the last war. In order to discourage breeding and conserve food, DORA forbade the registering of blooded dogs. After the armistice this fine smooth Saint was finally registered under his sonorous name. His photographs and points seemed to me so outstanding that I encouraged a friend of mine who was building up a kennel to send over for him as stud dog.

King's Debarred arrived suffering from a glandular infection in the neck that sometimes attacks dogs, especially during a voyage. It is comparable to the human mastoid trouble in that it presents a threat of brain infection. My friend telephoned me, and when I saw the magnificent dog I knew he was doomed, and that in a few hours he would die of meningitis. His neck should have been lanced and drained

puppies before they were about eighteen months old. February was chosen for the Westminster show because then "everybody" is in town, but it is death on young puppies because of the cold and the abundance of germs about.

Before Thanksgiving we would cull the novices to be trained. In the ring they must walk well, obey the leash and the shower's orders, and display sound nerves and good manners as well as standard physical points. The Saint's coat, whether rough or smooth, must be a thing of beauty. Health is the first secret, and we exercised the candidates by hand, letting them walk just enough and not run too much. To prepare them for the ordeal they were put on a protective diet, and fed oftener, but not more heavily, than the rest. They had extra liver extract, milk and eggs, and more cod-liver oil than they liked.

We had certain kennel secrets—besides liver in various forms—for producing silken coats, but most of them boiled down to hard work. My shampoo formula was based on coco-nut oil, and had a dash of oil of tar to rid the skin of parasites. We rubbed this into their skins, especially in spots like the leg joints where pelts are often worn bare. The oiling and daily massage made the coats thick and glossy. Wire combs and brushes followed, stimulating circulation, and tiring out the dog's maid. We sometimes wished they were Chihuahuas!

Since you cannot take a dog into the Garden ring with thousands of spectators, and especially many strange dogs around, and expect it to know how to behave, it must be taught over a long enough period so that ring manners become second nature. We rigged up a platform and ring on the grounds, and put the novices through their paces with the rest of the kennels as spectators. We taught them to walk around the ring, stand still on the platform, and do all the expected things which make it possible for the judges to study them. If I was going to show a brace, I got the pair thoroughly trained in walking together, and the same thing with a team of four. You cannot hold four lively young giants on leashes unless they learn close harmony.

I spent many hours with my youngsters teaching them the subtleties of the leash. I had designed a show collar and leash of soft white leather in order not to break the line of their snowy throats. But the dogs had to be trained to obey very slight signals so that they would hold up their heads to show the depth of muzzle, or move them to show the "cathedral peak" over the eye, or some other point. The Saint's head is his most noble feature, and he must carry it perfectly to emphasize its good points.

As for manners and self-control, I had to rely on blood lines as well as daily training. A dog the size of a St. Bernard can be as dangerous as a lion if he inherits bellicose traits. I would never breed a dog that showed the slightest tendency to be ugly, for even the fierce Swiss and German sires I now and then bred into the Hercuveen strain had to pass muster for disposition and ability to control their tempers. Hercuveens were about ninety-nine-and-a-fraction per cent. trustworthy and amiable, though they were quite ready, male or female, to fight like tigers to protect a house or a child in their charge. This amounts to what I call character. Like most people who regard Saints as stuffed with pacifism, I was astonished in the early days of my kennels by having two males I was blithely leading on the same leash suddenly turn on each other and almost rip both themselves and their mistress into ribbons. The males especially are no namby-pambies, and our practice became to keep them separated, and to keep a pair in each dog run or kennel room. There were never enough males to go around, but the females don't try to kill each other.

It is time we arrived at the great preface to the show—the night before. That meant the bath to end them all. In the kennels we had a big tank and a shower bath, and the men put on rubber waders and got into the tank with the dogs. They were thoroughly scrubbed with liquid green soap, rinsed under the shower, and rubbed dry. Dogs with a good deal of white fur were rinsed in ordinary laundry bluing, which made their coats as argent as the snows of their ancestral home. After their tubbing the beauties were put in stalls

filled with fresh hay, and until they were perfectly dry we kept the temperature at eighty degrees.

One little invention of mine was bibs for dogs. They are sure to drool a good deal in the warm Garden, and that stains their legs and collars. So I bought heavy towelling and made them bibs, fastened around their necks with blanket pins. This trick was a perennial source of comment in the dog magazines, and was copied by others showing big drooly dogs. Another little device was my canine make-up box for last-minute touches before the ring, and that too was copied, after the hubbub died down.

It was really Tony Desmoni with his fine Italian hand who accomplished the ultimate in grooming. He would trim the hair around paws so that the Saintly feet were less awkward to the eye, and do a thousand things to soothe and beautify the dogs before the great moment of their entrance. Then he would hand them over to me for showing.

Fortunately the working dogs were judged the first day, and as a rule the Hercuveens behaved as calmly in the ring as if they were home. Then for the rest of the show they were free to loll like calves on their bench, their ruddy coats stunning against a background of black velvet. The name of each dog was on a gold plate over his head, and his ribbons were tacked up beside it—mostly blue, with a sprinkling of reds and yellows. But they all had to wear their bibs every moment they were not in the ring, and to mind their manners. For three days the visitors streamed past, and old friends of the Hercuveens came to congratulate their favourites and look over the novices. I was always rescuing small children who climbed up the back of the bench to snuggle close to a champion, and more than once found the child and the big dog peacefully asleep.

I never had as much free time as I wanted to see other dogs in the show, but I wouldn't have missed Mrs. Sherman Hoyt's poodles if the sky had fallen on my own bench. Mrs. Hoyt had worked up her breed much as I had mine, and these marvellous dogs were always a high point in the Westminster show for me. She liked St. Bernards, so we always

said we came to the show really to admire each other's dogs. Plenty of the owners who came year after year had a genuine enthusiasm for fine dog flesh, and took the decisions of the judges all in the day's work. But Colonel Ruppert must have heard too many shouts of "Kill the umpire!" in his baseball activities.

For years he was my closest competitor, matching me dog for dog. Sometimes he was on top, and more often I beat him for the blue ribbon. But I am glad to say that even in our most heated moments, when Jake and I matched tempers as well as dogs, no blood was shed; for he often won with dogs I had bred. In general, whenever I sold a likely-looking puppy, I would keep careful track of it and give advice to the owner about how to shape it for championship. I often went far afield, from Boston down to Philadelphia, to look over these young Hercuveens, and those that looked especially fine often came up to the kennels for a postgraduate course of training and grooming, and then were shown on behalf of the owners with the Hercuveen bench.

Looking over my bench records, which fill several closely typed volumes, is always a sobering experience for me. Here is the story, champion by champion, show by show, of almost unbroken success. It should make me proud of my noble dogs, of my faithful assistants, of lovers of the breed all over the country who helped to revive the American St. Bernard. And perhaps it should make me proud of myself as creator of the Hercuveen. A breeder is in a strange liaison with the forces of nature. Before any of my champions was conceived, it existed in my mind, as a bridge yet to be built exists in the engineer's blueprint. I willed these creatures to appear, and to have such and such markings, an eye with a tiny droop to show a bit of the haw, a profile with a well-defined but not abrupt stop from the front of the skull down to the top of the nose and out to the nostril—I even willed them to have certain characters and qualities of mind.

And yet, from the moment a dog was born, he seemed to

me a wondrous creation of nature, an animal with his own will and his own destiny. The pride I felt in him was the pride we all feel when we see any successful work of nature, from a mountain to a fat puppy. Though I bred so close to standard that a Hercuveen was almost a "make" of dog, like a make of automobile, no one dog was like another. Nature does not use an assembly line in turning out animals, and she was always surprising me, and tricking me, and keeping me in my place.

So if the bench records show that from 1921 to 1936 my Hercuveens were national champions of their breed, and that over an even longer period about 85 per cent. of the ranking St. Bernards at the Westminster and other shows were bred in my kennels, the trophy should go to the St. Bernard as much as to the breeder. Behind my work was a thousand years of patient observation and daring experiment by the monks of St. Bernard, who perfected and stabilized this greatest of all dogs—as far as continuity of history goes. And though the breed had wavered and been led off into several different directions, it could still be brought back and stabilized again. Once I had learned the essential and most deeply rooted factors, and found how to hold the standard, it was inevitable that the Hercuveens should win first place and hold it as long as the kennels existed. For they were simply St. Bernards in the classic tradition.

On the red side of the ledger was the traditional weakness of this breed, and for all the champions I could show there were many others who had inherited the Saint's inbred drawback. I am speaking of a weakness of the hind quarters which has been bred into this dog along with his fine qualities. In concentrating on the fine, enormous head, breeders for hundreds of years before me had sacrificed strength of the hind legs. If Saints often look clumsy and unable to manage their bodies easily, it is this weakness that makes a good carriage and easy movement impossible. In the short space of a quarter-century I could not entirely breed out something that had been bred in for many centuries. But I can say that I came nearer to attaining complete litters of sound dogs than

anybody else. Most breeders were not attempting to cope with the problem.

I cannot make the bench records come alive in print as they do in my mind. For I remember each dog vividly and a hundred little things that endeared him to me, and always a few other things that were exasperating.

I might describe Ch. Hercuveen Aurora Borealis as the debutante who became the glamour girl, and that is part of the story of my Batsy. Or I might say that she moved like a dream, and was the only dog I ever showed who could hold her own head up superbly, with no jockeying of the leash. I might tell you that Aurora was the only Saint I had that would never run after a cat, the ultimate test of trustworthiness. I might tell you of her perfect poise in the ring, how she seemed scarcely aware of the thousands of people who applauded her, and of her personal fans, hundreds of them, who made an idol of her. But none of these things would explain why we all loved her so much, because it is difficult to love a paragon.

I have put off speaking of John Green until this moment, because nothing would please him more than making his entrance with the superb smooth lady he loved. Johnny Green was an integral part of our kennels as long as they existed; out of sheer enthusiasm for Saints he took on one responsibility after the other, rushing from a piled Wall Street desk to straighten out something for us. He attended to the intricacies of entering dogs for shows, and always arranged the Garden bench with his own hands. He was the Hercuveen historian, and it is his careful bench records that are beside me as I write. But even the records show his devotion to Aurora Borealis, for her name is always typed in capital letters with the red half of the ribbon.

While every breath she drew was a sort of miracle to Johnny Green, she could hear his little cough from the farthest tier of Madison Square Garden. Not that the cough was chronic—it was Aurora's shot of adrenaline. To her it meant that she must do her beloved Johnny Green proud. I would take her into the ring, and for a few minutes there

would be applause, and she would take her bows with the British restraint inherited from her sire, King's Debarred of Tynebank. Then came the crucial moment when Aurora must prove why she was the greatest Saint ever bred in this country. Perhaps she felt the tension and the sudden silence. A tiny dry cough would come floating down from a far corner, and instantly she would be galvanized. Suddenly she would seem to me to be twice as tall. In every sense she was on her toes, and I'm sure she never walked around the ring, or stood still like a beautiful statue in warm orange and white, without remembering every minute that Johnny Green was watching her.

We all loved her for her intelligence, her perfect gentleness with strangers and with all sorts of unlikely animals. She adored children, she mothered puppies and even strange cats. She was nearly two hundred pounds of healthy muscles, but she let my thoroughbred pigeons eat out of her pan, and tried to make friends with my rex rabbits. She was the only Saint I could trust to look after my first chimpanzees, Maggie and Joe, and she would let them explore her from dewlaps to tail. Aurora was no snob, and her nature seemed all sweetness and light. But if she was never known to bite, I put it down more to her intelligence than her nature. I believe that a really intelligent dog is the one who is perfectly safe.

If Johnny Green were here he would say, "But what about her record?" Well, her record was almost monotonous. From her first show, a few months before her Westminster *début*, until she died at a little over eight years, she was never defeated for best of breed. People used to say that she just walked in and asked for the ribbon. Championship of breed is the first of the major awards; but Aurora went higher. She took them all—best dog in the working group, then best American-bred dog of all breeds, then the best dog of all breeds in the show. Apart from this last and ultimate honour in the canine world, which Aurora got in the marvellous Baltimore show in 1925, she had several awards in each class.

Aurora did not appear in the 1927 Westminster show, through no fault of her own. She wasn't as foolish as Lady Beautiful, who chased a cat straight into a back fence the day before a show and broke her leg. But Aurora broke her leg all the same, because she was romping with one of my giants, whom we called Grandpa. His formal name was Incomparable, and after breaking the breed champion's leg he sailed into the Garden and took the honours for that year. However, she had a comeback the next year, at her last appearance in the Garden.

Incomparable was quite ready to sweep up any honours that remained when Aurora was through mesmerizing the judges. Eventually he went to live with Harold Lloyd out in Hollywood. Mary Pickford and John Barrymore also bought Hercuveens, but Harold was mad about dogs and bought four of mine. When he came to see us he and I would sit on the floor and talk dog for hours while we fed a new litter with nursing bottles.

Probably no more phenomenal litter was ever born than the one that produced Incomparable. For this was the line of giants which represented the cumulative effect of my experiment with growth hormones. The sire and dam were not giants, but they were two of the very best dogs I ever had—Beauty II of Hercuveen, twice breed champion just before Aurora Borealis and an exquisite creature, and Ch. Hercuveen St. Dominic Pearl whom I brought over from England and who was the best rough-coated dog of his day. The litter was whelped in the fall of 1922, six dogs and a bitch. The dogs all became champions, but their sister was a small nondescript that only showed her blood lines in her own puppies.

The fortunes of this litter are worth following. Invincible and Infallible were sold as puppies, and got their ribbons in Western shows. Indomitable went to Mrs. Williams Burden and a long and distinguished career centring in Newport. Integrity was sold to Mr. Peter Sheridan, who got so excited as the Westminster show of 1925 approached that he was too ill to exhibit his dog. So I took Integrity to the Garden, along

with Incomparable and Centreport, who had just come back into my hands in such an extraordinary way that I shall tell that story later.

The four brothers met in the ring, and they were the four biggest dogs ever seen in the Garden. This was one of the times the judges blinked and rubbed their eyes. Incomparable and Integrity weighed about 240 pounds each, which was twenty pounds more than Goliath of Gath, an English dog who until this moment had represented the ultimate in canine size. Mrs. Burden's Indomitable was not so heavy, but he was more massive than his brothers. As for Centreport, he was the biggest Saint on record, at 252 pounds. All four of them were as big as Shetland ponies—and they were perfectly beautiful. They stopped the show. An Englishman who was judging terriers in the next ring stopped work and came over with his eyes popping.

"Mrs. Lintz," he said, "I wish a few more people from England were here. They'll never believe me when I tell them about this."

The judges finally collected themselves and distributed all the ribbons there were to the four brothers, with hardly a hair to choose between them. Next day the *New York Times* said, "Not in the memory of any of those at the show had there been such a victory by a single litter."

Yes, it was a victory in the science of breeding. But I remember even more vividly the story of Centreport. He was sold as a puppy to some people in New Jersey, and for over a year I heard nothing of him. Then the purchaser telephoned me. Her husband had died, and she was going abroad to live. Would I be an angel and take the puppy back as a present? Otherwise she would have to have him destroyed, rather than let him fall into the wrong hands.

I drove over to New Jersey and stopped my car behind the house. I noticed what looked like a large calf standing in the stable door. I looked again, and gasped.

"What on earth is that?" I demanded.

"That's the puppy," my hostess said calmly.

It was hard to believe my eyes. This orange-and-white

giant was tall and beautifully made, with a head like a young buffalo.

And then I noticed the maid. She was a Syrian girl who hardly spoke English, and she had brought Centreport up by hand, plying him with food, playing with him, and loving him with all the devotion of her homesick heart. I watched her play with her pet, throwing red tennis balls for him to chase. Then, as I started to take him away, I realized she had not understood why I was there. She went into hysterics, weeping and screaming, and literally rolling on the ground. She vowed she would kill herself if the dog was taken away. But it would be impossible for her to carry this giant along to her next job, and there was nothing to do but carry out the owner's wishes.

When I got Centreport home I created a sensation in my own household. I put the stranger in the billiard room on the ground floor, because he needed to be alone until he got used to things. He went in, lay down with his huge head on his paws, and opened his mouth. A red tennis ball rolled across the floor. It became the symbol of his lost playmate, and from then on he was never separated from his red ball. I tossed it for him sometimes, I did my best to comfort him, but it was no good. He stayed in the billiard room, and at night his doleful cry drove us all frantic. He never took food voluntarily, and we kept him alive by forcible feeding, which distressed everybody.

We moved heaven and earth to find his mistress and especially the maid, but both had vanished, and to this day I don't know whether the poor girl really killed herself from grief. Certainly, Centreport was trying to commit suicide. We took him to the Garden, and he picked up his ribbons—and a distemper germ. We pulled him through the illness, but he slowly faded. One day I took him out and tossed his red ball. He chased it, and coming back he stumbled in a way I have never seen. He came towards me, then his legs buckled, and he went down. The red ball rolled out of his mouth, and he was dead when I reached him. The world's

biggest dog also had the greatest grief to bear, and it broke his heart.

There was no other explanation for his sudden death. Doctor Lintz himself performed an autopsy and found nothing but that intangible thing to explain what had happened. After that it mattered very little to me whether my dogs were large or small, so long as nothing like this ever happened again. And nothing to approach it ever did happen in my own experience. Perhaps all of us under-estimate the devotion to a human friend of which the St. Bernard especially is capable, for after all he was bred primarily to have the will to sacrifice his own life to rescue a perfect stranger.

Other giants were born in my kennels, and the body of one nearly as large as Centreport is mounted in the Peabody Museum at Yale. That was Pythagoras, Jr., O'Bern-crest, whose owner in Wisconsin used to fly him to shows. But after that one litter that happened to produce six dogs that were not only giants but at the very top of the standard, I stopped meddling with nature and tempting fate. I had gone so far that even the success of the venture frightened me. Having made the largest dogs on earth I now set my wits to work to make them smaller again. I had so perfected the breed that there was too little competition in the St. Bernard section of the shows. If this one field of the animal world had been all I worked with, I might have been surfeited with success. But other animals, from rabbits to dragons, preserved me from that deadly illusion.

## CHAPTER V

### *Saints, Devils, and Humming Birds*

OUR place on the Shore Road had once been the rural home of Judge Charles Van Brunt. It was a dignified mansion with fine trees and a superb view of the Narrows of New York Harbour. Nothing untoward ever seems to happen in the staid homes of Brooklyn, but this spot was connected with one of the most famous crimes on record.

Early one morning Judge Van Brunt's son heard a noise at the back of the house, so he seized his revolver and looked out of the window. Two burglars were running across the yard, and he shot them down in their tracks. Both died a few minutes later, having confessed to the kidnapping of Charley Ross. This melodrama gave a certain air of mystery to the Van Brunt place, which was considerably enhanced when it became the Lintz place.

It seemed made for us, for the grounds were walled and stretched back from the harbour over a two-acre expanse. The place had been left empty so long that it had become a dump, and when we first saw it we counted the carcasses of forty dead cars. Everything about the house was wrong, too. All those people who love nothing better than to overhaul a fine old place will know perfectly how I felt. I couldn't wait to get to work.

Foot by foot, inside and out, I transformed the place. We ripped the inside of the house to bits, modernizing and rearranging the room plan, and put sun porches the whole length of the front and rear. In the basement, which was really a ground floor, we made a separate apartment for Dick Kroener and the staff, with its own kitchen, and devoted the long room on the one side to a succession of purposes. It was, primarily, the billiard room, but we used it for display of the Hercuven trophies, for Dick's collections of live tropical fish and butterflies behind frames, and later on for the first American home of small visitors from Africa.

My English blood had made me a born gardener, and now, as I look around the place where I have lived for twenty years, I can hardly believe myself that I planted most of the trees, for they seem to have been there for generations. Dick and I landscaped the whole two acres with shrubs and gardens, and between us we turned the sorry dump into a thing of beauty. There were fine new kennels and a pigeon loft over the garage, and we made ten long dog runs and covered the fences with climbing roses in every colour.

Certain things I planted to attract humming birds—masses of salvia and trumpet vine and all the honeyed flowers these exquisite birds love. Year after year more of the tiny things came, until finally there were more on the place than in any yard in Greater New York. And year after year I tried to tame them. I know it can't be done, and Dick, as a practical naturalist, assured me I was wasting time. But there's something in me that must find a response in difficult creatures. I found they loved peaches, so I began dipping bits of peach in honey and sticking them on the spikes of the wall. Then I would stand motionless while the whirring sprites would come down and enjoy their delicate feast. In time they connected me with this ambrosial meal enjoyed in safety. Perhaps they brought their young up to be less wild and fugitive. But finally they would take the bits of peach from my outstretched hand. I don't know how many hours I had to stand motionless, the sum total of moments in many summer mornings, but they were among the loveliest of my life.

It is no great feat to tame squirrels, and we finally got our grey squirrels so fearless that they would romp around the house, and even make friends with some of the curious animals that lived in my jungle in Brooklyn. When we were overhauling the house I noticed that a big oak tree had spread a branch so that it touched the back of the house. I decided to make a squirrel hatchery over the rear bathroom on the top floor, connected with the oak branch so that the squirrels could run in and out without being disturbed. We made a hollow space seven by ten feet, and very soon the

squirrels decided it was the snuggest possible hatchery and winter home.

We couldn't get to this little room ourselves without climbing along the branch, so for winter feeding we put a box in the crotch of the tree, and every day set out nuts and bits of toasted bread. Need I add that it was whole-wheat bread? To me the squirrels' fine coats proved what I had already learned with my St. Bernards, Vitamin B was a sort of household saint, protecting the family and the fauna from all sorts of troubles.

From the room below I could hear the scurryings, then during the winter a time of quiet, and then tiny squeaks that meant the babies had arrived. When they were small the mothers would fight off intruders with loud scoldings. One mother that was a special pet of mine and often sat on my bed for a morning gossip brought up ten successive families in the hatchery. I am sure the young squirrels were told about Missy, for each generation was tamer, and they all would come when I called them with a smacking of lips, and even knew my voice.

When somebody gave me a pair of tumbler pigeons I started on a side line that was partly business, partly a fifteen-year experiment in the intricacies of bird breeding, and always an æsthetic joy. If you have never seen a snowy Lahore spread his densely black wings and take the air, or studied the rainbow feather scheme of the Baldy, you may think pigeons are dumpy grey-and-white creatures infesting city pavements and parks. I agree that they are stupid, far more so than wild birds. But you don't have to talk to pigeons or study their psychological problems, and certain breeds are beautiful to look at. And at least they are monogamous to a fault, a quality that endears them to the breeder. They are constant until death, and long afterwards. We found that a widower pigeon would mope and fail to take an interest in life, and only one out of two would ever mate again.

Eventually I had about two hundred thoroughbreds of various sorts, and when you consider that some of them cost

fifty or a hundred dollars a pair, you will see I had a heavy investment on my hands. But I specialized in breeding birds for show and as progenitors of their kind, and there is a steadier market for fine pigeons than the general public realizes. Bird fanciers are great connoisseurs, and I discovered that the higher reaches of the pigeon business required a scrupulous attention to fine details.

Men fanciers are especially fond of the tumblers because of their curious flying habits. They will mount very high until they are almost lost in the clouds, up and up, as far as the eye can follow. Then, either because they enjoy it, or because they lose control, they begin to fall, and as they fall they will tumble over and over, like a plane out of control. It is really exciting to watch them fall down like plummets, because you're never quite sure they will straighten out in time. As a rule they wait until they are about a hundred feet above the ground, and then straighten out and glide to a landing. But sometimes they crash. We lost many of our beauties this way. If any were missing we knew they had crashed somewhere off the grounds, a tangled mass of scarlet or purple feathers.

For beauty there were the Lahores, marked something like penguins, with pure-white bodies, pure-black wings, and a black stripe on the crown. They are hard to breed true to marking, and one feather out of colour disqualifies them for showing. The Baldys were also ornamental with snowy heads and bodies in shades of red, or black with a white trim. They were good parents and hatched the families of the Lahores and the Pouters.

Pouter and Owl pigeons are bred chiefly for amusement, though both have gorgeous plumage. We loved to watch our big English Pouters parade on the dark-green roof of the kennels. This bird has the trick of inflating his craw to a ridiculous size—and keeping it so as long as he likes. He stretches his neck as far as it will go and then struts, teetering on his toes. He looks rather like a very fat man with a slightly misplaced embonpoint. I have seen these pompous fools strut for an hour without stopping. The little pigeons that

got their names because they look like miniature owls were special pets of mine, with their solemn eyes and pretty colouring—mauve or a dark mahogany.

We had another breed, just for fun—carrier pigeons. Having no secrets of state to tie to their claws, we would watch them start out on their empty errand, nevertheless. They would be gone for days, and though they started out with nothing but their strangely specialized instinct to impel them, they never returned alone. Tagging along behind would be some disreputable pigeon, just a tramp the carrier had picked up on the journey. We were always hoping our self-appointed retrievers would bring back a rare and valuable bird that we could add to our collection. But the stragglers weren't even fit to eat.

However, we were a squab-fed household for years. As usual, when size was important, I was ready with the answer. I gave the young ones the whole grain of wheat crushed into a soft pap, and by the time they were ready for the table they were twice life size. We kept a number of utility pigeons besides squabs—among them the pure-white king birds.

When we fed the St. Bernards in their runs the pigeons would sail down in clouds and surround the feeding pans. The Saints got so used to this exhibition of greed that they bore up with their usual patience. Often the birds would perch on the rim of the feeding pans and try to beat the Saints to the last bite. In all the fifteen years I had them no pigeon was ever hurt.

If possible, the pigeons were more finely bred than the Hercuveens themselves, and their show ribbons were hung in the trophy room too. My desk became a litter of breeding records carried to the higher complications of calculus and the Mendelian law. But no law was final with these birds, for in spite of the most exacting records and banding and breeding close to the line, they would often fail to throw true to type. Now and then a Lahore would show the white feather in the wrong place—on a wing. One feather like that would unfit him for a show bird or sale at a fancy price. And it would hurt my passion for perfection.

Most of my birds were fine, however, and became famous. Then, one night all the thoroughbreds were stolen, and only the carriers and utility birds were untouched. That meant the thieves were specialists, besides being silent enough to carry off nearly two hundred birds without a bark from the kennels. But they neglected to lock up the pigeons, and during the next days about half of them came back. Doctor Lintz and I were just putting the car in the garage one evening when I heard a muffled sound from the wall. The thieves had returned. We raised the alarm but they escaped, and this time they held on to their loot. And that was the end of my pigeon loft. There was no point in starting all over again from scratch, as I had done with my kennels. I had learned the intricacies of breeding these birds until most of them were feather-perfect, and all of them were beautiful in the meaningless way of pigeons. What more could one do with them?

While the pigeons were wheeling and fluttering like purple and crimson clouds over the back yard, there were strange masqueraders living on the ground. They were rex rabbits, the dream and the mirage of every breeder. Twenty years ago there was a great stir about this smooth-coated rabbit, which had been perfected by a French wizard by culling and inbreeding, culling and inbreeding, *ad infinitum*. Their natural coats resembled mink, or ermine, or chinchilla. Some varieties produced skins like the silver fox, except that the hair was shorter.

When I started raising these rabbits a rex ermine coat cost nearly as much to produce as the real thing, but if there was any choice between the two, the "artificial" fur was possibly handsomer. A great many people started rex fur farms, filled with dreams of reducing the cost of the skins, since rabbits are tame and breed rapidly. I had no such intention, but my success with the Hercuveen strains made me believe I could produce superbreeders to stock all these fur farms. And so I did, over a period of about fifteen years.

As with dogs and pigeons, breeding for a set standard is a business requiring fine observation, great patience, and a

respect for chromosomes. In this case it was a rather bizarre experiment, for no rabbit naturally looks like a mink, or reproduces in his coat the mottling of the chinchilla, or has a pure-white back and yellowish tinge on the belly like the ermine. You might pay two hundred dollars for a pair of ermine rabbits that were perfect to a hair, and find the litters faulty or, more often, that the doe died when bearing young. As with the Saints, inbreeding bred out stamina. And these rabbits had already been held too close to the line and were extremely fragile.

However, I turned out superfine stock: the "fox" varieties—red, black, mahogany, and perfect silver fox, except for the long guard hairs—and all the other varieties like mink and ermine. But there was such a heavy death-rate among these overbred rabbits that in the long run the experiment didn't pay for itself. Being hipped on perfection, I bred such superperfect bunnies that often they departed this life before they took a whiff of Brooklyn air. It was small comfort that I worked with average success, and that many other breeders were forced to give up with worse losses to show.

Perhaps rabbits aren't meant to rise too high. After all, they're mild and modest souls, and I've never seen one with the swank we associate with mink and ermine.

Is it any wonder that with my mannerly and imperturbable Saints, and my placid pigeons, and my good little rabbits, I sometimes longed for something wild and wicked? Of course, our days were far more colourful and filled with crises than this account would suggest. There was much personal excitement for me in waiting for yet unborn generations of dogs, pigeons, and rabbits to prove some point in one of my breeding experiments. I suppose I was always trying something new partly to inject an unpredictable element into the orderly course of events.

But that was never enough for one born expecting elephants in Tennessee. All my life I've been fascinated by dangerous, rare, or difficult animals. I can't take even a house cat for granted; I want to get inside her mind and see how

she feels, being a cat, and so understand better how to please her. All animals seem to me mysterious, and each one presents a challenge to my patience and understanding. If an animal is really dangerous and untamable, so much the better. For then the game involves all one's powers of insight, ingenuity, imagination, plus a fine thrill of physical risk. So the Lintz back yard was never without a whiff of brimstone.

There is nothing wickeder than the giant horned owl. These birds are tigers on wings, their talons have points sharp as daggers; and they prey without mercy on snakes, skunks, field mice, rabbits, and smaller birds. They kill their food with one disdainful stroke of the talon, swallow it in a single gulp, and look around for more.

One would hardly choose these gangsters for pets, and I didn't get Jack and Jill in a shop. They arrived by express, sent by a friend who was hunting out West, and who was evidently in a joking mood. Fortunately they were quite young and so crummy and dilapidated that they appealed to my sense of pity. Besides, they were delightfully dangerous and, in spite of their weak state, impossible to handle. I made a secret resolve that if there was a soft spot in their hearts I would find it. As usual, the approach was through the stomach—in this case, the craw.

But I couldn't bear to give them live food, and nothing else interested them. We put them in a big "fly cage" in the loft like the ones the pigeons used for flight and exercise, and at least they cleaned up the rats that always infest a loft. For a while Dick fed them guinea pigs and other small animals he did not order from the grocer.

He had explained to me that the guinea pigs were meant to frighten away the mice and rats by their squealing, and I got the impression that there was a deadly feud between pigs and rodents. But our zoo was now getting a little complicated, and somebody failed to explain to the guinea pigs and the rats that they were in a state of war. For they began fraternizing and even struck up warm friendships. Presently there were the queerest little creatures I ever saw in my back yard. They were rats with guinea-pig mottlings. Such flagrant

outbreeding was never allowed on my premises, and I was glad when the hybrids vanished. I suppose Jack and Jill ate them. They were rapacity in perpetual motion. One night some young guinea pigs escaped their pen, and the morning count showed twenty short. The horned owls were sleek and gorged, but not surfeited.

Since Jack and Jill were destined to grow into giants with a great wingspread, I decided to improve on nature's bad joke. I restrained a desire to give them growth hormones, but I did give them raw liver. They snapped their sharp beaks pettishly at this inanimate food, but after a time they accepted it, and then I began giving them raw beef that was slightly warm. Now that I could feed them, I worked on them with every blandishment in my repertory, though speaking soft words to a flying tiger seemed a bit overdrawn.

However, Jack and Jill grew into fine enormous birds, and within a few years they were semi-tame. With me, they were so tame and subdued—gentle is hardly the word for a great horned owl—that I could handle them and stretch out their great wings, which matched the full spread of my own arms. They were more themselves with Dick, and sometimes would fly against him and dig him with their talons. I never got a scratch from Jack and Jill. Perhaps their vitamins improved their dispositions as it did their plumage, which was magnificent, and their horns, which were unusually large. It did not raise their I.Q.s by a jot or a tittle. Between you and me the great horned owl is too stupid to be entertaining, and too infernally wicked ever to be quite safe. It was for the latter reason that I kept them for years.

Purser the leopard was the most dazzling single animal I ever had, in the matter of looks. Like Jack and Jill, she was a present—this time from friends just back from Africa. Lying in the sun, a luminous red-gold, she would purr and arch as I brushed her and stroked her. We were excellent friends, under a purely theoretical truce that neither of us took too seriously. For a year and a half I groomed Purser's coat, took her walking on a leash, and riding in my car. But she was a

wild thing, and had to kill her food, or she wouldn't eat. Her diet was guinea pigs, rabbits (not the rex varieties) and table pigeons. Still, she loved motoring.

I had to be careful not to come into Purser's cage straight from the kennels. The odour of dog sent her frantic. So I would have to wash carefully and change my clothes before. I arrived to groom Purser. Perhaps one day I hadn't scrubbed my hands surgically clean. I began brushing her as usual, and she purred and rubbed against me, lying on a shelf slightly above me where the warm sun struck along her brilliant pelt. Suddenly the purring stopped, and that should have warned me, but I went on brushing her. And then in one golden flash she was on my back, her claws ripping through clothes and flesh. I went to bed for a few days—and Purser was presented to a zoo.

With such diversions the household managed to keep some balance and sense of human fallibility. Our Herculeens were almost monotonously champions, the pigeons and rabbits were superfine and quiescent. Sometimes things seemed to run almost too expertly, particularly when Hermann Woest, by now a wizard with animals, brought his brother Rudi to help outside, and his sister Ericka to preside over the kitchen. With Dick, three Woests, and a doctor in the house, we were ready for anything. But none of us knew what to do with the Chinese dragon.

Dick called him That Devil, and I called him my Chinese dragon. He was some sort of giant Asiatic land lizard, definitely not an iguana (for I've had those on the place), but just what I don't know. Maybe there's something in the encyclopædia, but I never looked. He was eight feet long, encased in armour plating, and he had a vicious tail that could and did knock the Saints flat. When especially wrought up he could puff the skin on his head into a large transparent comb. We never saw flames shoot out of his mouth, but perhaps that was his soothing diet; perhaps he needed a box of firecrackers the first thing every morning to be his real self.

Having been born in a country whose patron is Saint George, I had to fight my dragon before I captured him.

There was even a certain element of derring-do in the situation, because the owners summoned me to the rescue. That Devil was living on a country place which he was systematically wrecking with whacks of his tail. They would have been delighted to slay the dragon, but couldn't get near enough, and even the mediæval treatises didn't give them a very clear idea of how to slay a dragon. So they appealed to me, as a woman with unaccountable tastes in fauna, to come and charm the creature, or capture him, or do anything I liked, so long as That Devil was removed from the premises.

I drove up in rather a swank limousine, carrying no weapons but a pile of gunny sacks. The owners pointed out the creature, then retired to comfortable seats at a safe distance, as if they were grandes at a bull fight. It was clear that I was to cope with That Devil singlehanded; but it was the only thing that was clear. I studied the adversary in a few preliminary skirmishes, poking various parts of his armour with a pole, to see how he fought. His jaws were so much window dressing, and he depended on the caudal end to keep me at bay. In a way, a dragon is all tail, and when there is eight feet of it—offensive, very swift, flexible, and horny—it is well to be light on the feet.

The bullfighter's preliminary tactics were instructive, and I capered around That Devil until I had found his range, his speed at lashing out at my legs, and his grand strategy. My own was now determined: if I could tie up his jaws with a gunny sack, then I could haul him in a straight line, and his tail wouldn't be able to describe a half-circle and beat off my hands. So simple, so logical! I chased That Devil all over the yard, and it seemed I could never lasso his jaws quickly enough to keep him from making a sudden right-about turn and giving me a vicious clip on the back of my legs. He had seemed on the whole a slothful creature, but as the battle waxed he displayed an animation that was downright infuriating. Fury was all I needed. I stopped following him around with my gunny sack, muttering. "Here, dragon, here, dragon, get your nice gunny sack."

I made a sudden lunge, threw one sack over his head to

blind and confuse him, tied another around his jaws, made a lead with the third. Then I tugged and hauled, tugged and hauled, until I got him to the car. I pulled the first five feet into the back, doubled up the last three, and slammed the door on him with a bang.

We kept him chained in the yard, and family and fauna learned to avoid the dragon's tail. That Devil ate insects—grasshoppers, crickets, flies, and any bees that strayed from our next door neighbour's hives. But we knew he couldn't keep up his ferocious habits on mere insects, so Dick and I tried to feed him. He had the unhandiest jaws possible. Dick made meat balls and threw them down That Devil's throat while I kept the jaws open. I administered milk. He couldn't drink out of a bottle or sip out of a pan, so I ladled it in while Dick held the jaws open.

At night we would put him to bed in one of the outbuildings, and cover him up with double blankets unfolded to their full length. That Devil accepted these ministrations without ever really opening his heart to us, and though now and then I would take him for a stroll in the grounds, he was not one to romp. He seemed on the whole an introverted type. To chirk him up, I painted his armour with cross-hatches in bright red and yellow. The school children used to peer through the front gate, or look down at him from a garden wall, and since they thought That Devil was decorated by nature, I renewed the paint job every now and then, keeping little cans of red and yellow always on hand.

There were no tears in the Lintz house when That Devil was missing, but there was great anxiety. After all, a dragon! We made a thorough search, and discreet inquiries. It is not easy to mislay an eight-foot creature decorated by hand, and after two days we were afraid he had gone beserk, eating little kittens and puppies and laying out children or grown-ups with his whacking tail.

Early the third morning I looked out of my window and thought I saw a long dark shape on the planking that covered my neighbour's beehives. I rushed over in my dressing-gown. That Devil was there, but the hives were gone. Bees, honey,

wax from a long row of hives had not precisely vanished, but they were now a bulge around That Devil's middle, as if he had swallowed an automobile tyre. For days he slept peacefully while the wax digested.

Meanwhile, I was trying to make restitution to my neighbour, though her bees really lived on my place and, instead of gathering honey as I understood bees did industriously, they were always sitting down on a bench or a box immediately before one of us did. So I hoped she would not start keeping a bee again. She was rather hesitant about it herself, because evidently That Devil had eaten all the queens.

"If that's all you need, I'll get you some more kings and queens," I said.

"Kings?" She looked at me incredulously. "Why, Mrs. Lintz, I thought you knew all about animals and such."

"Well," I admitted, "when I don't know something, I'm the don't-knowingest person you ever saw."

## CHAPTER VI

### *Maggie and Joe*

BY the middle of the nineteen-twenties the Brooklyn back yard was as exclusive as Groton. Only the best families were represented. I had the highest-bred dogs and pigeons and rex rabbits in the country, with long pedigrees, medals, cups, ribbons, and press notices. Aurora Borealis's clipping book would have been envied by a smart society leader. The foreign dogs had titles and high-sounding names—Countess of Grafenried, Knight of the Garter, My Lord of Sebek, McLeod of Dare. Most of the American dogs had the distinction our republic grants to their kind, the right to put "Ch." before their names. We were, I assure you, a swank establishment.

Perhaps we were too swank, and much too sure of ourselves. Perhaps it was time that my line called Infallible, Invincible, Indisputable, and all the rest, should be replaced by a wholly experimental breed, very far from perfect, but working toward impossible perfections. Having found myself with no more objectives to reach in turning out the best and biggest dogs of their kind, I needed to get humbler and, instead of turning out champions, to try to understand creatures without family or pedigree—creatures whose names were Insecure, Fallible, Disputable, Vulnerable, Intangible.

At any rate, I turned my back on the aristocrats for a little waif named Maggie Klein. Like everything momentous in life, it just happened. A friend telephoned to say he had something interesting to show me. When I arrived he put an odd creature into my arms. Her general address was West Africa. Far from having a pedigree, nobody knew who her parents were. The foundling was a year old, with a wrinkled face and ears that stood out from her head. With no hesitation she embraced me as if I were a long-lost member of her family.

I suppose the scientists would say that phrase pretty well describes the relationship between me and the little chimpanzee, since we are both lumped together as man-like animals. But I must confess that my first reaction to my fellow anthropoid was embarrassment and a certain distaste. She clung to me as African babies do, with their legs tight around the mother's waist. She snuggled into my fur collar and with lips grotesquely protruded, kissed my cheek, while her hands patted and patted. After a while I tried to put her down, but Maggie wouldn't have it. She had found exactly what she wanted, a warm, comfortable mother. When my friend gently tried to take her she screamed and clung to me with real desperation.

"It's no use," he said. "You'd better take her home for a few days."

Maggie stayed with me for thirteen years and changed the whole course of my life. From the first she acted like a spoiled baby and demanded all my time—and all my affection. This was quite new to me. I had raised all sorts of animals, arranging their lives on schedule, and even the dogs made no exorbitant personal demands. Maggie was not only after food and comforts; she claimed me as the person who belonged to her. I realized I could not put her in a cage and poke food in to her. That would do for my high-bred rabbits, but not for little Maggie Klein.

How was I to treat her? Apes were still a rarity in zoos, and experimental work was only then beginning in this country. Nothing much was known about the care of these animals, except that care seemed to be in vain, and most of them died on the voyage over or a short time after they arrived. People were still referring to them as monkeys, and since this confusion has not yet died out I should explain how scientists now place them in the scheme of things.

The primate order includes lemurs, monkeys, anthropoid apes, and man, with vast gulfs between each type. The lemur-like animals belong in one division, the man-like animals—monkeys, apes, and man—in the other. The monkey family is very far below the anthropoids. To men-

tion two differences, monkeys have tails and live in trees, while apes and man have no tails and live on the ground. There are three families of apes—orang-outangs, chimpanzees, and gorillas. For a long time gibbons were classed as apes, but recently they have been put in a class by themselves considerably below the ape level. My experience with Suzette had convinced me that she was monkey-like long before the scientists changed their mind about the gibbon family.

Except for that amusing experience with Suzette, I was as green as the average citizen about primates. In fact, I remembered seeing apes only twice. When Doctor Lintz and I were in Vienna on our honeymoon we saw a pair of fully grown chimpanzees in a zoo. As we came up a group of boys were teasing them by throwing sticks and pebbles at them. The big male scolded at them, stamped his feet in rage, and finally picked up the cross-bar of his swing and threw it with all his might at his tormentors. Then he went over to his mate and put his arms around her comfortingly. This scene gave me a high idea of chimpanzees.

About a year later I went to Ringling's circus in Madison Square Garden and, in making the round of the cages, discovered a baby gorilla that was very ill. I didn't realize how rare it was in 1915 to see even an ailing gorilla, but I had strange emotions. I felt this baby was so wretched and homesick that he was grieving himself to death—an intuition that has since been confirmed by all who have studied this mysterious creature, whose emotional set-up is so like our own. I had the feeling that if only I could take that lonely little gorilla I could love it back to health. I begged the attendant to let me nurse the little patient, but he refused politely. No doubt he thought I was slightly touched in the head. Day after day I made the long trip into New York to see the sick baby and talk comfortingly to him through the bars. When he died I felt it could have been prevented.

Years later I was telling Captain Felix Riesenbergs of this incident and an elderly man in the room came over to us. It was Mr. Ringling. He said, "Mrs. Lintz, we were hoping and praying that some woman would volunteer to nurse that

little gorilla. We had the feeling that only a woman capable of giving it real tenderness could save the youngster's life. But we didn't even dare ask anybody. We felt there were too many taboos."

I finally got the chance to nurse two of the sickest gorillas that ever came to these shores, but meanwhile my hands were full with Maggie—a healthy, clamorous little chimpanzee. She refused to regard herself as anything but a child—and my child, at that. No toddler has ever kept closer to the apron strings. She tagged me around, begged to be held and rocked, and if I left the room she was in a panic. I realized that she needed special care and good food, and that she loved being kept immaculately clean. As for her affection, it no longer gave me a strange feeling, because I was getting very fond of Maggie. I even began to like her serious brown eyes and ridiculous flat nose as part of her vivid, droll personality. She was a happy and most diverting child—as long as she had me right there under her eyes.

Before I knew it I was in the midst of an experiment. I was bringing up an ape as far as possible like a human child, and there seemed no limits, or even difficulties, in this revolutionary course. Not knowing what to feed her I gave her a nursery diet, and she grew under my eyes. She had to be tucked in warmly at night, and to take an afternoon nap. She responded perfectly to the sort of régime that agrees with a child of her age. And she was so docile and eager to learn that she was easier to train, even in toilet habits and the ordeal of the bath, than many young children.

I was not green about caring for a baby, since I had helped bring my niece through infancy. I applied what I had learned to Maggie, and my surprises began. She learned to brush her teeth, and to enjoy her bath if she was allowed to play with the soap. Nothing distressed her more than any dirt on her little person. At first she objected to wearing clothes, but in time they became the delight of her life. Children need help in getting from the crawl to the walk, and chimps need more, since they do not naturally walk upright. They are not, of course, four-footed, and use the knuckles of their

hands only to balance themselves when they walk or run. Without much trouble Maggie learned to stand erect and walk upright, and she was very proud of this accomplishment. Her table manners became in time exemplary. As a rule she was put into a high chair with a bib under her chin, and she soon learned to drink from a cup and to eat nicely with a spoon.

The only habit I couldn't break was her dependence on me. My regular day's work had always kept me on my toes, and now Maggie demanded so much attention that she was a problem. She would fly into a tantrum if I left her, and refuse to eat or sleep if somebody else tried to act as nurse-maid. It was high time Maggie had a playmate. At least, that was one excuse I made to myself when I got in touch with the captain of an African freighter and put in a standing order for more chimpanzees—and gorillas if he could get them.

Meanwhile, the same friend who had brought Maggie into my already overcrowded life sold me another chimpanzee fresh from Africa. Joe Mendi was a year old and small for his age. At two, Maggie was three times his size, for her diet of milk, eggs, whole-grain cereals, and plenty of vegetables and fruit had done wonders.

Maggie was fascinated with Joe Mendi. She loved him and teased him, and he clung to her exactly as if she was his mother. She wasn't old enough to have maternal instincts, and thought it was a nuisance to have the tiny thing glued to her when she wanted to play. I thoroughly sympathized with her, but felt it was time she learned what a bother baby chimps are: She would take Joe by the throat and try to pull him off, but he only clutched her tighter, screaming bloody murder. Finally she would give up, and hold him with one arm while she used the other to swing on her trapeze. In relaxed moments she would hold him on her lap and pet him. She had learned the tickling game from me, and she and Joe both liked it so well that whenever I heard particular bursts of merriment I knew they were digging each other in the ribs.

When I heard nothing I hurried to the sunroom on the

basement floor, which had been turned into a nursery. One day I found Maggie busily giving the baby a bath. Her bathing bowl had been left in the nursery by an oversight, and Maggie was dunking Joe in the water, holding him firmly by one foot so he couldn't escape. She loved soapsuds, and had raised such a lather that I could see nothing of Joe but the squirming foot. He was all but drowned when I lifted him out.

Joe grew so fast that within a year he could more than hold his own with Maggie. They played in the yard, moored by a thirty-foot rope so they wouldn't encounter other members of the ménage. By now my leopard Purser had been sent to a zoo. I couldn't have this traditional enemy of the ape on the place. The Hercuveens gradually got used to Missy's favourites, and Aurora was so gentle and intelligent that I could even trust her to look after them. They romped around the yard in the helter-skelter way of young animals, and learned to climb trees, which they could do better than children of their age because both hands and feet were pliant enough to cling to the branches.

Speaking of feet, I shall never forget Joe's first pair of shoes. I am not above creating a sensation, and staged Joe's first trip to Manhattan with considerable glee. Chimpanzees were almost unknown at the time, and when Joe Mendi was dressed in a clean white sailor suit and cap, with a Buster Brown bob and the back of his neck shaved clean, he looked like a cunning, but most peculiar, little boy.

When we arrived at a Fifth Avenue store which specializes in children's clothes, the chauffeur opened the door and I sailed past the gaping doorman with Joe under my arm. People began gasping and staring, and a floorwalker hurried up to me.

"Where will I find children's shoes?" I asked him.

"On the fifth floor, madam." His eyes were popping. "Pardon me, but what is this little——" He indicated Joe.

"Oh," I drawled, "this is a little ape. He's just over from Africa."

"Yes, madam." He hadn't the least idea what an ape was.

He escorted me to the elevator, and everybody that could possibly crowd in came along to see Joe get his shoes—including the floorwalker. Joe and I were perfectly self-possessed, but when the clerk in the shoe department came over she blinked. I explained with great dignity, "This is Joe Mendi. He's named after the Mendi tribe, you know. Unfortunately, they're cannibals. . . ."

Joe's shoes were white kid, they fitted, and everybody was entranced. Downstairs we were mobbed.

When Joe was three I ventured taking him to a party, not quite sure how he would behave. A railroad president who owned one of my Hercuveens invited me to bring Joe out to the country for an afternoon with his three small children. The four youngsters hit it off perfectly. By now Joe could ride a bicycle as well as they could, and in their gymnasium he showed them a few tricks they had never dreamed of. Finally the nurse appeared with a plate of cakes and a pitcher of milk. They sat around a table out on the lawn, while we watched from the porch. Were Joe's manners as good as I fondly believed? All went well, he drank his milk through a straw like the others. But he drank faster. The minute his glass was empty he dipped his straw into the pitcher and drained it before you could count ten. By now the children were convinced he was too smart to be a baby. But he soon proved he was not immune to the little emergencies of childhood. He got restless and squirmy, and came over to me. We retired into the house.

In 1928 the captain in the African trade brought me three more chimpanzees, all on the sick list. In all my experience I was never to receive a well ape. That is not surprising, for these hypersensitive babies must suffer a great emotional shock from capture and separation from their families. Then there is the long six weeks' voyage without fresh food, and the sudden shift to a cold climate and completely new conditions. I doubt if a human baby could survive such an ordeal. The young chimps that came into my household in the next years were all suffering from nutritional diseases. They were

all anaemic, and many of them had pellagra, hookworm, and intestinal parasites that had to be treated with vermifuge. It is now a commonplace that the great apes are subject to pulmonary diseases and even tuberculosis, but I find there is still great carelessness and even ignorance among people caring for apes as to the cause of most of their difficulties. In a word, their resistance is low. They are improperly nourished, and bacteria in the blood consume the red cells. I found that if I kept up the haemoglobin in the blood by plenty of milk and eggs, liver in some form, and iron, cod-liver oil, and any extra vitamins they needed, they could fight off disease.

But I was still to learn the hard way about the danger of these little strangers catching our diseases. Maggie was over six when she and Joe both came down with measles, and mumps on top of the measles. The blame was wholly mine. One of our friends had grandchildren who were sick abed with these diseases, and after he visited them every day he would come over and play with Maggie and Joe. Mumps and measles are unknown in the jungle, so the chimps had no inherited immunity against them. They were dreadfully sick, and we very nearly lost them. There were anxious days and nights of nursing, Doctor Lintz ready with a silver tube to put down their swollen throats if they began choking.

After that I was germ-conscious. If any of us had a cold, or anything catching, we wore hospital masks when we were handling the apes. I protected them against contagion by keeping them at home, and when I finally began exhibiting my colony they were put into germ-proof cages. Gargantua's twenty-five-thousand-dollar cage grew out of those worried days with Maggie and Joe.

They were worth saving, for my experiment in bringing up apes as children in the house was yielding wonderful dividends. Certain things were easy for them—riding a bicycle, roller-skating, keeping time to music. They both became so highly clothes-conscious that keeping up their wardrobes consumed a good deal of time. They could both dress themselves, and Maggie could even lace shoes and tie her sunbonnet in a bow under her chin. Her favourite colour was

red. She and Joe kept their clothes in a cabinet with glass doors, and they understood all the names for various garments. I would say, "Go get your pants, Joe," and he would choose a pair. When I told Maggie to bring a dress she never got out anything but a red or red-checked dress. She was entranced when I began adding feminine items like slips to her treasures.

The sunparlour that was still the nursery for my oldest chimps was the most cheerful room in the house, and I used to sit there for hours sewing and mending. Maggie would keep me company, cutting things out of magazines with blunt-pointed scissors. She was intrigued by sewing, and wanted to learn. I gave her a big needle and coarse thread, and slowly showed her how to thread a needle.

For five minutes I watched Maggie Klein try to thread a needle. It was a tremendous experience for both of us. I have never in my life seen such persistence. She had two great difficulties. Her thumb was too short to be of any use, and I began to understand why some students of human evolution say we owe much of our success to our long, flexible thumbs, which enable us to grasp tools. I taught Maggie to hold the needle between her first two fingers, but the second difficulty lay too deep in her nature for curing. She could not concentrate long enough to succeed. She could keep her eager, restless little mind on her task for five minutes—a very long time to her—and then she would fling needle and thread across the room, scream at the top of her lungs, and rush to her trapeze.

She would play for a while, then I would give her a snack and pet her. When her nerves were perfectly calm she would try again. Four or five times a day she would have a try at this impossible task which represented millenniums of advance from animal to man. Then one day she succeeded. She was weak with excitement, and her little face was bathed in sweat. I was jubilant. I wanted to call up the papers and shout, "Maggie Klein has threaded a needle!"

After that she had no great difficulty in learning to sew, if I gave her a piece of her favourite red cloth. She would

punch the needle straight down through the cloth, turn it over, and pull the thread through with her teeth. It was indubitably sewing, but Maggie never graduated to embroidery.

The huge effort that went into this feat might seem to indicate that mental processes are slow in the ape. They are often like lightning, but this particular process was a matter of fine muscular co-ordination. Yet chimps can put two and two together, which is all that thinking amounts to. Maggie was a great smoker, but we always lighted her cigarettes for her, feeling she had better not be entrusted with matches. One day when she was in a cage at the Chicago fair a stranger gave her a cigarette. Nobody was around to light it for her. On a shelf in her cage there was an open electric heater. She knew it was hot, like lighted matches, because once or twice she had come too close to it when she was swinging on her trapeze. Without a moment's hesitation she dragged a box under the shelf, climbed up, and lighted her cigarette from the electric coil.

Joe was a mechanical genius and could use any tool in a carpenter's chest. He could saw and plane a board, drive nails, and then take them out with the hammer claw or his strong fingers. If a screwdriver was left in his cage by accident he could loosen the bolts, using the tool with real skill and little waste motion. And one day we discovered that there was nothing Joe Mendi didn't know about keys. By then all the fully grown apes were kept in cages part of the time, and Joe had noticed how the men unlocked them with a bunch of keys fastened to a pole. One day the pole was left leaning against a chair, well out of Joe's reach. He got out by unlocking his cage, and it was only a repetition of this Houdini trick later on that solved the mystery for us. What he did was to get his blanket and lasso the chair by repeated trials so that it fell over towards his cage. Then he could reach the pole.

After that all was simplicity itself. He tried one key after another in the padlock on his cage, until it clicked open. Then he made a bee line for his old companion in mischief,

and found the key that unlocked Maggie's cage. They scampered across the grounds, into the house, and up two flights of stairs to the guest room.

There was method in all this. One of their best friends was staying in the house. For years his first act when he arrived for a visit was to collect Joe and take him upstairs for a wee nippie. The two were great cronies, smoking and drinking together and catching up with the news. Joe knew that the private stock of his delightful friend was kept in the guest-room closet.

We were all out for the afternoon, and when we got home we found Joe and Maggie sitting on the floor of the closet, and every bottle uncorked. Joe not only had one bottle in his hand from which he was taking swigs, but he had a brandy flask clutched between his feet. With some difficulty we terminated this carouse. The morning after they both slept very late.

Evidently Joe had more common sense than this spree would indicate. The next time he and Maggie went on a tear it happened to be a very cold day, and the ground was deeply covered with snow. He and Maggie were not yet dressed for the day, but their woollen sleepers were in their cages. They prudently put them on before they went outdoors, which saved them from catching their death of cold. Joe often ran away, but never without wearing clothes, even if it was a shirt minus pants. He felt it was not fitting. One chilly day a neighbour called up.

"One of your apes is here," she said. "He's shivering outside my door, with nothing on but pilches."

Joe had long outgrown this staple of babyhood. But he had to wear something, so he had borrowed from one of the tiny tots. He came home in triumph, with his hands full of cookies.

Mischief was his nature, and he found he could get a vivid reaction from teasing Maggie. It sounds incredible, but he discovered that if he loosened certain screws on Maggie's trapeze he could give her a spill. Another mean trick was to snatch her prayer rug. We called it that because as long as

she lived she carried a bit of sack or a small blanket against her chest or under her arm. I had started this strange habit when she was a baby. I felt she would be less lonely, somehow feel safer, if she had something to hug. She was what I call a "grizzler," needing moral reinforcement. At any rate, her prayer rug was part of herself, and when Joe snatched it and ran away she would rush after him with anguished screams and tear out her hair in her anxiety. By the time Joe began stealing her food and hiding it we separated them.

But she learned to get back at Joe. He hated water, and she found out how to flip it at him from the drinking fountain. That registered, so she improved her revenge. Quite untaught, she would fill her mouth with water until her cheeks bulged, then swing from her trapeze until she had Joe where she wanted him, and drench him thoroughly. With such childish monkeyshines Maggie and Joe took time out from their professional careers.

For they were pioneers and pace-setters in the entertainment world, the most accomplished troupers of their day. Like everything else in their development, they became entertainers by accident. I was simply interested in finding out what chimps were like, how far they could go in learning. They themselves taught me how to teach them. Joe, for instance, had a strong sense of rhythm, and Maggie was a born acrobat and trapeze artist. I developed their natural bents.

Even as a baby Joe followed the rhythm of music on the gramophone or radio. The men who lunched on the basement floor had music, and Joe, with their meals, and Joe taught himself the rhumba. I added the "shimmy" to his repertory, showing him bit by bit how to make his arms quiver, then his legs, until finally he was shaking all over.

Several of us had harmonicas which we played for fun, and I gave Joe one. We taught him first how to blow, then I held the stops for him, and when he produced a sound he was as proud as Punch. Over a long period he learned to play tunes like "Turkey in the Straw" and "Home, Sweet Home." I'm pretty sure he didn't play by ear, he simply remembered,

after endless repetitions, the positions of the notes. He was never too accurate, but there was no doubt what tune he was playing.

He learned so many words that finally I wove them into a little dialogue that lasted ten minutes. I drilled him first in key words like "smile," "money," "girl," each word giving him a chance for pantomime. Then we were ready. I would say, "Joe, aren't I your friend? Don't I give you money?" That was his cue to take a dollar bill out of his pocket, look at it affectionately, and put it back. "All right, smile for your friend. Smile like Joe E. Brown." He would grin from ear to ear. And so it went, for ten minutes.

This was too good to be wasted on a home audience. Along with Maggie able to swing from one trapeze to another, with a somersault between, and bang the piano or typewriter with equal gusto, and put on a strip-tease act that was convulsingly funny, I had two artistes in the house. So Joe and Maggie took to the sawdust under the direction of a clever professional, and for two years, at intervals, they appeared on the better circuits in New York State. Their clipping book began to rival Aurora Borealis's. They were born troupers, especially Joe. Whenever he saw a number of people outside his cage he felt impelled to amuse them. Without any properties he would proceed to put on a show and be fully rewarded by the applause he always got. If such a thing is possible, the ape loves to be praised and appreciated even more than we do.

## CHAPTER VII

### *Creature of Mystery*

WETHER it is an ego slightly out of pattern, or whether I have a destiny quite my own, rare animals—from difficult to impossible ones—have been the irresistible lure of my life. I have already confessed to my own particular delusion that there is no animal which I am not tempted to believe I can understand and make happy. Just as some women are most attracted by problem children, I am attracted by problem animals. Chimpanzees offered endless fascinations and difficulties, enough to keep me hard at work for the rest of my life. But there is an ape which is impossible to raise in captivity, impossible to make happy. It was true in 1931, and is still true in the larger sense today.

So I longed for the fates to bring me a gorilla. From the moment I saw the lonely waif dying in Madison Square Garden I had the curious conviction that I *knew* what was wrong. He needed not so much care as a warm, maternal love that no human mother could give him. Except me. That was my profound, egotistical, factually unfounded conviction. I was one woman who could love a gorilla enough to keep it well. Since that day I had learned of all the diseases which attacked these delicate infants, and had learned something of the medical side of curing apes. But beyond that there was a mystery in the nature of the gorilla that profoundly disturbed and interested me. Why did this most powerful of the apes, who ruled the jungle simply by the threat of his strength, languish and die away from home?

In September, 1931, there were only two gorillas living in the United States, and the Martin Johnsons were on their way home with two more. My friend the captain brought me, with many apologies and misgivings, his second consignment from Africa—six young chimpanzees, all desperately sick,

and a pitiful little handful of skin and hair in a grocer's carton. This was a baby ape, dying of pneumonia.

A gorilla, of the rare mountain species, delivered like groceries in a pasteboard box! No American household ever received a stranger package. It was a member of a tribe of giants, kings of the forest—the first gorilla to enter an American home. But I could not think of it in big terms. To me it was a hopelessly sick baby.

For days I forgot sleep and mealtimes, everything but the necessity of saving the infant gorilla. The pneumonia was double, and most of the time the baby was unconscious. Most of the time I held it in my arms, warmly wrapped in a soft blanket, remembering the poor lonely youngster who had died on the other side of the bars in Madison Square Garden. Now and then I would feed it with a medicine dropper, but nothing seemed to do any good, and the patient steadily got weaker.

Toward midnight on the fifth day it seemed certain that my gorilla would go the way of all the rest who had arrived only to flicker out in a few days or weeks. I put it in its bed, covered it up, and went upstairs to my own bed for the first time since the siege of nursing started. About four in the morning I woke with the feeling that something dreadful had happened. I rushed downstairs to the sick room and turned on the light. But I couldn't look at the gorilla without a severe struggle with myself. When I turned down the blanket a pair of wondering dark eyes gazed straight into mine. The baby was out of its coma and bathed in sweat, but the crisis was over, and now there was a chance.

Now there was a chance for me to begin my adventure of solving the riddle of the gorilla.

"Creature of mystery, the gorilla long played hide and seek in the reports of hunters and naturalists. Even now the name holds peculiar fascination because imaginative descriptions abound. Relatively rare, inaccessible, powerful, reputedly dangerous, difficult to capture, and untamable, it has yielded slowly to human curiosity. For centuries rumours of the

existence of such a huge anthropoid, native superstitions, and alarming tales stirred popular and scientific interest. Scarcely had it been discovered and definitely described by biologists than it achieved extraordinary importance, for the anatomist Owen recognized it as man's nearest of kin structurally and with characteristic pains indicated the changes necessary to transform gorilla into man. . . . This king among the anthropoid apes compels the attention even of those who reject the idea of organic evolution and are repelled by every infrahuman primate."

Thus Professor Robert M. Yerkes of Yale begins the discussion of the gorilla in his wise and fascinating book, *The Great Apes*, written with his wife and published in 1929. And while he has carefully sifted all accounts of this creature, even including fantastic ones, and has himself done the only experimental work with this species, he ends by shaking his head and admitting that this giant ape still eludes our understanding.

As the only person to bring up gorillas in an American home, I can make a good many definite statements. I did not find them untamable, or by my standards dangerous. But I agree with Dr. Yerkes that they are the most mysterious of living creatures.

A small and probably vanishing race, gorillas are found only in Africa. The lowland type, numbering a few thousands, lives in the steaming jungles of the Gabun and Cameroons along the Gulf of Guinea. The highland type, discovered fairly recently and numbering probably a few hundred, lives among the mountains and volcanoes of the Belgian Congo at an altitude of about ten thousand feet.

Perhaps the gorilla is nature's most precious experiment, and certainly he is the best guarded, in his impenetrable jungle or on his remote mountain ranges, of all animals. Is there any other creature that received a name in 500 B.C. and actually was not described until less than a century ago? I have never heard of any other animal that was as legendary as the unicorn and the phoenix for twenty-three centuries—and then was found to exist, and to be more mythical than

ever. Since the heydey of Carthage when Hanno, circum-navigating Africa, reported a race of hairy giants, until 1847, when Savage and Wyman saw and described them, our next of kin have been living a peaceful and vastly contented life locked in their forests—while we have learned perhaps too many things too quickly.

Their neighbours, the savages, were so afraid of their size and their superhuman strength that they were regarded with superstition, and the early explorers, notably Paul Du Chaillu, who wrote and lectured about them in the 1860's, repeated some of the tall tales. He fixed the word gorilla in our minds as meaning a killer, and the gangster world seized on it as the most terrifying word they could use. Du Chaillu liked to call gorillas hellish creatures with an infernal roar; a nightmare vision, half man, half beast. The natives said that gorillas would attack elephants and beat them to death with clubs, and raid the villages in armies, beating war drums, carrying off the young girls when they had laid waste everything.

Presently I had a round dozen healthy young apes in the house, for the six chimpanzees that had arrived with wrecked nerves and digestive systems all pulled through. We named the gorilla Massa, a native word for "Big Boss." It was a female, so we thought. There was no question in our minds as to that, nor in the minds of the scientists who, four years later, accepted Massa for the Philadelphia zoo as a future mate for their fine gorilla, Bamboo. Massa is now listed in the brief Burke's Peerage of Gorillas as a male, and the same reversal of verdict had to be made for the "pair" the Martin Johnsons brought over for the San Diego zoo. They both turned out to be males. It is extremely difficult to determine the sex of the rare mountain gorillas. But in her four years with me, Massa was the most feminine creature in the house, not excepting Missy. So in this account I shall have to talk about her as a female, because I shall probably think of Massa all the rest of my life as the quintessence of femininity.

Massa's convalescence was slow. She was fretful and easily

upset, and even more dependent on me than Maggie Klein had been as an infant. Her feeding became the biggest chore of my life, for she refused to feed herself, partly because she liked attention. We had to hold her hands, feed her cereal with a spoon, and pour milk and raw eggs down her throat. So far, so good. But what about the vegetables and fruit that form the natural gorilla diet? Massa refused to interest herself. One day I chewed some fruit into a soft pap and put it into her mouth. That was better; in fact, she liked this service so much that I was forced to keep it up for an entire year. Several times a day I had to be on hand to give Massa her solid food, and this unattractive and boring job seemed to have no end. Other members of the household volunteered to spell me, but Massa would take food from nobody but Missy. Later on I understood this fantastic business better, because evidently in the Congo the babies are weaned in this way. But from what I now know of gorilla family life I am certain that no mother would allow a young one to impose on her so outrageously. Gorillas have arranged their family lives in order to get the greatest pleasure for the greatest number, so they pet and play with their young and enjoy them, but they also teach them their place.

At the time I knew nothing about the sort of treatment Massa would have had at home and was merely trying, with all my strength and patience, to pinch-hit for a mother gorilla. It seems curious that I hit on the weaning method of the *Gorilla gorilla beringei*! But Massa and I were in such close sympathy that it was easy for me to see what she wanted. And I was beginning to understand her language. She had a word, full of disgust and rebellion, for her cod-liver oil. Food she liked was welcomed with a low gurgle. When she was wheedling for something she used a technique much like a baby's—touching my hand, looking up into my face, and making begging sounds. I had heard that gorillas beat their chests like drums to express rage, but so far Massa was too much below par to be typical.

What I felt most strongly about her, as I had about the Ringling infant, was that she needed incessant love and pro-

tection. This was also true of the chimpanzees. They are very insecure little things, always living on the edge of panic. Now that we know more about all anthropoid young, babies and apes, we recognize this profound insecurity and fear of being deserted. But my jungle waifs had lived much closer to real dangers—pythons, leopards, lethal insects, and, above all, starvation. The loss of their mothers had of course increased their natural apprehension. And Massa was far more helpless and more easily upset than the chimpanzees. I had found that even in the midst of a tantrum food would calm them down. But Massa's nervous system was so like the human one that if she took food when she was emotionally upset it gave her acidosis.

So I chewed her food until my jaws ached. She needed solid food, and she needed quite as much to be able to trust me. I was determined to raise her into a sound, healthy gorilla, and I knew that it all depended on her being kept happy—in other words, secure. She had begun to trust me with that blind faith of all helpless young, so I strove to be infallible. Every good mother must attempt that impossible thing, and somehow manage never to let her children down seriously enough to break their trust. And while it is infinitely more difficult to gain absolute trust from little beings we understand imperfectly, and who are perpetual alarmists, high-strung and impulsive, that was my job as foster-mother to the apes.

Finally I had a reprieve. A friend sent me some hothouse grapes, and Massa watched me take them out of the box. I probably made a delighted exclamation, but what I remember was Massa's gurgle of delight. She stretched out her hands, and hoping against hope I gave her a few grapes. She put them into her mouth and ate them. Soon she was feeding herself her spinach without a murmur.

All gorillas grow neurotic in captivity, and Massa's finicky and babyish condition was partly neurotic, but probably due even more to her bad health. During her first two years with me she was ill most of the time, for she had only a short period of fine health before a disease resembling infantile

paralysis laid her low again. I shall describe later how we triumphed over that. Meanwhile, she acted like a delicate child who has had a hard start in life. We knew nothing of her early history, but we sometimes wondered if possibly she was more than her estimated age of one year when she arrived, and had been stunted. She was making up for lost time, if that was the case, but she kept out of rough-and-tumble games with the chimps, preferring to sit on my lap and be rocked and sung to for hours.

She was an odd-looking youngster, for her hair had fallen out and was now coming in again, and it was perfectly white. We didn't know what to make of this snowy crown above her black little face. Presently black hairs grew between the white ones, so that her pelt looked exactly like the silver fox's—a much better imitation than my rex rabbits were capable of producing. She was a silver-tipped gorilla eventually, with a luminous, beautiful coat.

I began to learn something in those first days about the differences between chimpanzees and gorillas in temperament and mental set-up. I had very little time for systematic observation, but one experiment that I recorded taught me a good deal. I wanted to contrast my one gorilla with chimpanzees in general, so on different days I used three chimps Massa's age. None of the apes had ever seen a kiddy car. I put Massa and one of the chimps, Skippy, at opposite ends of the long porch, and gave each a kiddy car. Then I sat down to see how they reacted.

Skippy showed no fear of the toy, though it moved. He at once picked it up and banged it around. Within five minutes it was partly broken. He showed a random curiosity but no real interest, for he was unable to guess what it was for and made no attempt to examine it and experiment with it. I was allowing fifteen minutes for the trial, but long before that Skippy had exhausted the possibilities of the toy and was looking for something else to amuse him.

Massa sat down beside the car and looked it over. She was cautious. She put one finger on it, not risking her whole hand. She touched every part of it lightly, perhaps expecting

it to bite her. Finding she was safe, she used her hands on the platform and moved the car back and forth. Her interest increased, and she turned the car over and examined the underside. She found she could spin the wheels, and amused herself with this till the quarter-hour period was over. All her handling of the car was careful, and she didn't damage it at all.

The next day I substituted Suzabella for Skippy, and she repeated his aimless batting-around performance, further damaging the car. Massa checked up on her kiddy car as before, but went on from there. She took the handle and pulled it around the floor. She was careful and fairly skilful, and when a wheel caught in the leg of a table or chair she freed it without help.

On the third day Jackie, who was a smart youngster, retrieved the score for the chimps. He took a more intelligent interest, dumped the car on its back and spun the wheels as Massa had done on the first day. Then he got rough and banged the car around. By now Massa was sitting on the platform of her car and seesawing back and forth, but she still hadn't discovered how to push herself.

After a day or so of rest I brought Skippy back for a repeat performance, and this time he stuck to his exploring a little longer. Massa, having slowly and carefully learned all about her car and how it worked, was giving herself a ride.

I was to find that this difference of reaction held true. The gorilla is naturally cautious, conservative, constructive. He is less versatile than the chimpanzee, but there is more thought behind his actions. Faced with something new, the gorilla tries to understand it by observation, then comes to a decision. He has a big lead over the chimpanzee in the ability to concentrate and to remember. The chimpanzee is incautious to the point of rashness, impatient, and destructive. He will try anything—more than once. He proceeds by trial and error, and it is not his nature to follow a definite line, to pick up where he left off instead of repeating in a hit-and-miss fashion while he waits for a happy accident. If he encounters something big enough to be afraid of, like a strange



ive a lapful of chimpanzee. *Left to right* : Suzabella, Skippy I and Captain Jiggs



My saints and imps meet in a friendly greeting

In spite of the bars, Dick and Buddy are still good friends



dog, he stamps and bellows and tries to scare it. If it is something he can tackle he will try to destroy it.

To put down the ferocious king of the jungle as constructive and gentle was something of a surprise to me. And another surprise was to discover the sweetness and almost tempestuous affection of Massa, for gorillas are supposed to be gloomy and unresponsive. Actually, Massa turned out to be the most affectionate of all my apes. She was full of fun and charming, playful ways: When the weather was warm enough I began taking her for afternoon rides in my car, and she enjoyed every minute.

On one of these rides her feminine passion for clothes and the niceties of the toilet, in which she outdid even Maggie Klein, took a ridiculous turn. At a traffic light I took out my vanity case and powdered my nose, then turned my attention to driving. The next time we stopped I noticed Massa, sitting beside me in a cloud of face powder. She had borrowed my vanity case and used it so prodigally that she looked as if she had been dipped in a barrel of flour. She caught my eye and smirked a little. Then with great dignity she restored the vanity case to my handbag and snapped it shut.

Her own wardrobe often palled on her, and she would scamper upstairs to my bedroom, open the closet door, and try on my clothes. I would come upon her with rage in my heart, and then collapse with laughter at the sight of Massa lolling among the frivolous pillows of the chaise-longue in borrowed finery, trying to look like Madame de Récamier. She would get into my shoes and shuffle all over the room, making a delightful sound. Any bright-coloured dress of mine was sure to be ripped from its hanger and draped around her small body. As for hats—I once found her sitting at the dressing table with one I had just bought. She had crammed it down over the back of her head at an angle only Massa found becoming.

No, I shall have to amend my remark about gorillas being constructive. Massa was death and destruction to my wardrobe.

When it comes to gorillas, a little knowledge is the most

dangerous thing conceivable. By the time Massa had spent her second Christmas in my house, I was beginning to think I knew something about her race. She was such a familiar little black ball that I felt ready to start out and tell the world all about gorillas. I would have said, "The gorilla is an enchanting combination of method and madness." I would have described how she sat down one day before the gramophone cabinet and took fifty records out of the shelves. She removed the cover from each one, looked it over carefully, and finally sat still in a perfect pool of undamaged discs, not knowing what to do next because it never occurred to her to bang them around or even to try them on as hats. And then, when I scolded her and sat down to replace the records, Massa jumped on my back, inventing the pickaback game for the first time, plainly to distract my mind from her mischief.

Yes, I would have presented Massa in all her moods and said to the world, "Here's your gorilla." But fate is always keeping me in order, putting plump into my hands something that fills me with new misgivings, new mysteries—and new griefs. Fate was now preparing for me the most moving experience of my life, an experience so very strange that to the end of my days I shall have a view of human life intangibly different from yours, or yours. The fact that my second gorilla became the most famous animal in the world is a mere detail in this experience. Gargantua the Great overturned many of the theories I had founded on Massa, but he also overturned many of the conceptions I shared with everybody about the nature of man himself. If my life was a quest for true humility despite many easy successes, he provided the chief motivation.

As with Massa, this momentous experience began on a clinical note. Christmas was just over when my friend the captain telephoned from Boston, where his freighter called on its way home to New York.

"This time I was bringing you the healthiest little gorilla I never saw," he told me. "But he's met with a horrible accident. We hope he'll still be alive when we get to New York."

I was waiting when the ship docked. The captain and crew all looked as if they had lost their best friend. Buddy, the little gorilla, was still alive, but his suffering was too great for them to bear thinking about. The men all called him Buddy, because the youngster had earned his papers as a common seaman on the voyage. He was used to people, because he had lived for a while in a missionary's family, but evidently he had liked the sailors even better. He had learned to climb the rigging, scrub the decks, and be the first to answer the dinner gong. He bunked with the sailors, changing his bedfellow every night because he was hoping to find one that didn't roll over in his sleep and take more than his share of the blankets. In short, Buddy was the only ape that had ever enjoyed the long voyage from Africa, a boon companion and a delightful little rascal. He was popular with the passengers, except for an old maid who found him repulsive. Buddy waited his chance to show her what he thought of *her*. One day she was standing by the rail looking at some porpoises. The wind blew up her skirts, and Buddy planted a neat bite just above her stocking.

They had shipped a new sailor who had proved unsatisfactory, and when the freighter reached Boston the captain discharged him. He left quietly enough, but he came back to revenge himself on the captain. He knew that the gorilla was very valuable and the pride of the skipper's heart. He emptied a fire extinguisher full of nitric acid over Buddy and left him for dead.

The crime wasn't discovered for a while, because Buddy had fled to the darkest part of the hold and hidden himself away. When they finally found him they could not get near enough to help him. At a year and a half Buddy had had enough of human malevolence, and he now preferred to go through his agony alone. They could see that his head and chest were burned as if he had been in a fire, and that he seemed to be blind. They had wanted to chloroform the little creature, and felt it was too bad I had asked the captain to bring him to New York.

I asked for an empty box and a flashlight. I went down

into the hold and found Buddy cowering in a corner. When the light struck his face he winced. At least he wasn't totally blind. He made a rush toward me, and I dropped the box over him.

A few minutes later I was driving Buddy home to Brooklyn. There was no question in my mind about whether I could cure him. I had to cure him and make the world over for him, so that he would know what a kind race it was that had adopted him, so that he would get back his faith in people. This effort of mine was to prove the greatest boomerang in my life—because it succeeded.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *Prince of the Forest*

THE famous eye specialist finished the most exhausting examination of his life.

"The royal cub will get his sight back, I think." He smiled ironically. "All you have to do is put these drops in his eyes three times a day."

We were all too tired to laugh. The doctor, my three men helpers, and I had been unable to subdue twenty-two pounds of fighting fury. A blind baby of eighteen months had confirmed all the legends of the superhuman power of the gorilla. When I got home with Buddy I had let him loose in the big billiard room in the basement, and then hurried to telephone the specialist for advice. I hadn't expected him to drop everything and come out himself, but he had been kind enough to do just that. Then came the problem of catching the patient.

The billiard room became the scene of a jungle hunt, for Buddy had reverted to the animal. He was desperately afraid of people, naturally, so he fought for what was left of his life, trusting to his ears to locate the enemies stalking him from all directions. We began by crawling on our hands and knees, making friendly sounds and offering fruit, which he could smell. One of the men caught him, and in a flash Buddy was loose. We scattered in all directions as he charged, and I tripped over something and fell flat on my back. Instantly the cannon ball of fury was on me, and I got a pretty bad bite in the wrist. Dick managed to catch Buddy from the back, and to hold him in mid-air until I was on my feet. Then he had to let the youngster down with a bang, and saved himself from the next charge by a flying leap to the billiard table. So it went, from bad to worse.

The doctor finally had the insight to suggest that we leave him quite alone with Buddy. We staggered out, and through the windows watched the great man on his hands and knees,

crawling after a disfigured little gorilla, slowly calming him down and somehow restoring enough of his trust so that the doctor could lift his burned lids and examine his eyes.

Yes, all I had to do was to put stinging drops into Buddy's eyes three times a day. How to get near enough for this delicate operation—and then instantly far enough away so that the sudden pain wouldn't be revenged on me? I had a happy thought. I lay on a table, and lured Buddy over with some fruit. When he was close to the table I held his head and administered the drops. He always charged—but ran into the table legs. This was perfect, but within a day or so Buddy saw through the trick and I had to think of something else.

But curing the seared cornea was a small part of my nursing job. The acid had burned hair, skin, tissue, and even muscles on his head and chest and the inner side of both arms. The details are too clinical to bear repeating. But this was plainly a case for plastic surgery, so I called a dermatologist and even did some of the work myself. It was impossible to make stitches or do an operative job, but we restored a face of sorts to Buddy, and then for months I kept stretching skin and tissue by plastic manipulation, allowing the wounds to heal slowly by granulation. Buddy was now able to close his eyes, and though his mouth was drawn up in the ugly snarling line that has helped his present reputation for ferocity as Gargantua the Great, he could use it for his favourite occupation—enjoying his food.

Keeping the wounds clean while they healed was a job that meant perpetual vigilance. Buddy remained in the big billiard room, but we kept everything around him hospital-clean. Half a dozen times a day we put sterilized cotton gloves on his hands and wired them to his wrists. About the only fun he got out of this was to be allowed, with his clean gloves, to daub himself with cream of petroleum. The worst was over within six months, and his sight was restored before that.

It is a tribute to the gorilla's intelligence and fine character that Buddy, after the first panic, co-operated in his own cure. I think he really understood that all his pain and discomfort were meant to help him. And though I was the

person to hurt him and make his life a burden, he never held it against me. The only resentment that has remained in his mind is a general one—he cannot quite trust men. But he slowly made up his mind that he could trust me, and though for a long time I could not pick him up, a curious and deep friendliness was growing between us.

By the time Buddy's face was healed 'his own mother wouldn't have recognized him. The deep wrinkles around the eyes which give a baby gorilla the appearance of great age had been ironed out in the necessary stretching and massage and oiling by which I had kept the scar tissue supple. His face was smooth and unlined like the human one, and the eyes had become round rather than oblique. The enormous, flat, heart-shaped nostrils were almost gone; in fact, he has very little nose. His mouth was pulled up on one side to expose his teeth, and he always looked as if he were sneering at the world. Perhaps he is, now.

Buddy was a coastal gorilla, from the hobgoblin forests of West Africa, while Massa came from the high mountains six hundred miles inland. The two types are quite isolated from each other and live in very different conditions; yet there is so little difference between them that they are classed as one species. Though the gorilla has a hard time adjusting to civilization, I am tempted to surmise that this is perhaps more a matter of temperament and tastes than of adaptability in the physical sense. Certainly he can adapt to a very wide range of climate and surroundings, so long as he is at home. While Massa promised to be much smaller than Buddy and possessed a much finer and heavier coat, it was not safe to generalize from that. For each gorilla seems to be an individual and quite different in all sorts of respects from every other. Until the arrival recently of eight youngsters from the Cameroons, there were eleven gorillas in the United States. I am willing to wager that if a person who has never seen a gorilla takes a good look at good pictures of the eleven, he will be able to remember vividly how each one looks. For none of them resembles the next; they all have decided personalities, expressions, and physiques.

Generally speaking, a full-grown male should weigh four or five hundred pounds and reach a standing height of five or six feet. A five-foot male chimpanzee weighing 200 pounds is a champion. The females of both families are very much smaller than the males. The chimpanzee has white skin, while the gorilla's skin is black, brown, or steel-grey. The difference that struck me most forcibly as a connoisseur of heads was the greatly superior skull conformation of the gorilla. He has more dome and more forehead, and a wider span from the ears to the top of the head. His eyes are spaced wider apart, and his ears are small, perfect and close to the skull, very like the human ear.

As for the brain inside the skull, the gorilla's is much farther along the evolutionary road than the chimpanzee's. The late Doctor Frederick Tilney studied and measured the brains of the whole primate order, and placed the gorilla brain closest to man's and considerably above the chimpanzee's. He says:

"All things considered, the convolutional and fissural patterns of the human and gorilla brain coincide so closely that were it not for the great disparity in size between the organs of these two species, the hemispheres of one might be mistaken for those of the other."

The gorilla's arms are shorter in proportion to the rest of his body than the chimpanzee's, and longer than man's. His feet are better suited to life on the ground, and his hands show the same advance, for the fingers are shorter and stubbier and the thumb is better developed, while the chimp's long fingers and curling feet show he is closer to the tree-living stage of development. I had only to look at my youngsters playing in the yard to see this contrast demonstrated. Massa and Buddy learned to climb trees, but they never ventured very high off the ground, while the chimps soon learned to get to the top without any difficulty.

Though Buddy's thumb muscles had suffered from his acid bath, he was extremely delicate and precise in using his hands. As his sight came back he looked around his room and discovered the walls covered with photographs of the

Hercuveens, and their ribbons and medals. In fact, we called it the trophy room. By this time he had been introduced to the real dogs, and perhaps they were too big for his comfort. At any rate, he seemed to make a dead set against dog-symbols. He was given 'a stuffed dog as a plaything, and hurled a heavy chair at it, hard enough to wreck the chair. He took down all the dog photographs and trophies and piled them neatly in a corner of his room. I was astonished to find that not a frame was chipped, not a piece of glass broken. I hung everything back, a little higher. But he soon grew tall enough to reach them, or else pushed up a chair, and again he took down everything with the greatest care and neatness. This duel went on for some time and finally I gave up.

The same dexterity and control in handling things came out in one of his first pieces of organized mischief. Dick kept a big aquarium of tropical fish in the trophy room, having no suspicion that they would attract Buddy or that he could get at the fish. He was wrong on both counts, for Buddy dragged over one of the heavy chairs to the tank, and by climbing on to the back managed to reach an arm down into the water. When I came in he was gently dropping one fish at a time on the floor. Not one of them was injured, and when I put them back they swam merrily. Buddy had reserved for himself the pick of the lot, a silvery angel fish, and as I came in he hastily bit off the head.

Gorillas are tremendous eaters, but very dainty and finicky about their food. Was Buddy fishing for food he craved? All the people who were supposed to know believed gorillas ate only fruit and vegetables. But as spring came and Massa and Buddy were turned loose in the yard I watched their foraging carefully. There soon was no doubt in my mind that they were looking for small animals, eggs, any protein they could get. I saw Massa catch a young robin that had fallen out of its nest and stuff it into her mouth with cries of delight. Buddy found some insect eggs on the underside of a leaf, and after running to show it to me he licked them off and smacked his lips. Both of them ran after caterpillars.

That settled the question. They wanted meat. Since they

were both rather anæmic and were not growing as fast as I thought they should, I decided that I would give them fresh liver. But I knew how conservative they were about accepting unfamiliar food. I cut some liver into thin strips about the size of the worms they enjoyed, dipped them for a moment into boiling water, and then gave a handful to Massa and another to Buddy. This was repeated for several days before they stopped playing with the strips and began to eat them. They liked them immensely, and from that day forth they were given daily a quarter of a pound of liver apiece, gradually increased to the half-pound they are still enjoying. I also added every few days a small quantity of good ground beef to their diet.

They began to grow like the green bay tree. Buddy gained a hundred pounds in his first year, and Massa, despite her paralysis, also made a spurt. We never identified the infection that seized her just before Buddy's arrival, but it was much like the dread polio that has filled the country with small cripples. Her legs were useless and her arms were dead from the elbows down. By now I was so used to devising my own cures for the various ailments that attacked my various animals that I was quite revolutionary about treating Massa. The fashion then was to keep the patient very quiet. I did the exact opposite, keeping Massa's sound muscles working at top speed to pull the others into functioning again. I contrived a rope-and-pulley exercise machine for her that kept her thrashing her arms and legs lustily, and in time she made a wonderful recovery. This therapy is now coming into its own, but at the time I was laughed at.

Buddy was fond of Massa, and every now and then he would carry her into his room and put her up on a shelf. Evidently he thought Massa a female as we did, because she was smaller and more helpless. The jungle law is that the helpless members of the family must be put well above the ground and its dangers. The big male builds a comfortable nest every night for his mate and young in the crotch of a tree, and then leans against the trunk for his own night's sleep, keeping guard.

Not that Buddy was always the picture of chivalry with Massa. Even in moments of affection, when he put an arm around her neck, he sometimes nearly choked her. And when she annoyed him he would give her a cuff that echoed all over the house, followed in a moment by Massa's shriek of rage. He had stopped biting people, but now and then he would nip Massa's finger. When I flew to the rescue, Buddy would be sitting some distance away from his playmate, arms folded, legs tucked under him, and nothing but kindness and virtue written on his face. The gorillas are dead-pan artists, and one of the most astonishing things about them is their ability to conceal their emotions, even violent ones.

While Massa's legs were paralysed we devised games to amuse her and Buddy at the same time. Riding on the tea wagon was their greatest indoor treat. Buddy would sit on the top and Massa on the shelf, and I would push them up and down the long sun porch until my legs ached. They never had enough. If I sat down for a rest Buddy would come and put his elbows on my lap and look up into my face, begging and begging for another ride. He would gaze into my eyes as if estimating his chances, for the gorilla alone of the apes has learned to read moods and thoughts from the expression of the eyes.

Massa was amused through her convalescence by riding pickaback on one of her human friends, or even better, using us as horses. Buddy preferred riding on my foot, and by spring he had become so fond of me that he liked sitting in my lap. But he was never as cuddly as Massa, and acted like a little boy about mollycoddling. He was too independent for that. And he was perfectly contented to play by himself, sliding down the long stair rail with whoops of joy, riding on his kiddy car until he was exhausted and fell asleep with his head on the platform. Both youngsters played hard when they were together; their game was peppered with squabbles and arguments and then would suddenly end in silence. I would find they had dropped in their tracks and were sound asleep. Massa's head comfortably pillowled on Buddy's paunch.

Every fine day I would take them for a drive in my car, and

I kept this up until Buddy weighed nearly two hundred pounds. The traffic police got used to us, but pedestrians gave us a wide berth. Buddy got the thrill of his life from motor-ing, but he could never believe he was quite safe. He had to sit beside me with one hand on my arm and the other clutch-ing the wheel, for he soon learned that the wheel preserved us somehow from all the dangers rushing at us down the road. He got used to ordinary cars, but when a street car or a big truck came along he was always in a panic. He would yell at the top of his lungs and cover his eyes, or bury his head in the side of my dress. Still, he wouldn't have given up the rides for anything.

Massa was never afraid. The bigger the truck and the more noise it made the more she cooed and chortled. She could ride for an amazingly long time without losing interest in everything she saw out of the window. Massa was a curious mixture of intensely feminine qualities and more aggressive ones. She had a dual nature, and in time I was to discover how deep this duality went. Buddy was simpler, gentler, more steadfastly friendly, and more the good fellow. His fears were quite simple; he merely disliked anything too big. Cars he could face, trucks and street cars were a threat. He came to like the giant St. Bernards, but he could never get used to Doctor Lintz's saddle horse. He saw it pass his door every morning, and every morning he was seized with panic. Men were bigger than women, so he distrusted them more than he did me and the cook. But he liked Hermann very much, and knew he could play rough with him. Even when he was small he could wear out Hermann or Doctor Lintz with a wrestling match. Hermann, a hundred and fifty pounds of brawn, would start a romp, and suddenly find him-self on the floor. Quick as lightning, Buddy would simply throw his arms around Hermann's legs and trip him ex-pertly. The youngster enjoyed these contests of strength, but never tried them on me.

Since he seemed to have such a good idea of relative size and strength, we ventured giving him a kitten for a pet. He was enchanted with it. But he was already too strong and too

unconscious of the power in his muscles, and we had to take the kitten away.

Though I tempered the wind to the shorn lamb and gave Buddy time to get over the shock of his accident before I started training him into human ways, his lessons began as soon as possible. He was the thirteenth member of the ape family, and my nursery régime agreed so well with the others that I was convinced it was a good system. I didn't dress my apes and teach them to walk upright as a stunt. It seemed to be the best foundation for their learning in general, for when they were clean and dressed they were always under better control, mentally stimulated and proud of themselves. It definitely gave them a lift and enhanced their self-respect and self-control. I never taught any of the apes to do anything to which he had a resistance—that is, a resistance profounder than the struggles of a human child against being washed and dressed. And if I had attempted to force any of them to learn, I would soon have been defeated. This was especially true of the gorillas. Unless they are willing to co-operate, no lesson can be learned. Instead, they develop a resistance to, and even fear of, the whole learning process.

So when I found Buddy resisting clothes I eased things along, sensing a personal reason. I found he enjoyed draping clothes around him, but disliked having his arms in sleeves. That spelled confinement and danger. But as he became more confident that he was in a safe world, his suspicion of clothes wore off. After a few weeks he consented to wear overalls for a few minutes at a time, and eventually he tolerated clothes in general. But he was never a dandy like Joe Mendi and was inclined to look at the whole matter of dressing as a joke, and one of Missy's foibles.

He resisted his bath until he discovered the possibilities of soap bubbles. He even took a bath voluntarily during his early childhood, sneaking into the basement bathroom, drawing himself a tub, and lathering himself white. Every loose article in the room, from shaving brushes to Dick's clothes, was in the tub with him.

It was not hard to teach Buddy to walk. Gorillas often stand upright and sometimes walk erect, but as a rule they support part of their weight on their massive arms. After I taught Buddy how to balance himself so that he would feel easy on his feet, the battle was half won. I helped him by holding his hands, but when I let go he felt deserted. I made a great game of it to keep up his interest. After several months of walking only with my help, I tricked him into walking alone. I filled his hands with peanuts, and put a banana under each arm.

"Now go sit in your chair," I told him.

He had to keep his arms tight to his sides to hold the fruit, and he couldn't balance on his hands when they were full of nuts. He didn't even try. His mind was entirely taken up with this unexpected snack and he walked over to his chair with perfect ease and considerable speed, as he needed to use his lap to hold his treat. From that day until he was caged he never used his hands in walking or running, unless he was undressed. He connected wearing clothes with Missy and the things he would do to please her—for a consideration.

Like all my apes, he wore soft shoes, usually gym shoes, for he needed to feel the ground under his feet. But since Buddy loved the sound of his footsteps I had steel plates put on heels and toes. He had great fun walking with a click, click, and learned to skirt the rugs because they muffled this delightful sound.

Like the bell on a cat, Buddy's clicking shoes were a help to us in locating him when he reached the exploring stage. But once he disappeared completely, and the whole household joined in the search. He finally emerged from the cellar covered with coal dust, cobwebs, and satisfaction. But one day he seemed to have vanished from the premises. We went all over the house and grounds, phoned the neighbours, and even gave the alarm to the policemen in their booth across the street. We were terribly worried, and I gave the house another careful search to keep myself occupied. This time I noticed that a little stepladder that he often lugged around with him was propped against the grand piano. The top was

up, and I found Buddy sound asleep on the strings, wrapped like a cocoon in the silk piano cover.

Warmth, sleep, food—the triangular base of gorilla contentment, and of our own. But the gorilla is never afflicted with man's conscience about pleasures; he has developed his life for enjoyment of the creature comforts, and is eloquent in expressing his rejoicing as each simple satisfaction of the day unfolds. Even as an infant Buddy was able to make himself comfortable. Few of my chimps would have thought of wrapping themselves up to enjoy an odd nap in an odd place. But this was something Buddy always did so well that when he was settled for the night in a box bed I gave him the blankets and he did the tucking in. When he was through he was completely and snugly covered except for his feet. I have never seen a gorilla cover his feet. It is evidently a hang-over from jungle life, when the animal must be able to get to his feet in a split second.

Buddy slept ten hours a day on the average, and always took an afternoon nap. We would turn the sun lamp on all the apes at this period. It happened to be a convenient time for us, but also it is the ape's immemorial hour for relaxing in the heat of the day. In the jungle the gorillas take deliberate sun baths. Several observers have come upon families in lazy moments to find them lolling and basking in the full sun, and plainly enjoying their warm bath.

In the same way, though the gorillas move slowly through their rich jungles, eating all day long, they never fail to grunt and gurgle and smack their lips over each succulent mouthful. It was worth the trouble and expense of feeding my gorillas to hear them make the same appreciative sounds as they sat decorously in high chairs or at a small table. Gradually I learned that, as a foraging animal that keeps his rather small stomach perpetually working on something, the gorilla must be fed every few hours. I learned that the big paunch means the healthy gorilla, and that far from being stupefied by food he becomes stupid and dull without it. How many gourmands would envy this digestive system! I never stuffed Massa or Buddy, and kept down their carbo-

hydrates. After I found that if they were upset or in disgrace they pushed away their food, I fed them only when they were calm and happy. A gorilla will not eat when he is disturbed, and after a few days without food he gets a fatal acidosis. I am convinced this has killed many a captive.

Buddy yielded to all Missy's foibles when food was imminent. He tolerated his bib, he used his spoon, he drank from a glass. As a member of his royal race he was dainty and fastidious and leisurely about eating, so human table manners weren't alien to him as they would be to a dog, which must gobble and gulp. This was his daily intake by the time he had been with me a year:

A quart of milk with a beaten raw egg and two tablespoons each of corn and chocolate syrup.

Quarter of a pound of parboiled liver.

Six average bananas, three or four apples.

A head of lettuce, several stalks of celery, sweet potatoes.

A bowl of cereal, usually rice or oatmeal.

Bread and butter sprinkled with sugar, cakes, raisins, and a handful of the whole grain of wheat.

Besides this daily ration, he had titbits through the day, fruit, ice-cream cones, and a lollipop if we went riding, or whatever he seemed to need as extra food at the moment. I had to exercise great care about the quality of his food, for any blemished apple or dubious pear was handed back to me. And variety was essential. Keeping the milk, liver, and syrups constant, I made shifts and surprises in the other items. Buddy liked raisin bread because he could pick the raisins out first, and this is still his favourite bread. His gargantuan diet of today is this old nursery régime several times magnified.

Yes, the gorilla is a voluptuary and gourmand. He is also a great many other things. Here I have told something of the physical side of my royal apes, but that is not the whole story. Perhaps we shall never know it all, but what I have discovered, and what I surmise, will come into this account of my ape children and how they grew up.



The infant Captain Liggs enjoys a noisy joke with a frie





*ove* : Missy with an armful of infants—Maggie Klein and Joe Mendi at the age of five.

*Below left*: Massa as a baby.  
Notice her silvery hair.



*Below right* Later, Joe Mendi dressed for his vaudeville act



## CHAPTER IX

### *Carnival in Chicago*

**I** NOW had the rarest private collection of anthropoids in the world, the only one containing both chimpanzees and gorillas; and when the Century of Progress exposition was planned for Chicago in 1933, I looked at my ape family with appraising eyes. I had a dozen chimps, with Maggie and Joe Mendi as the most accomplished troupers of their kind. And though Buddy and Massa were still receiving treatments, they were well and lively enough to give the public its first glimpse of gorillas being raised like human children.

The only difficulty was the matter of health. There would be no great problem about keeping the apes to their usual régimes of diet and care, if only we could keep the microbes away. I knew that the quickest way to lose apes was to expose them to a constant barrage of human germs; and since my family had grown up with almost as little danger of contagion as the Dionne quintuplets, they were especially to be guarded. But I was so proud that I wanted to display them to the world.

So I set to work on the problem, and in solving it helped to advance the treatment of all apes in captivity. The youngsters needed plenty of room for exercise, since they could not be taken outdoors. They needed sun and fresh air, and at the same time had to be closed away from contact with the public. In short, I had to invent an ideal anthropoid cage, and though my first try at it was hideously expensive, it was essentially the same design as the superlative quarters which I later elaborated for Gargantua.

I had fourteen roomy cages made of steel, six of them especially large. Around them were glass cages hermetically sealed at the edges, with a door at the back where the attendants went in and out. They were electrically heated, and

ventilated by vents leading through the roof of the exhibit building. And since I was afraid of fire, I had the cages built on trucks so that they could be pulled out as fast as fire engines.

My chief problem was solved, but taking to the sawdust was a new experience for me. I had exhibited my Saints for years before thousands of people, but in a rather swank atmosphere with no hint of the commercial; on the contrary, it cost a good deal to win a cup or a bit of blue ribbon. Now I was crashing the amusement world with personal misgivings. But I took comfort in the loyalty and efficiency of Hermann, of the ineffable Tony Desmoni, a past master in exhibiting animals, and of the professional handler who had taken Joe and Maggie on their vaudeville tours. They were coming along with me, and a friend had gone ahead to attend to the arrangements.

Human beings and animals, their trunks packed, got on the train for Chicago. The stars had personal baggage, with their toys and clothes. Joe Mendi's wardrobe was part of his stock-in-trade. With suits, hats, shoes, and everything he wore made to measure, he was the world's best-dressed ape. That gave me an idea. As the train neared Chicago, I realized that we would be met by the press and newsreel photographers and ought to make an appropriate entrance.

I opened Joe's trunk and got out his morning coat and striped trousers outfit, the sort of thing the well-dressed man wears at a wedding or the Easter parade on Fifth Avenue. When he was ready he was the glass of fashion, with spats and polished shoes, a little grey fedora, a cane over his arm, and a boutonnière. I dressed myself to do justice to Joe. When the train stopped I took Joe's arm, and we stepped off and swept through the crowd, elegant, debonair, apparently unconscious of the grinding newsreel cameras, the popping flash bulbs, and the shouts of merriment from the bystanders. We graciously consented to pose for the boys, and then, with a little nod of dismissal, entered our taxi. I was really taking my cues from Joe, because nobody was better at handling his public than my clever little chimpanzee.

Our house on the fair midway was elegant in a tropical fashion. We happened to be next door to Sally Rand who, like my apes, was to do a great deal of dressing and undressing for public amusement. Our simian house combined all the latest ideas on the hygiene of the ape, but this was more or less invisible in this Hollywood version of the Congo. I suppose few people realized that the effect of strong tropical sun was really our sun lamps which poured light down on the apes all day long, and helped keep them in the pink of condition. And though the glass houses effectively kept my colony from getting a single microbe during our stay, they also proved to be wonderful cages for exhibit, since the glass on all four sides allowed people to see the animals inside from any angle.

Our jungle—carefully disinfected and fireproofed at frequent intervals—was convincing enough in its atmosphere. Instead of a floor we had a covering of pine needles and pebbles. Tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers were planted to represent a forest clearing, and Spanish moss hung from chinks in the bamboo roof, with wild orchids and coloured lights here and there. The cages were placed in different nooks in this forest, so that nothing could have looked less like the simian house in a zoo. In the centre we had a sunken theatre covered with heavy wire netting, for special performances.

Though this was the first time the apes had been caged, none of them minded. They had plenty of room and equipment for play and exercise. Each youngster had the things he was used to, his own bed and blankets, his clothes and toys, and any little personal treasures. There was a sun lamp and an electric heater in each cage, and we arranged toilet facilities in a screened space behind the cages so that they could continue their modest habits—as much innate as the result of training. One unexpected good point about the sealed cages was that they were virtually soundproof, and the youngsters could take their afternoon naps without disturbance.

As far as possible we carried out the daily régime as in

Brooklyn, bathing the apes, dressing and undressing them, playing with them, and giving each a daily lesson in something he needed to learn. Their mealtimes, with the youngsters sitting at tables and minding their manners—that is, most of the time—enchanted the visitors. The usual daily routine, including the inevitable tussle with cod-liver oil, made an oddly familiar domestic picture.

We had no definite ideas about entertaining the public, and actually they were most entertained by watching the daily lives of fourteen lively anthropoids. But we reckoned without our apes. They were immensely stimulated by the crowds and the whole atmosphere, and they blossomed out, one after the other, as voluntary performers. I had expected Joe and Maggie to outdo themselves in response to an audience, but every day brought new surprises. Outside we had a Spieler and an African band vamping jungle rhythms. The drum beat reached the apes through their ventilators, and they responded.

There was Yawnie, for instance. She was a timid, good-natured little chimpanzee that had arrived in the latest consignment from the captain. All we knew about Yawnie was that she had been raised as a pet by an Englishwoman living in Africa. But one day somebody gave her a newspaper, and to my amazement she began to make hats. She folded a piece of paper into a perfect cornucopia cap and then turned out a smart tricorn. She was skilful and sure in her movements, and of course had been taught this trick. After she finished a hat she would put it on and model it, swishing her hips and ogling her audience.

All that little Yawnie needed was her own public. From then on she strutted her stuff. When the band played, Yawnie would drape herself in her blanket and dance à la Congo. The shimmy is almost second nature to the chimpanzees, and as soon as they learn to stand upright and leave their arms free they display their native rhythms. Yawnie was also a trapeze artist of no mean attainments, and the dull little six-year-old turned out to be a steady attraction. Under the stimulation of applause she remembered her baby tricks.

But we suspected that she had not been taught them too kindly. If somebody said, "Don't do that!" she would go crazy, fly into a rage, and attempt to charge and bite. Evidently, at some time in her life, those words had meant that she was going to be struck. We never struck our family, and were even conservative about spanking their hands or their little behinds lightly. But we stopped saying "Don't" to Yawnie, and she lost her fear and her bad manners.

Even more of a dark horse was another female, Anymoe. I had bought her simply out of pity, just before we left for Chicago. She had been with a travelling show, and her owners had underfed her and kept her in such a small cage that she had almost lost the use of her legs. We put her in the least conspicuous cage and gave her good food and plenty of sun lamp. Within a few weeks she was so well and handsome that we put her into the performing theatre with three or four baby chimps. She was a born nursemaid. She mothered the babies, watched over them, swung them, and rode on bicycles with a tot as passenger. She couldn't bear scenes, and if one of her charges got fractious she would pick it up and rock it in her arms until she soothed it.

Anymoe got her curious name from another waif who drifted into our house. He was a half-starved kid of nineteen who roamed through this strange sawdust world, washing dishes for his meals if nothing better offered. We gave him a job at the ticket window, and within a week he knew so much about the exhibit that he could almost have run it himself. He found all sorts of odd jobs for himself, washing cage glass one day, making a highly intelligent talk about apes from the spieler's box the next. Finally I found him down in the theatre with a couple of young chimps, displaying a natural gift as comedian in which only they could excel him. I held on to Moe, and later got him a job in New York.

When Moe saw the bedraggled little chimpanzee he chirked her up by saying, "Ain't you something? Anymoe at home like you?" I think he helped her back on her feet; at any rate, he christened her.

The fever to get into the spotlight hit everybody. With us was a delightful coloured woman who washed and ironed the simian wardrobes. Goodness knows, that kept her busy enough, and she seemed to pay no particular attention to the apes. But one day when I came through an unusually large crowd clustered around Buddy's cage, there was our laundress. She had costumed herself like a mammy, with a flowing red calico dress and turban, and she and Buddy were playing with balloons. It was one of the most charming sights of my life—but why was her shape so odd? As she explained, the only precaution she thought necessary in going into a perfectly strange gorilla's cage was to wear two coffee cans on her chest as armour.

Though I tried to maintain my usual pseudo-scientific attitude toward explaining to the public what apes were really like, and every now and then would deliver a little talk, the general hilarity was too much for me. There was so much scandal and fanfare about our next door neighbour Sally Rand that I decided only a simian burlesque could reduce the public fever. Of course I chose my strip-tease artist Maggie Klein. No better comment on human ways was ever devised than innocent Maggie's prank. She would begin her act by taking off a sports dress that buttoned all the way down the front, and since she was naturally slow about unbuttoning, this process was lingering. The dress off, she would slowly and lovingly smooth it out before she went on to her slip.

Now I decided she should do an unrehearsed fan dance, and the word got around. I got her a suit of pink tights, fastened a raffia belt around her middle and a tall head-dress on her head. She had two big fans of brightly dyed turkey feathers. Maggie was so proud of her costume she needed no prompting. She came on swirling her fans, swishing her brief raffia skirt, and twisting seductively. All the time she was in the performing theatre she held on to her fans—even when she hung with one hand from a trapeze.

The next evening the famous dancer invited Maggie and

me to dinner, and then came over to see a repeat performance, by request.

Captain Jiggs was the most popular chimpanzee of them all. He was about six at the time and loved by every animal in my Brooklyn jungle. He was the general favourite because he was really kind and sweet-natured, and possessed a marvellous sense of humour. That seems a big claim for a chimpanzee, but often I have seen Captain Jiggs laugh himself weak over something that struck us human beings as funny but failed to tickle the other chimps. He was so absolutely trustworthy that he became our "ballet man," to use the midway jargon. In other words, he worked on a platform outside the house, hand in hand with the spieler. This worthy stood under a huge umbrella, and when he had finished his spiel Jiggs would appear, climb up the umbrella and all but carry on the spiel. Sometimes he was dressed as a jolly tar, sometimes as a soldier or a Western Union messenger. He would ride a bicycle or roller-skate along the platform, and now and then take up the tickets and put them in the chopper. We trusted Jiggs.

Inside, he huffed and puffed, seeing that the babies were kept sweet and clean. There was a nursemaid to change them, but she never got around fast enough for the fastidious and tender Captain Jiggs. Once Constance Collier came running to me. "Mrs. Lintz, Jiggs is putting fresh pilches on all the babies!" I assured her that Jiggs could be trusted with any job.

Joe Mendi was just as fussy as Jiggs, but he confined his fastidiousness to his own precious person. The performing theatre was seven feet below the spectators, and protected by a close-meshed wire-netting. None of the chimps could get anywhere near the audience unless they took an especially high swing on the trapeze. When Joe got close to the netting one day a boy who was just above him thought it would be funny to spit on him. Joe was outraged. He raced down and cleaned his face carefully, and then unobtrusively picked up the hammer that was part of his carpentry act. He waited his

chance, swung his trapeze under the obnoxious boy's face, and hit him accurately and hard on the nose. The only funny part about this incident was that the father and the boy came to me to complain about my Joe's manners.

As headquarters of the gangster world, Chicago had done a good deal to spread the definition of "gorilla" as blind killer. I don't know what people expected when they flocked in to see my two. What they were apt to see was Massa in her exercise machine, and Buddy sitting on my lap while I oiled the scar tissue on his chest, or riding on my foot like the three-year-old he was. Not that I invited him to sit on my lap or ride on my foot. He now weighed about a hundred pounds, and his strength was prodigious. When he was being put into his glass house a huge steel sliding door at the back of the inside cage jammed. It seemed to me there were a dozen men trying to budge it. Buddy ambled over, stretched out one arm, and slammed it shut.

Massa's paralysis was almost cured, but I was very strict about her exercise. She liked her rope-and-pulley machine and she was fond of being dressed up, so we put her on a bright Indian blanket, and piled soft brilliant cushions around her. With her silvery hair and handsome face she looked exotic lying among her pillows, lustily thrashing arms and legs. No doubt the audience thought this was an act of some kind. And so it was—the best demonstration of a new paralysis therapy anyone could wish. The medical profession as a whole still did not wish such a demonstration, though several doctors watched it and went away with thoughtful expressions.

What mattered was Massa's wonderful recovery. She got her exercise, grew rapidly, and began to effervesce in this hot-house for the simian ego. Before many weeks she was up on her feet as if hypnotized by the drums outside, and skipping sideways across her cage in perfect time to the jungle beat. She always draped herself in her red blanket, and became the soubrette of the exhibit.

The drums played their part in another wonderful thing. Both my gorillas began to beat their chests in the fashion still

considered almost legendary. Chest-beating is such an important part of the gorilla language that I shall discuss it in a later chapter. At the time, I realized that this strange practice was not necessarily an expression of rage, as rumour had it. For both Massa and Buddy were delighted by the drums, and they pounded their own body-drums in response and in perfect time. Since they were both in the best health they had so far enjoyed, I took this as a sign of exuberant well-being, and this guess proved to be right. Many captive gorillas have never been known to beat their chests.

Other people's guesses about the gorillas were falling to the right and left of me. Even careful scientists, while admitting their ignorance of gorillas, were quite ready to assume that they had none of the instinct for amusing people with which chimps are blessed. It was their idea of this species that it was introverted, glum, and unresponsive, that it had no inventive imagination, and no sense of nonsense. And right under my eyes Massa blossomed out, not as a trickster, but as a splendid prima donna who lived on the plaudits of her public. And Buddy, who was just getting out from under as nerve-shattering an ordeal as it is possible to imagine, was simply the funniest clown of the exhibit. In fact; the slower pace of the gorilla, plus his ability to think things out several steps in advance and his wonderful instinct for the appropriate, made Buddy's natural talent for enjoyment into something far more human, and even artistically studied, than the monkeyshines of his chimpanzee cousins.

Some of Buddy's pranks were merely childishly comical, and even accidental. He was devoted to his kiddy car and would push himself around the cage until he was dead tired; then he would fall asleep across his car. He was now big enough so that his limp legs on one side of the little platform, and his hands and head on the other, were ridiculous and yet had a childlike pathos.

But one game was developed just to amuse the people outside. He would crawl inside a big gunny sack and cover himself completely except for a breathing hole. Then he would roll back and forth for a long time, simply a shapeless mass

inside a sack. When enough people gathered around his cage, wondering what on earth was going on, Buddy would sit down and very deliberately pull the sack off, revealing the gorilla bit by bit.

As a rule, he wore no clothes of his own, but sacks or other people's clothes struck him as comic. One day a very stout fan of Buddy's presented us with two pairs of his trousers. We sterilized them and gave a pair to Buddy. He slipped both his legs into one of the trouser legs, pulled the seat completely up over his head, and fastened the buttons under his chin.

This produced such a sensation that Buddy must have become convinced that borrowed clothes were sure to get him a laugh. One night, wearing a bright diaphanous summer dress, I went into Buddy's cage to talk to the large audience waiting outside. As usual, Buddy was delighted to have a visit from Missy and romped around excitedly. As I turned to lock the door I felt a sharp tug behind me. And there I was in my underslip, and Buddy was wearing my dress, more or less. I never entered a cage again without my usual slacks or jodhpurs.

But even I could enjoy Buddy's best game, in which he displayed a marvellous sense of timing and working with an audience. Some of his favourite syrup tins were left in his cage as playthings, and Buddy taught himself to pile them on his arm, for his own fun. Gradually he began to notice the audience's reaction, so he elaborated his game. Slowly he would pile one can after another along his arm, until he had ten or fifteen in a row. Meanwhile he watched the people outside, and picked out somebody in the audience, usually a woman in a bright dress, as his stooge. He would gaze at her so intently that the onlookers would begin to watch her too. When he was all ready with his tottering row of tins he would pause for a moment while the watchers held their breaths. Then, with one powerful swing of his arm, he would hurl the cans straight at his stooge. They made a terrific bang against the bars, but that was not the only thrill Buddy got from his game. He got frenzied applause, and he liked it.

But this carnival, which the animals enjoyed as much as the million people who came to see them, was never turning out quite as we expected. One day the glass front of Buddy's cage was open while it was being cleaned, and a stray kitten jumped to the board that ran along the front. Buddy loved kittens, and he rushed to the bars and caught it by the head and tail. He held it with both hands and tried his best to get the little thing in between the bars. I felt pretty desperate because I couldn't persuade him to let go, and I was afraid that in his eagerness he would maul it to death. Finally I stooped and bit his thumb so hard it brought blood. With a shriek of pain and surprise he dropped the kitten. But he made no attempt to revenge himself on me. For days after that he would show me his wounded thumb reproachfully, and then turn his head away from me.

I always smile while I remember the remark a man made when I stepped outside the rail with the rescued kitten.

"Lady," he said, "when a woman bites a gorilla, that's news!"

## CHAPTER X

### *Nursery School*

LOOKING around the Brooklyn back yard when we got back from Chicago, I felt like the old woman who lived in a shoe. What to do with all the children? The St. Bernards made the kennels ring with yips and barks of welcome. My parrot complained, "Cup's empty all day," in reproachful tones that echoed Missy's voice so closely it startled even me. Clouds of pigeons wheeled over my head, and several new generations of rex rabbits I had never seen were now past history. As I stood talking to Doctor Lintz the first morning I was home, there was a chattering from the squirrels' nursery above the bathroom. I looked up and saw three of my pets in a row, reminding me that it was time for their whole-wheat titbits—and toasted, please. As usual, the whole family was hungry.

As usual, too, Dick had kept all the fauna fed and cared for as only an incessantly hard-working and knowledgeable man could manage to do. The Hercuveen kennels alone were a full-time job, for the Saints were still keeping up the great record set by Aurora Borealis. In the 1933 Westminster show Hercuveen Gloria, flanked by Utopia, Lady Bountiful, Princess Joan, and a bench of champions, had swept the boards clean of awards and ribbons. Coming up was a puppy, Hercuveen Standard, who got his name in a private judging by Mrs. Lintz, and then proceeded to live up to it. I had never bred a dog more typical; he was like sterling silver.

Yes, the Saints were proceeding in their usual calm way toward the laurels and the applause. But what about my imps? Fourteen riotously healthy, active-minded rascals must somehow be kept in order. Not the sort of order that prevailed in the kennels, the pigeon loft, and the rabbit hutches, of course. But they must be kept to the régime we

had worked out for their health and happiness, and now they had all grown so much and were so active, this became a problem.

We couldn't give them the run of the house. If you apply all your energies to the task you can keep track of two or three young apes. But chimpanzees are lightning in thinking up things to do, and greased lightning in doing them. The only answer to fourteen kinds of ape mischief was to build them a house of their own, and so the Simian House came into being.

It was at the bottom of the garden, with one whole side faced in sunlight glass, and equipped with a heating and plumbing system. Each chimpanzee had a very large room of his own and a private yard to play in. The rooms were behind bars, for we decided to allow the chimps liberty only for certain regular periods of the day. At these times they used the community playroom, the schoolroom, or their own part of the Brooklyn jungle, always under supervision. The Simian House was most attractive when we got it finished and painted a soft ivory colour. We embellished it with potted shrubs and flowers, aquariums of goldfish, and a few noisy and gaudy macaws.

Massa and Buddy stayed in the house, since they needed more protection and attention. We partitioned off the sunroom on the basement floor that overlooked the garden and gave them each half, with a play yard outside in the sun. Their cages were wheeled into their rooms and they used them to sleep in. The cages were padlocked at night, and the rooms were kept locked, for the general safety. But the gorillas enjoyed a great deal of freedom and so did the chimps. We often let one or two at a time play around the house and the yard, or go for automobile rides. Accidents were always happening, but in general we knew exactly where every animal on the place was at any given moment, and very nearly what he was doing.

For the simian day ran on a strict schedule, partly because that made it possible for Dick and me, with help from Hermann and usually a third man, to care for all the assorted

animals, and partly because a regular life was so good for our growing family.

The day began when Dick went out to start the furnace in the Simian House. One after the other the moppers would come to life and leave their beds. The older ones would fold their blankets, which we always took out in the daytime, and take off their woollen sleeping suits. One by one they would be taken out and helped through their toilets—washing, brushing teeth, putting on overalls or rompers, and sweaters in cold weather. Meanwhile their rooms were being cleaned and scrubbed.

After breakfast—fruit, cereal, eggs, and milk—they were taken one or two at a time into the schoolroom, where Missy was teacher. They were all learning something. The small fry went through a species of Montessori course, learning to walk upright, to button clothes and tie shoes, and in general conquer the practical details of life. The older ones practised new gymnastic tricks or dances, ticked away on the typewriter, learned to set tables, play gramophone records, and a great variety of accomplishments which took a long time to master but pleased them enormously. The lesson periods varied from fifteen minutes to an hour depending on the age and application of the chimp.

Dinner was at twelve, and supper at six. The chimps were kept on an almost entirely vegetarian diet, but they all got liver in some form, usually liver extract in their milk. They had plenty of milk and eggs, and fresh fruit and vegetables, but even then we added iron and the detested cod-liver oil to their diet. And one of my great secrets was to put a handful of the whole grain of wheat in their rooms so they could nibble at it during the day. Years before the public was aware of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, my dogs and apes, and even the squirrels and pigeons, were getting their wheat germ. We bought twenty-five-pound sacks of wheat and ground it up for all and sundry. It resulted in all my apes having fine coats.

Mealtimes meant lessons in manners. As soon as the babies learned to eat nicely in their high chairs and to get on with each other, we put two or three at a table together—and um-

pired the squabbles. By one o'clock the Simian House was dead to the world. An automobile tyre was standard equipment for each cage, and was used for a great variety of purposes. For the noonday nap it became a nest. We would throw a blanket into each room, and the chimp would arrange his own nest with jungle artistry. The little ones curled up inside, the bigger ones used the tyre as the nucleus, and if they could get only their heads inside the tyre, it was still a nest. As a rule, we turned a sun lamp on the chimps and gorillas during their naps.

Then came playtime, and the afternoon recreation took many forms. In fine weather they all played outdoors, and in bad weather in the playroom. As bedtime approached I tried to spend the classic children's hour in the classic way by storytelling and reading aloud. The apes understood no more or less of this ritual than small children do, and loved it just as intensely. It meant snuggling close to Missy and looking at the picture book, being soothed by the rise and fall of a voice which was of course made as monotonous and drowsy as possible.

After supper the family put itself to bed, and for the night's sleep this meant plenty of blankets and a real bed. As a rule the chimps could make their own beds and tuck themselves in as well as Massa and Buddy. But they needed a final romp with Missy and a final petting in order to go to sleep contentedly. I would call, "Good-night," to each one as I left his room, and get a drowsy little sound in response.

This is an oversimplified account of a simian day. I have omitted such little items as the snacks which the apes had every two hours, not as pampering, but as a positive need; emergencies like the diseases of childhood and grave breaches of discipline; quarrels and fits of sulking, and the thousand and one things that can happen in the course of the day. But every night as I tucked my jungle children in, and set fruit where they could reach it when their little stomachs yelled for food in the small hours, I felt a real peace and security settling down over the Simian House. And I would think that at least these waifs were safer here than

they would be at home, with nothing bigger than a mouse to frighten them during the long hours of darkness.

At this point I am going to take a little time out to discuss frankly certain things that are not usually mentioned in books about animals. This is necessary because apes are so different from mere animals. Once more I must repeat that dressing the apes and putting them on a child's régime was not a stunt. I don't think it's "cute" to put a kitten in rompers. But when you're bringing up a young chimp on virtually a human régime, rompers are the better part of modesty. In his infant years a chimp, on such a régime, wears nappies and pilches. Once you go so far, he certainly looks more agreeable fully dressed in rompers or overalls. From the first I trained all my apes to use a toilet chair, and all but the gibbons and my one orang-outang accepted this system with gratitude.

For gorillas and chimpanzees are clean in their habits, and some of mine even displayed an innate modesty. Joe Mendi had an almost morbid sense of propriety when he was fresh from the jungle. No year-old baby would retire as he did to obey calls of nature in strict privacy. Joe was extremely fastidious all his life, and I found that in general gorillas and chimps shared human disgusts. Quite untaught, they would avoid messy dirt. If one of them happened to step in something unpleasant he would go lame in that foot, and limp with a horrified expression to find a bit of paper or rag to clean the offending member.

In the jungle personal grooming is part of the struggle to survive. These ground apes must keep their skins free of dirt and parasites, for in the humid climate the insect pests are deadly. Even without their daily baths I am sure my apes would never have tolerated a flea or any dirt on their bodies. They loved to wallow in the soft mud under the dripping outdoor faucets, but this was a mud bath for hands and feet which they had learned would be followed up by a thorough wash with soap and water. Massa and Buddy were tyrants about their personal grooming, which was one of my set chores

as long as they lived with me. I found that tubbing in soapy water dried their skins too much, though it agreed with the chimps. So they had oil rubs, and used soap and water only for supplementary scrubbing. In his unhappy apotheosis as Gargantua, Buddy still remembers his nursery training, and sponges his armpits the first thing in the morning—and then scrubs the floor.

This leads us to what the magazines call B.O. Chimps have none, in my experience. I believe one species (the Tschego) has a personal odour. As for the gorillas, that is one thing about which there seems to me no opportunity for mystery-making. They have a distinct odour which is definitely not animal, and according to some observers not human, either. Mtoto is described as having a vegetable smell—the aroma of a garden patch under a hot sun. My two smelled exactly like an African native under a hot sun—that is, when they needed a bath. I believe this human odour of the gorilla is now accepted.

And finally, since visitors to zoos often confuse apes and monkeys and all too often see abnormal specimens, a word about sex habits. Having brought up about forty apes, I think I should be believed when I say that it is no more natural for a young ape to be sex conscious or perverted than it is for a child, and that normally they are oblivious to sex and cleanly in their habits until they are mature. After that, their lives are nature's business, and it is too bad they have to live them in public. Sometimes an older ape in a colony can start an epidemic of the sort that occurs in even the best private schools. Whenever I got a new shipment of chimps I was on the look-out for such customers and promptly sent them elsewhere. While apes are very demonstrative and enjoy embracing and kissing each other and their human friends, it is all very innocent. In wild life the young chimpanzees, and even more the gorilla cubs, receive a good deal of parental fondling, and in play with each other show their affection very much as human young do.

No animals, in my opinion, should be "trained" by fear

of physical punishment. That is not training, for it wrecks the animal just as it does a child. Apes are far more nervous and sensitive than children, and, as a rule, a reprimand or scolding was enough to bring them in line. We slapped their hands, or gave them a harmless cuff, never in the face, if they needed to be stopped quickly from mischief. An explosive act of this kind clears the air and leaves no bad hangover—as long as the ape does not live in chronic fear of punishment.

But keeping discipline in my ape colony depended on a positive rather than a negative factor. I mean by that the need of establishing the completest possible trust-and-love, the two sides of the emotion a young creature feels for its mother. Apes are mother's babies, though they get more care and affection from their fathers than any animals I know about. Gorillas are physically tied to the mother and never out of her sight until they are four or five years old; chimps, whose life span is shorter, go through a corresponding period. As a stepmother of an unfamiliar species, I had to overcome the shock of their separation from home and parents, and to make them accept me emotionally as a mother. I am certain that even with the fine care my apes received some of them might have pined and died from sheer loneliness if I hadn't given them warm maternal love.

There is little I need to say about this emotional basis, since everybody understands mother love—though too few of us have ever had enough. It is one of our illusions that all mothers love their children, but the grim statistics of our social agencies which deal with thousands of children indicate otherwise. Still, we know what mother love is. My apes knew, too, and as soon as they realized they were getting the real thing their first need was satisfied. Mothers meant a steady supply of food and petting, and my jungle children soon learned they could count on me to deliver these two things. I was Good News to them. Dick and I agreed that he was to be Bad News in the matter of strict discipline and dealing with crises. We were both well cast for our rôles, but we overplayed them. In time I became connected with

unexpected treats and surprises and all the delightful things of life, and Dick was identified with deadly routine and the demand for strict obedience. In fact, he was so amused with his part of being the stern mentor that he developed a game of threatening to strike me. He would lift a menacing arm and say, "I'm going to hit your Missy," and chimps or gorillas would fly into a protective panic, trying to shield me from that wicked Dick. Later on we will see that this family joke in time hardened into a perpetual threat to his life.

But since I did all the training of the apes, teaching them things very hard to learn, I had to have them under perfect control. Having tamed an assortment of wild animals, and trained hundreds of helter-skelter puppies into perfectly behaved and well-poised show dogs, I knew all the tricks of keeping the young in line. I used them all, and I used all my advantage as the loved mother with food and bribes behind her back—and still there was a hiatus. I filled it with a device from my own nursery days. As I said, you can never train a child with fear of physical punishment—but you can subdue him with fear of the unknown. When I was a tiny thing and misbehaved, my nurse would say, "Be good or the Bogeyman will get you."

It was not Dick or Missy who kept the colony in order. It was the Bogeyman. He was a tangible visible threat of something mysterious and all-powerful. I owned a weird Chinese head, about the size of a man's fist, and mounted on a stick. It had a dark-brown face with a mouth twisted in an ugly snarl, and a mop of wool hair. None of the small fry ever touched the Bogeyman, and I always held it away from me, pretending to be scared to death of it. Apes are the most suggestible creatures on earth, and they fall for even ham acting. My act in introducing the Bogeyman to a newcomer left nothing to the imagination. My body would shrink and shiver from the devil as if it were a python; my voice would choke and tremble with fear.

In no time I could enter the playroom where a free-for-all fight was in progress—everybody tearing out each other's hair and slapping and biting and kicking and shrieking—

and lay the Bogeyman on the floor, and retreat from it, jibbering in fear. Instantly they would take to cover. All who could would fly to my arms, the rest would hide under blankets and rugs. When all was quiet the Bogeyman would vanish—for that time. The family was so thoroughly conditioned that merely saying, "Here comes the Bogeyman," was enough. But for years I carried my demon in a deep pocket—just in case.

Some people might be tempted to see in this exaggerated reaction the dark jungle fear that underlies primitive superstitions and voodoo. It was undoubtedly magic in its effects! With all the powers of happiness and dreadful fears I arrogated to myself, I soon got such an edge on Dick that he had to invoke me in tight places. If the youngsters were in mischief and he saw me coming to the Simian House, he would say, "Here comes your Missy," and they would all dash to their rooms. By the time I arrived they were all working away like cherubs at some harmless game.

I could write a book about simian fears. Without a great deal of elaboration it may seem too pat to say that many of them are precisely the same uncontrollable fears that embarrass us even as grown-ups. Thunderstorms and certain loud noises; rats and mice; anything crawling on the body; snakes at the head of the list—these fears are much more vivid in the ape a year or so away from the jungle where they mean danger or death. To the ape they are extremely useful fears, helping to preserve his life. In us they are a hangover which is still profound. I have never seen my apes afraid of anything that is not common to human infancy and to certain grown-ups. As one ape, my family were terrified at being left quite alone, especially at night, and they were all afraid of the dark and of falling. These are practical night fears for apes and gorillas that nest with the mother above the ground, while the father sits up against the tree or the bush on guard. Night and darkness and the sudden absence of a parent are nothing for a jungle baby to laugh about. Though my small fry could be put into a tub and washed, this never would have worked without Missy doing the ducking and making

a game of it. The mountain gorilla especially is terrified of water, and no ape really loves it except in negotiable quantities.

I have already spoken of Buddy's fear of anything too big, and in general that was true of all the apes. Anything too big meant in their fresh jungle memories a leopard or a wild elephant. In Brooklyn horses were the nearest things to a large, dangerous animal, and our saddle horses were far too near for their comfort. But they were also afraid of the smallest mouse. Even when Buddy was huge I have come into his cage and found him cowering on his bed or on a shelf, with his feet tucked under him and his huge jaws open in craven fear—all at a tiny mouse nibbling a bit of food. And yet he made pets of the grey squirrels which looked very much like big grey rats. He even shared his food with them. A certain element of human disgust comes into the ape's feelings about rodents. One of my most intelligent chimps, Suzabella, learned to kill mice and rats, but she would rather die than touch them. She would wait until the intruder was hidden under the brown paper on the floor of her cage, and then pounce on it and kill it with a powerful blow of her fist. Then she would wrap up the corpse with averted face and throw it out of her cage with loathing.

In these specific fears which are much more understandable in the ape than in the human being who has outgrown the practical basis for them, there was a general undertone of anxiety that sums up the precarious position of the anthropoid in nature's scheme. Often they seemed to me so lost. I can't express it in any other way; they were lost creatures living on the thin margin of nature's most dangerous experiment. In choosing one animal which was eventually to get through life by brain rather than brawn, after goodness knows how many millenniums of striving and failure, nature left all the apes in something of a fix. This might not seem to apply to the gorillas, but by the end of this book their particular dilemma should be clear.

We saw to it that everybody had a good time. Outdoor games

often reflected a school playground, for many of the things we think are strictly human are also strictly ape. The apes played hide-and-seek, tag, a form of ring-a-ring-roses. They liked swings and see-saws, trapezes and horizontal bars. They climbed trees, played with the garden sprinkler, and helped water the lawn with a hose. Most of them had exclusive pets. Captain Jiggs brought up three successive kittens into fine purring cats, and they adored him, though he usually stuffed the current kitten into his pocket when he rode his bicycle, and few children could have got away with that. As for his pet Pekingese, we were horrified at first by the game he invented to amuse it. He would take the Peke by its tail and pull it after him up a small tree, climbing as high as the tree went. Then he would start down. When he was halfway down he would suddenly let go his pet's tail, and drop it plump on the ground. And the Peke would bark and gambol, asking for more. It could never get enough of this odd little game.

Captain Jiggs was a big, powerful chimp, who eventually weighed nearly two hundred pounds, but I have never seen him treat any smaller animal roughly. Buddy was the same way—in his intentions. His attitude toward the chimps and toward Massa, who never approached him in size and strength, was one of yearning friendliness. He was puzzled and grieved when his terrific muscles sometimes hurt his playmates.

Captain Jiggs and Buddy, as two fine sportsmen, often wrestled and boxed. They seemed to realize that the odds were in favour of Buddy and to apply their minds to making a game that would last a while and end in a draw. In their first boxing match Jiggs discovered that one blow from Buddy's steel fist laid him out for the count. So he developed a good defensive game, for he was lighter on his feet and more agile than Buddy. He dodged Buddy's steady, methodical punches cleverly, and now and then got in a hook to the gorilla's midriff.

Both Captain Jiggs and Buddy often wrestled and boxed with men. Hermann was hard as nails, and his relation with

all the apes was so friendly that he could play the rough games with the older and bigger ones that they really needed. Dick and Doctor Lintz gradually retired from the fray as the animals got too large and powerful. As for Massa, she kept out altogether. She was by no means a coward, but neither was she a fool. She would take the moppets, Skippy and Suzabella, under each arm, carry them to a big chair, and then stand guard over them until the rough games were over. If anything threatened her babes she would show fight.

Maggie was as genuinely feminine as our spurious female gorilla. Having been brought up in the house, she knew the advantages of paying a visit to the cook now and then. She would lick out the cake bowl and then wait for the cake to bake. But watching the cook and me at work, she wanted to help—or “ape” us, as she had when she learned to sew. So I would let her mix a childish little cake of her own, and bake it for her.

The gorillas played quite peacefully with the chimps at quieter games. Buddy was always victorious in any game that required superior strength and also intelligence. He used his hands better, and though he was slower he thought things out better and stuck to them longer than his small playmates. And he was kind and amiable, though he never became the general favourite as Captain Jiggs did. He was the boon companion, rollicking, fair-minded, with a lively and infectious sense of humour. He would laugh out loud at unexpected things, like the smack of a boxing glove on his body, even when it was a hard smack.

Nothing is more fun than danger when you’re safe. My apes loved best of all having me chase them and catch them by a leg or arm. Massa particularly went into hysterics of laughter when I played tag with her, and sometimes we would both roll on the ground and gasp for breath because the game got so funny. With Missy, they could enjoy the spice of danger and yet feel safe. Perhaps this meant a big step forward from their incessant jungle fears.

Simian games with the Saints were pretty one-sided, and I didn’t mix kennels and chimpanzees too freely. The mature

and completely trustworthy dogs just didn't know how to take the lively little chimps. Mostly they tolerated them, nuzzled them like puppies, let themselves be used as horses—all with a resigned expression. The reckless little chimps climbed all over them, prying up their eyelids, looking into their long ears, flipping their muzzles. This was pretty hard on my thoroughbreds.

Once Tiny, who weighed two hundred pounds, went to sleep on the grass and woke up to find three tots climbing all over him as if he were Gulliver. He got up and shrugged, but the babies were frightened, and so they clung for dear life to his coat. One was on his speckless shirt front, one on his back, another on his hind leg. He shook himself a little harder, and they screeched and dug in. Tiny was disgusted. He stood perfectly still with a look of profound boredom, even martyrdom, on his face, and waited for somebody to come and rid him of these superfleas. Somebody did.

As for children—make no mistake about it, chimpanzees hate them. That is, any chimps old enough to understand that human young are their born rivals, and even better than themselves at getting human affection. I have often mixed up children and apes, and a good time was had by all. But I knew exactly what I was doing. I never petted a child, or even appeared to notice it, in the presence of one of my own family. Nor would I pick up a baby chimp in the presence of some older female that had adopted it as her own. If ever I had done that the ape "mother" would have tried to kill not me, but the baby. This has happened off my premises more than once. A chimp who never bites grown-ups will bite children, on principle. Down to the "broken nose," apes demonstrate every nursery problem.

## CHAPTER XI

### *Not Quite Animals*

WHILE our men of science toil away, studying the great apes and trying to trace the descent of man, which is far more mysterious than Darwin dreamed, I have been making certain discoveries of my own. They are no more "scientific" than the facts that mothers learn in bringing up their children. They cannot be expressed in graphs or tables; they're not laboratory stuff. My apes didn't live in a laboratory; they lived in the best home I was able to arrange for them.

When I began my experiment of bringing up Maggie and Joe like human children, little work had been done in this country on the chimpanzee. By now this ape has been so carefully studied and analysed that he is a statistical animal, like man. And, like man, the ape cannot be expressed in statistics. He cannot be understood for what he really is unless he is regarded as a personality with a complicated nature. The scientist with the notebook and the slide rule is the first to recognize that. He knows that the ape is much more himself if he grows up not in a laboratory or a zoo, but in a home that suits his particular requirements, with a human mother who provides the warmth in which his emotions can grow in nearly the normal pattern.

Of the three great apes, the chimpanzee suffers least in captivity, because he has a great talent for adapting himself. The gorilla suffers most; so far not one has reached full maturity, or bred, in captivity anywhere in the world. Why is this? With his exceptional insight and experience, Doctor Yerkes suggested the answer:

"Possibly it is because the gorilla is mentally more complex and more like man psychobiologically, and therefore more insistently in need of the treatment which is required by human beings, that it so sorely suffers from being treated as an infrahuman animal. . . . Our conviction is deep seated

that . . . specimens of the human animal, if captured by the gorilla and treated no more sympathetically, intelligently, or suitably than most captive gorillas have been treated by us, would appear as delicate and prove as short lived as have captured gorillas."

Amen to that! I could not and did not treat Massa and Buddy as subhuman animals, I treated them like children. And that seems to be precisely what the gorilla needs, and even expects. Like Mtoto, they show the evidences of having come out of a home where they were really loved and understood. Speaking quite objectively, Massa and Buddy had a more nearly normal childhood than Mtoto because they had the companionship of each other and of a good many chimpanzees. A solitary young ape is a man-made freak. In the jungle a lone ape child could hardly survive overnight; he lives in the bosom of his family and in the company of thirty or forty gorillas who travel together all their lives, as far as we can make out. This is for protection, but quite as much for sociability, and is also true of the chimpanzees.

Evidently I am the only person to bring up two gorillas side by side with chimpanzees and the third great ape, the orang-outang. There was even a gibbon thrown in for good measure. Madame Rosalia Abreu, with whom I corresponded for years, had a wonderful primate colony in Havana which dipped down to the monkeys, but never rose to gorillas. Frankly, I find my unique experience rather excruciating when it comes to comparing the three great apes. Not that I mind my unscientific status and point of view. On the contrary, I think I may have blundered on enough things to keep the scientists picking up after me for a long time. Moreover, I believe the emotional approach to the ape is richest in the things most people want to know about them. If somehow one is able to get on close and affectionate terms with these creatures, they begin to open out and reveal wholly unexpected and often important secrets that are locked away from the scientist who is making a strictly controlled study of one little corner of the whole vast subject.

No, what appals me is choosing, out of nearly twenty

years of daily, close-packed experience, the most useful things to say. But since I must choose, I will attempt to fill in the biggest gaps in our information. For the gorilla is still the unknown creature. Many "authorities" who have never known a gorilla personally are perfectly ready and willing to classify him and rate his intelligence. I have seen the gorilla rated as less intelligent than the elephant! But the wise Doctor Yerkes, who has done the only systematic work with a gorilla, was startled and baffled enough to reserve judgment.

I must follow his example in speaking of my own orang-outang—not that Baldy startled or baffled me. My reservation is due to the fact that Baldy was below par; he coughed for an entire year and we kept him isolated. He was a sloppy creature, drooling out of his mouth and slovenly in his habits. He was apprehensive in an oddly introverted way, as if he was always looking for something to scare him to death. He was sulky, slow in his reactions, hard to upset, gentle in manner, more level-headed than the chimps and less so than the gorillas. I know that some orangs are wonderful clowns, but Baldy amused us chiefly by his comical face and bare pate. When he arrived he had lost the silky down of baby-hood and was awaiting the gorgeous crop of Irish red hair that came later.

In some ways he was like his fellow Oriental, the gibbon Moko. Their favourite dish was wild rice with a beaten raw egg and grated apple. As tree rather than ground primates, both had long narrow feet and hands. Both were biters, and I found them sly, hard to train, and rebellious about bathroom manners. Moko, who was sent to me for training, was as playful as my first gibbon, Suzette, and confirmed my flash verdict on the gibbon: there is nothing smarter in action, but he belongs back in the trees.

Though Baldy was plainly an ape, he did not come up to descriptions of the orang as highly intelligent, and as a slow, reserved creature, temperamentally akin to the gorilla. Perhaps this was bad health, perhaps he was not typical. All I know is that he was quite different from my gorillas.

In fact, Captain Jiggs was much more like Buddy in certain physical and emotional respects. For he belonged to a class of chimpanzee rarely seen in this country. I must explain what I mean by "class." After I had worked with enough chimps I found they fell into three distinct grades of character and intelligence. The lowest class I call third-raters. They are flatheads with yellow shifty eyes and jittery nerves like monkeys. They are neither intelligent nor trustworthy. Rosebud, for instance, was a biter, never quite safe, bad-tempered, stupid, hard to handle. I kept her only through infancy. Buster was another third-rater; I got him as an infant and never managed to train him well. He had pale yellow eyes, an overhanging brow—and unpleasant monkey habits.

Most of my chimps were what I call Massies. Their heads are not so flat, their minds and manners are better. But they tend to be bossy and arrogant, fussy, over-excitable, even bombastic—compared to the Lordies.

My only Lordies were Captain Jiggs and Peggy Ann, whom I found later after much search. This highest type is unmistakable. The top of the head is rounded rather than flat, for this chimp has a good deal above the ears. His deep-brown eyes are more widely spaced, and have a serene and gentle expression suited to his fine nature. His hands approach the gorilla's in being less well adapted to climbing; his fingers are shorter than in other chimps, and the all-important thumb is longer. Captain Jiggs would climb a small tree as a part of the game with his pet dog, but the trapeze never attracted him, any more than it did the gorillas.

While Joe Mendi, a highly cultivated chimp of the Massie type, might lose control and even bite a good friend, Captain Jiggs was known to bite just once, and in general he was completely trustworthy. He was even more sensitive than Joe, but he had genuine poise and self-control and was able to ignore teasing by strangers that would send any Massie into a violent fit of anger and, if possible, revenge. As this account goes on it will be plainer how, in certain

very important aspects of emotion and even character, my Lordies were close to the gorilla.

These three classes do not belong to different species, so it is strange that physically they are such distinct types, and that the whole makeup follows the external signs. After scientists had stopped laughing at my Lordies, Massies, and third-raters, they began to find the Lintz classification convenient, and to avoid at least the yellow-eyed flatheads as poor bargains when selecting chimps for study. Once I was going through the wonderful breeding station in Orange Park, Florida, where the Yale Laboratories of Primate Biology are now breeding chimpanzees in captivity and studying their life cycle. Just for fun, I gave the chimps red, blue, or yellow ribbons as if I were judging dogs. The ribbons matched their I.Q.'s every time!

One evening at the Adventurers Club, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who had listened to a radio account of some of my more harrowing experiences, complained, "But you've left out the most exciting thing about your apes—the ice-box door."

I agree that the ice-box door was exciting. On the Brooklyn place the kitchen was a long way from the Simian House, and all day long the cook, the three men on the staff, and I were for ever opening and shutting that ice-box door. Now, I'm not referring to those two-hour intervals in which the apes expected food and the open-shut noise meant that a meal was in the offing. But the fact is that when I opened and shut that ice-box door, at whatever time it might be, chimps and gorillas knew it was Missy. Anything connected with Missy, even if they could not see her, was exciting enough to send them into a delighted clamour. All day long, their stomachs full or empty, they ignored the opening and shutting of the ice-box door unless I was doing it. Even the dogs with their sensitive ears could not distinguish any difference in the sound, and of course we couldn't, but the apes certainly did.

As for the car door—can any of us tell blindfolded who

is slamming the door of the pet jalopy? My apes knew infallibly when I was doing it, and it excited them because it might possibly mean that some lucky ape was going to be taken for a ride in the car. All of us fussed with the car during the day, and used it for all sorts of errands at all sorts of times. If Dick or Hermann or Rudi slammed the door the apes appeared not to hear it. If it was Missy there was instant pandemonium.

And though Dick was used to miracles of perception by now, it took him a long time to track down the cause of an early morning Hallelujah Chorus. It was not connected with anything in the daily routine, such as the arrival of breakfast, for it was the distinct sort of expectant hubbub that meant in simian language, "There's Missy." Dick tried and tried to trace the cause. After a while he noticed that it occurred perhaps half an hour before I made my appearance: in other words, at the moment when I got up. I never got up at exactly the same time because a late dinner party, or a siege of nursing, or driving Doctor Lintz to an emergency consultation in the small hours, often made my sleeping hours irregular.

Finally Dick said, with considerable scepticism, "Missy, I think these rascals know when you get out of bed."

I was just as sceptical. For my bedroom is at the front of a big house, and I don't begin the day with song. Making about as much noise as a snail crawling out of his shell, I slip out of bed and shuffle in soft slippers to my dressing-room. So we checked up. When I got out of bed I would go to the back of the house and stick my head out of a window so Dick could see me. And the morning serenade was so loud I could even hear it myself, and it always began the moment I came to life.

This is a tall tale, but there you are. Either chimps and gorillas have a superhuman keenness of hearing and a hair-line ability to distinguish sounds far greater than supposed, or else they are hanging on to a sixth sense necessary to their dangerous life in the jungle.

Such exhaustive work on chimpanzee intelligence has been done by experimenters that here I will insert only one leaf from my logbook. Doctor Lintz once tried a classic form of experiment with Maggie Klein, the sort that has been used thousands of times in various countries. He revenged himself for my reading his medical journals before he got a chance at them by poring over my ape literature. For a long time I purposely ignored it because I was conducting an experiment of my own, and felt that if I read too many statements about apes I would begin to look for things, instead of discovering them. With complicated beings like apes, I might have jumped to a great many wrong conclusions.

At any rate, Doctor Lintz checked up on Maggie's ability to solve a problem. She was playing in the yard inside a fence with small square meshes. He tempted the six-year-old with a pear, her favourite fruit, holding it against the stout fence. It was just about four times too big to get through the meshes, but Maggie took the stem with one hand, and held two fingers of the other under the fat end to steady it, and Doctor Lintz let go. Now she had a pear—but how to get it inside? She solved that problem without hesitation. About a foot away there was a spot where one cross-piece was missing. Carefully and skilfully she worked her pear along to this hole, but the hole was too small. So she calmly sawed the fruit in two against the vertical wire, and got both halves inside neatly. My husband admitted that no human being could have solved the problem with more neatness and dispatch. After that he always said Maggie had a mind like a sponge, soaking in all the influences around her.

That is the wonderful thing about chimpanzees—they live so easily in a human environment. Almost ten years after I began bringing up Maggie and Joe *like* human babies, a psychologist brought up a chimp, for about nine months, *with* one. Doctor W. N. Kellogg used his year-old son and one of the Orange Park infants a few months younger for his fascinating experiment. The two babies were treated identically, as if they were twins. But they

acted quite differently—and the ape twin was far ahead of his human brother. He adapted faster and better to human ways than the human child did, and showed more general intelligence. It was no more "natural" for the baby to act in a human fashion than for the ape—that is, both had to learn, and the chimp was quicker at learning. He took more readily to the nursery régime—eating, wearing clothes, walking, playing with toys; he could remember a given thing thirty minutes to the baby's five, he understood more words and phrases; his co-ordination, ability to use tools, co-operative spirit, and grasp of ideas were all superior. By the end of the period the baby was just beginning to catch up and outstrip the ape.

So much for apes and babies. As for chimpanzees versus gorillas, I must mention two postural contrasts between these babies, which I have not seen reported by other observers. When human and gorilla young climb up on to a chair, they put up one knee and then haul themselves with the arms. The young chimp does not put his knee up on the chair, but swings up wholly with his arms. Also, gorilla babies have to be carried quite differently. The baby chimp is naturally carried in the fashion of human African young—that is, he curls his legs around your waist tightly and uses them to cling with. But the infant gorilla naturally assumes the posture of a white human child, not clinging with his legs at all, but putting one arm around your neck and needing one of your arms around his shoulders and the other under the buttocks. When I first began picking up Massa and Buddy they were still distrustful of me, and doubled up both arms and legs to hold my chest away from them. By the time they trusted me they relaxed into exactly the human position of non-Africans. I am not trying to say that gorillas seem to be more "Aryan" than chimpanzees—merely that they reveal in this purely instinctive posture a highly developed dependence. For the higher we go from the animal the greater infant helplessness becomes.

Now we come to the great question of language. I use



Captain Jiggs enjoys the sea breezes on the pier at Atlantic City



ldy's hand and a normal-sized man's. Notice the short thumb, and the long forefinger pointing at the region of West Africa  
N.F. N.Y.A.D. S. L. S. B. U. N. C.

the word to cover a great variety of expressions. With all my apes, pantomime, tone of voice, set of body, and facial expression communicated a good deal. Any regrets at my frustrated operatic career melted in my first days with Maggie Klein, for play acting and a flexible voice are invaluable in a simian nursery. I have already described how acting put the Bogeypeman across, and will later on tell how it helped to save at least one life in the Lintz household. But since I shall try to bowl over as many "scientific" ninepins as possible from now on, I must describe how it worked with Buddy.

Gorillas are supposed not to be suggestible like chimps. But as long as Buddy lived with me I could hypnotize him into a change of mood. Usually I did it to amuse him and give him a change of mental climate. I would find him perfectly contented and proceed to make him wallow in self-pity—a little indulgence gorillas enjoy as much as we do. "My poor, poor Buddy," I would moan, making gestures of lamentation and sympathy. And soon Buddy would break down into sobs. In the same way I could make him wildly angry at nothing.

How many words do chimps and gorillas understand? I should say as many as a three-year-old child, but some apes were better than that. It took about a year for them to learn all the routine phrases, and that was a long list. Like human young, they often understood too much. When I romped with a group of them in the playroom there was always a great to-do when I was ready to leave, and they would cluster around me and hold me back from the door. So I began saying to Dick, "You hold them while I go out." In no time they caught on to that, so I began spelling out words. Massa was the first to sense a code and give the signal for blocking tactics.

I think that Buddy and Captain Jiggs understood the greatest number of words, though Maggie, through longer association with me, was close behind them. I could ask Jiggs, "Where is your yellow vest?" and he would fetch that item from his wardrobe. When I would say, "I want to mend your grey pants," he would bring grey ones, not

black or brown. He knew colours in the abstract; if I asked for a yellow cushion, he understood. Maggie was so enchanted with red that when I got new car cushions of red plaid she almost wore them out patting them; she understood red in the abstract, but other colours looked alike to her.

After Buddy was caged one of our games was tidying up his food shelf, littered with a hodgepodge of scraps. Standing outside the bars, I would say, "Give Missy the orange peelings." He would look the shelf over, and then with a careful forefinger flip every bit of orange peel, and nothing else, within my reach. Then we would go on to banana skins, bread crusts, and all the rest. He was perfectly accurate in understanding and choosing.

As to speech, chimps are so loquacious that everybody who trains them tries to teach them to say at least one word. Some people claim a fair degree of success, but I'm sceptical. The chimp vocal apparatus is much like ours and they make a great variety of sounds, but though they imitate human beings in numberless respects, they just don't try to learn to talk. I gave all my apes a good start, for I taught them to watch my face when I talked. It helped them to pay attention, to understand more words. But watching my lips never made a chimp talk.

Finally, I made a desperate attempt with a new youngster, Skippy II. I told all and sundry, "Skippy is to hear nothing from human lips but 'Ah-ah.'" It was an easy sound for him, and could be used to express a variety of things we wanted him to understand. We more or less isolated the youngster to make this trial watertight. Weeks and months passed, and we said "Ah-ah" to Skippy till we felt like fools, and still he stuck to his own language.

By the time he was two and a half I gave him up. We were in Florida, and a group of us were in the kitchen assembling a picnic supper, while the obstinate brat sat in his high chair and listened. There was much noisy talk and laughter, and suddenly Skippy brought us up short. He pounded on the tray with his spoon and said in a scolding tone, "Ah-ah!"

After that he never stopped saying it, in all inflections. If ever an ape learns something difficult he never lets go of it.

That's the sum total of my attempts to make chimps talk English. As to gorillas, if I had been so misguided as to be guided by the authorities, I never would have said "Boo" to them. They are described as the most taciturn, even inarticulate, of all the apes. It is claimed they have no language of their own, except chest-beating.

Let's begin with Massa as a small ailing baby who loved to be rocked and sung to. Like a human infant, she cuddled against me, played with her big toe, and learned to put it in her mouth. But she listened to my humming and watched my throat move. One day, to my astonishment, I noticed movements of her throat. I stopped to listen, and sure enough, she was making a little droning sound in imitation of my humming—and, as I later confirmed, not in her natural assortment of sounds. But she wanted me to go on; this was to be a duet. After that, we often "sang" together.

Chimps are always "aping" human beings, but gorillas are so independent that they do very little imitating. But many times my gorillas tried to make human sounds. I made no special attempt to teach them, because I was trying to learn the fascinating gorilla language. There really is such a thing, but they evidently speak it only to a person who is on the inside track with them.

They had definite words for definite things. The cod-liver-oil word combined disgust with the threat, "Just try to give me that, and I'll bite your finger off," which is pretty good for two syllables. They had distinct words for happiness, hunger, drowsiness, anger, fear, affection, begging, and discomfort, to mention a few. If any of these moods became intense, they made sounds rather than words or used chest-beating for reinforcement. Though no gorilla words can be expressed in letters or phonetic symbols, I can make some of them, and they sound strange to the ear!

Every now and then I would hear a new word. Once I was walking in the garden with Massa and Buddy, and behind a bush we discovered a fine red wheelbarrow the

gardener had just bought. They both stopped dead and simultaneously said something like a heavy aspirated *Oah!* It expressed surprise and interest, and was as new to me as the wheelbarrow.

Buddy has his own word for "Missy," and with no false modesty I will explain that originally this word meant something that delighted him, and was then transferred to me. I heard it first when he found insect eggs on a leaf. Like an obedient gorilla child whose food must pass his mother's careful inspection, he brought me the leaf, but he expressed his own highly favourable opinion of it in this fantastic word. I have heard this "very-good" word so often that I can reproduce it, but not in letters. However, it begins with an *Aaow* in a rising inflection and then comes down to a gurgling, rolling-with-the-tongue *Gnmgnwa-oo*, something like the sound a cat makes to her kittens, but really like nothing familiar to us. At any rate, Buddy reserved it for his greeting to me, and when I visit Gargantua in jail I still hear it.

Gorillas make a great variety of sounds that are not words—soft grunts and purrs over food, growls, whines, sighs, screams, smacking of lips, chuckles, chortles, giggles—and laughter. Some people doubt whether even chimps laugh out loud, and consider gorillas perfect clams. But I made all my apes laugh out loud when they were really excited and exhilarated by a game of tag, and they all giggled when I tickled them. Massa was a great laugher in games of tag. The first time I heard her was when I chased her and caught her leg, and we both got tripped up. She laughed so hard she almost had hiccoughs. Another time I chased her up a ladder to forestall a tumble, and when I caught her leg she burst into a gale of laughter, doubled up with it, so we both had a fall. I could always make her laugh by snatching her little rake when she was "gardening" and poking her in the stomach.

Captain Jiggs and Buddy showed merriment on a much higher level—in other words, both had a human sense of humour. What tickled them most was making others laugh,

and if I hadn't seen this a thousand times I would not try to strain the credulity of the reader. Buddy was three years old in Chicago, and he discovered then that he could make people laugh at his clowning. It seemed to mean a great deal to him, and so he invented his games and worked to perfect them, always with an appraising eye on audience reaction. He would get into his gunny sack with chuckles of anticipation, and carefully leave a hole over his eyes so he could see how the joke was received. As he rolled and rolled, and more and more people crowded outside his cage, his chortles grew louder and louder till they shook the bag. Finally when he began slowly pulling off the sack, casting roguish glances at his audience, he would laugh uproariously in the true gargantuan thunder of glee. When he became Gargantua, he stopped laughing.

Who ever heard of an ape shedding tears? Only my gorillas wept, and again Massa's tears, like her laughter, were on a physical level. She got a nasty tumble and hurt her elbow badly, and without blinking or screwing up her eyes, she shed great round tears that stopped as suddenly as they began. Stubbing her toe on her rake would make her shed tears. Buddy wept once when his hands and feet got very cold from an icy blast through a broken window pane. But he wept most from loneliness.

I wasn't told about this at first. But in Chicago he was left alone at night for the first time. We never left any ape really alone, and kept a low light burning. But Buddy saw me leave the building for the night, and of course he never knew whether I was sure to come back. The night watchman heard Buddy sobbing for a long time, and in the morning his chest was wet with tears. Finally the watchman told me. I took care that Buddy did not see me leave, and the lonely sobbing stopped.

Some authorities insist that gorillas beat their chests only in anger. That is not true. A healthy gorilla beats his chest because he enjoys it, and because it is an important means of expression. Since my gorillas are considered rather peculiar in their frequent use of this language, I must say this:

If other captives fail to beat their breasts their keepers should check up on their health, especially their emotional health.

Invidious comparisons aside, here are a few of the drum codes:

Contentment: The full-belly beat is done on the happy stomach with the flat of the hand in slow, alternate slaps. The eyes roll from side to side, and usually there is a smile on the lips. My gorillas used this as a general sign of lazy well-being.

Intense joy: Excited, rapid beats high on the chest with both fists at once, in increasing tempo.

Rage: A loud tattoo on the lower ribs with both fists tightly clenched and striking together so fast that there is hardly a pause between beats. This is the war drum and should not be heard in the United States. It is the adult male's warning to the clan to scatter, and to the enemy to look out, and it can be heard a mile.

Wild chimpanzees are said to pound on deadwood and even on artificial drums made by hollowing out a patch of clay; they are reported to have jungle jamborees of drumming, screaming, and dancing, and to have taught this amusement to the natives. But I found them indifferent percussionists in the home. They never beat their chests, and seldom pounded on anything—except their heads. A thoroughly exasperated chimp whacks his head and pulls out his hair. But my gorillas pounded on pans, cage bars, anything that made a good noise. Not only did they show a mastery of various rhythms, but they used these beats as signals, as I shall describe later.

When I say flatly that in my experience the gorilla is superior to the chimpanzee in expressiveness, intelligence, and emotional development, most "authorities" would retort flatly that it is "established" that in all three respects, except possibly the last, gorillas are inferior to the chimpanzee, and even to the orang-outang. They would demand proof in the form of reported experiments. My riposte to this is that you

cannot experiment with the gorilla as you can with other apes, and that in itself proves my point.

In order to make tests on an animal it must be docile and imitative like the chimpanzee. Fooling and aping, a perpetual curiosity, and a willingness to act and react, even if it means riding for a fall, are chimp traits; and almost the exact opposite of this temperament describes the gorilla. He has great dignity and reserve; he is independent, conservative, and somehow aloof. As Doctor Yerkes remarked of the one gorilla that has been systematically studied, she seemed almost to have a superiority complex, to be motivated by far more complex factors than chimpanzees, to act indifferent to situations when in reality she was profoundly stirred, to be stoical to punishment or deprivation—using “stoicism” in the classic sense—and in general to keep him guessing. He was trying to compare the great apes in all important respects, and though often in specific things—like ability to use tools, ease of adaptation, and such qualities—he was forced to give the gorilla C's and the other two apes A's and B's, he frankly went against his own tables when he summed up. He decided that on the whole the gorilla was psychologically closest to man.

The fact is that the gorilla chooses to do only what interests him, and what appears to have a reward worth the trouble. He likes to work with little waste effort, and he likes to succeed. When Buddy was perfecting his game with the syrup tins, one of the cans often fell off. He would immediately stop, and pretend he hadn't planned to do anything special. But since this trick was something he invented to amuse his audience, he kept at it; and though his arm and thumb muscles had been injured by his acid bath only a few months before, he succeeded in a difficult and complicated feat.

I never taught my gorillas tricks. Though it is probable that all gorillas, even mine, are so repressed in captivity that you can only guess what they really are like, I had such an overwhelming sense of their dignity and intelligence that I

treated them with deference. I felt they were matching their wits against mine, thinking back at me.

In this chapter I have only skirted the rim of biology's deepest and most mysterious problem. We have not yet found the key to the puzzle of man himself. Those few men who have made fragmentary studies of the gorilla know that somehow he holds the key to the story of mankind. Will he ever yield it to us? The prospects of complete study are so slim that my own experience takes on a value that staggers me. Perhaps some day I can sit down and write about my gorillas more fully; meanwhile this book in part is meant to be a preface to general understanding of this singular Black Man of the Forest, as the natives call him.

I will tell you two very simple things about the gorilla that should open up the trail we will follow to the end of this book. Finding that my chimpanzees were greedy and selfish about food, and that not one of them spontaneously offered me a bite of their rations and even fought me when I tried to take a bit away to test them, I tried to develop Maggie Klein's generosity. I think none of my apes, even the gorillas, loved me more than Maggie. But when I would beg, "Maggie, give Missy a bite," she would look over her groaning food shelf and with great bustle and fulsome charity bring me a banana skin. I would thank her politely and beg again. The hypocrite would bestow a melon rind on me, turn her back, clutch her good rations between her legs, and eat fast until they were gone.

But just as Massa would take the pap from my mouth when she was a baby, I could take food out of her hands. Many times I have deliberately taken food from Massa and Buddy, and they were perfectly calm and friendly and made no attempt to snatch it back. They loved big black hothouse grapes best of all fruit, and now and then I would buy some just for them. A chimp would run to the farthest corner of his room with such a treat. But my gorillas would hold the luscious bunch and let Missy take a grape, and another, until between us we finished the treat.

But they went much further as we became closer friends.

As a mark of affection they offered me food. Buddy loved a lollipop best of his sweets, and, like a child, would make it last for hours, giving it a cautious lick now and then. But if I came to his cage he would hold it out to me, even if it was down to its last precious licks. Finally, whenever I appeared, he ransacked his food shelf for whatever dainty he was most cherishing, but which he preferred to offer me.

We all know that animals avoid meeting the human eye for long. Only my two Lordies and my two gorillas seemed to understand that if they looked into my eyes they could get through to me, read my feelings and, if they wanted something, improve their chances. Captain Jiggs and Peggy Ann looked directly at me when I talked to them, so I felt as if I were carrying on almost a human conversation. Massa found that she could get me to do things, and also get more affection, if she looked up into my eyes while she patted me, and Buddy too as a baby would use the same trick of appeal.

But as he got older he had things to tell me which none of us can express in words—affection, longing, grief, or peaceful communion. He would look into my eyes long and deeply, as if he were trying to make me understand what he really was, inside his great uncouth body. We human beings know that we can outstare any animal. But I may as well confess that when Buddy looked into my eyes with his steadfast, searching, and profoundly moving gaze, I would be the one to turn my eyes away.

When we were in Chicago a very famous minister would come day after day to see Buddy. Finally he asked to be allowed closer, so I let him come around to the back of the cage where he could look through the bars. He did this again and again, pressing against the bars and staring into Buddy's eyes. I could see that the great divine was mystified and disturbed, but he said nothing until the last day.

"There's not the slightest doubt," he said in almost a whisper, "those are not the eyes of an animal."

I nodded. "Yes, there's something in his eyes you can't look at."

## CHAPTER XII

### *Child of Darkness*

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

PEOPLE often ask me which is my favourite foster child, and since it is impossible to choose, my answer varies with my mood. Sometimes it is Buddy, at others Jiggs or Maggie. But often I answer quite positively, "Why, Massa, of course. I loved her best of all. Massa is the most splendid being I ever knew."

Massa has been away from me for six years, and now I must think of my first gorilla as a young male, just approaching maturity. Nothing Massa did would surprise me, even this dramatic change in sex. The other day I saw a recent picture of "him," in his lustrous coat, standing erect as if to display his magnificent pectoral muscles, with an exultant half smile on his face, and I said to a friend, "That's the way nature intended us to be—a gorgeous, powerful creature, afraid of nothing on this earth."

That is Massa today. But other pictures crowd to my mind, so contradictory that it seems impossible they could all belong to the same personality. For beyond the extraordinary complexity of the gorilla nature is Massa's own curious make-up. For sheer sweep of temperament no ape, and no human being, has equalled Massa in my experience. So many pictures—Massa the delicate, helpless baby, needing protection even from the chimpanzees. Then the cuddly, charming little thing, begging for another ride on the tea wagon. Then the vain, feminine little girl dressing up in my clothes, preening herself. At this period she seemed insecure, as if her nature held emotions and currents in violent conflict, and she needed a calm and steady mooring. Half a dozen times in an

hour she would drop a bit of finery and rush over to me in an agony of need, throw her arms around me, and squeeze me cruelly tight. I would reassure her, make her certain that my affection could hold her steady even in this curious situation—a wild, royal ape powdering her nose in a boudoir. Her panic would melt, and she would dance back to her game of being grown up and elegant.

Then at the Chicago fair she became the bacchante, draped in her red blanket, skipping in time to the jungle drums, beating her chest in wild excitement. She expressed the contrasts of her mountain home, with its dizzy heights and intense sun, and its darkness and dangers too. Night and day alternated in her nature, and gave her a curious duality. Of all my family, she was closest to the jungle. Under the thin veneer of human habits and affections, she was still the bright tiger in the forests of the night.

And yet no burning tiger can be imagined as scrubbing floors. That is another picture of Massa, the energetic house-wife. She had a pail of soapy water, a brush, and a cloth to mop up, and she did such a perfect job on the kitchen floor that I sometimes wondered whether gorillas might not have a future as domestic servants. I decided not, for Massa was so powerful that she could scrub the linoleum off the floor, or lift the kitchen stove from its moorings.

She was in one of her domestic frenzies one morning, and a young friend staying with me had retreated to the next room, and drawn the bolt on her side of the door. She was fascinated by my gorillas, but terrified of them. I came into the kitchen to see how Massa was getting on, and evidently she was too intent to hear me. Her back was toward me and she was on all fours, blissfully scrubbing away. She had left a patch of soapy water in one spot, and I suddenly slipped and fell with a thud. My foot hit the pail and overturned it full on Massa.

For the first time in her life with me, she had a shock. She hadn't seen me, and suddenly she was drenched with water. I think that what happened had nothing to do with me, that the terrible shock obliterated her whole life away

from the jungle. She became a creature of instinct, obeying the first and oldest reflex in life—danger instantly translated into the need to kill.

She whirled about and rose to her full height, face contorted, eyes closed. There came from her a roar like nothing on this earth, a frightful, tremendous, howling screech as if the inferno had opened up to express in one sound all its dark fury. One cannot hear such a sound; it is not meant for us. It took from me all power to struggle or save myself, and yet a corner of my mind was telling me, this is the warning when the gorilla is ready for the kill. Now the beast will charge me . . .

In another instant she was rushing at me, jaw pushed forward to show her powerful fangs; and my own instincts came alive. I must protect my throat. I threw an arm across it as she sank her great teeth into my thigh, then again and again into my abdomen, ripping the flesh like paper. Then the beast made for my throat, catching my arm in her teeth. I tore it free, and the beast caught it again . . . over and over, how many times? I was conscious that an artery was torn, and bright jets of blood were spurting on the wall behind my threshing arm.

But this wasn't a beast, it was Massa. I must remind her, quickly, in Missy's voice :

“Massa, Massa! This is your Missy!”

The beast didn't hear me. But in the next room my brave little friend heard my voice and realized that I was in the room with the creature who sixty seconds before had uttered that dreadful roar. She rushed in, seized a heavy iron skillet from the stove, and with all her strength brought it down on Massa's skull.

Massa was stunned for a moment, so I could turn over and press my weight down on the torn artery. I began crawling away, and felt Massa's teeth in my leg again, but I kicked with the last of my strength. As the darkness came down, I knew I was safely away.

It happens that I am allergic to antitetanus serum, a rather

serious drawback for anybody who allows great apes the run of the house. Of course I was in great danger of infection, and for three days I lay in a tub full of Epsom salts. Then I was patched and darned together with seventy-odd stitches in twenty-two wounds, and put to bed with orders to stay quiet for a long time. I had refused to go to a hospital, and until the doctors themselves exclaimed, "Why, you've been torn by a wild animal!" I hadn't even confessed what had happened. I was determined not to have Massa destroyed as dangerous.

I couldn't believe she was a treacherous killer, like Purser the leopard. She had simply received a fright strong enough to drive her back to the dark ethics of the jungle, in which Gorilla must kill Leopard, after due warning. To Massa I had been Leopard, not Missy; for the whole endless moment of her attack her eyes had been closed. I had simply seen a new side of my tempestuous ape, the ancient animal side. And now I could believe the tales of natives and of Paul Du Chaillu about the roar of the adult gorilla, the enormous sound coming from chest and belly that can be heard for three or four miles, and which Du Chaillu often mistook for thunder. Later on I was to read accounts by cooler observers of the gorilla threatened in his jungle. R. L. Garner, who studied the speech of both monkeys and apes, says:

"I know of nothing in the way of vocal sounds that can inspire such terror as the voice of the gorilla. It can be heard over a distance of three or four miles . . . By some it has been called roaring, and by others howling; but it is neither truly a roar nor a howl. They utter a peculiar combination of sounds, beginning in a low, smooth tone, which rapidly increases in pitch and frequency, until it becomes a terrific scream . . . far beyond the reach of the human lungs."

All the sounds a gorilla makes when he is attacked in the jungle are meant to freeze the blood of the enemy, since he wishes to avoid a battle. The great Carl Akeley, who lies buried on Mt. Mikeno in the Belgian Congo, the homeland of Massa, expressed his conviction that the gorilla is normally a perfectly amiable and decent creature, fighting only in

defence of himself and his family, and keeping out of a fight if possible. He goes on: "I believe, however, that the white man who will allow a gorilla to get within ten feet of him without shooting is a plain darn fool." Akeley says the adult male has a long-drawn throaty bark rather than roar, but evidently that is a preliminary warning like the loud, rapid chest-beating or the battle-drum beating on deadwood, or even the curious signal made by pounding the cheeks and chin with the jaws open, thus producing a loud metallic rattle of the teeth. The gorilla will make any and all of these sounds in order to warn his family to scatter, and to terrify the hidden enemy. But Ben Burbridge says that when the gorilla is finally at bay he utters a prolonged and tremendous roar just before the charge. I confirm that! But I wish I had read Ben Burbridge's account of a tussle with a half-grown mountain gorilla just about Massa's size before my kitchen became a shambles. Here is part of it:

"To capture a twenty-pound gorilla is a good-sized undertaking for a strong man. One weighing 126 pounds is an impossible antagonist for a man of 185. It was at these catch-weights we fought . . . A moment of contact with those powerful arms and I knew that I had grabbed a handful. Whether by accident or instinct of gorilla capturing, I clutched his throat and hung on with desperation born of the knowledge that I was battling for my life. The din of snarls and the thrashing of underbrush as we rolled over and over aroused my men to rush to my assistance. Twice I tore myself out of the gorilla's teeth and left a part of my clothing as a peace offering. Again and again I broke from clutches that dragged my head and throat downward toward his open jaws. My gun-boy, racing through the jungle ahead of them all, flung himself into the fray. One after another piled on top of the young gorilla, who fought with the fury of a madman as he heaved and bucked under the weight of his enemies, refusing to accept defeat until spread-eagled and his hands and feet tied."

But as I lay in bed I kept wondering how Massa felt, whether she had really changed in her feeling toward me, or

whether she had forgotten the whole nightmare. I felt I had to find out. And just as a flyer must go up again after a crash so that his shock won't harden into a chronic fear of flying, I had to go back to Massa. One night I sneaked out of bed and went to her room.

She greeted me with delighted chuckles and open arms. We embraced and patted each other as usual, but there was tension in the air. She was conscious of my bandages, so I showed them to her, saying, "Poor Missy, see how you hurt poor Missy," not in reproach, but in tones of the pity I wanted to inspire in her. I think she felt contrition, but what she showed was avoidance. She didn't want to look at those bandages. To get things back to normal, and also to test my control, I gave her a simple order, nothing disagreeable. Perhaps I told her to go sit in her chair. Whatever it was, she refused to obey me. I tried something else, but she was adamant. She had never really opposed me before, and I ventured to be more firm and insist on obedience. She gave the slow growling bark that was warning enough. I slipped out and went back to bed.

Again and again I tried to get back on the old footing with Massa, but it was no good. She had learned her superiority over me; she had had the omnipotent Missy fighting for her life. I think Massa enjoyed dominating me, for she had found a new ego that belonged to the full powers of adulthood. She proved her mastery by refusing to go sit in her chair when I was ready to leave her room. All my apes held me back with cries of protest when I left them, but this was different. Massa proved to us both that without touching me she could prevent my getting out of the door. If I went near it, she would stand in my way, and, when I persisted, she would growl and make me stop. Once she pushed me down, but she had to use her power only once. I learned to bide my time and, when she was busy across the room, rush out.

But Massa's kaleidoscopic nature kept revolving. For the general safety she was now kept in the cage in her room, and

Dick became her jailer. She began to hate him, and to regard Missy as the fount of all blessings. Who else could oil her back, or help with her sponge bath so well? Who else brought her dainties and new playthings? Through the bars we got back the old affectionate relationship, and in time it became perfectly safe for me to go into her cage, as long as I was bearing gifts and comforts.

I could not accept the idea that Massa was not perfectly safe. She was in fine spirits, and her manners were silken. But she had reached the pre-adolescent stage when all youngsters are a puzzle. In spite of all the discoveries I had made about the gorilla's power to conceal emotions, I was still underestimating their immense patience and self-control. Dick and I both knew that Massa was inclined to blame all her deprivations on him, but we didn't dream that deep in her mind she was nourishing a resentment that grew with every day's confinement and discipline. On general principles, I warned Dick never to let the apes know when he was leaving the place for a few hours, because they were sure to get into mischief.

But one Sunday evening he let Massa see him dressed to go out of the Brooklyn jungle. She thought that over and made her plan. Toward her bedtime I came in with blankets and unlocked her cage. She was crouching on the shelf above the cage door, and in a flash she was out before I could close it. I went upstairs and took counsel with Doctor Lintz, and he insisted on calling the police from their booth across the Shore Road. I consented on the understanding that if there must be any shooting I would give the signal for it. My last encounter with Massa hadn't been easy to get out of my mind, but I think I would have gone through it again rather than have her shot. And this time it was plain she was intent on revenging herself on Dick, for she had rushed straight to his room.

We saw it afterwards, a masterpiece of demolition. In three minutes she had destroyed everything in a systematic fashion. First she cleared the room itself, hurling books, charts, photographs, toilet articles into a heap in the middle

of the floor. Then she ripped his bed to bits, and threw the pieces on the pile. After stripping the room she emptied the closet. Tearing up things as she went, she piled suits, hats, shoes on the heap. If Massa had ever been allowed matches she would have made a bonfire of the debris. As it was, she smacked in triumph and looked for more Hallowe'en fun.

She galloped to the billiard room, and by this time Doctor Lintz and I, guarded by two policemen with service pistols at the ready, were watching from the outside. I almost rushed in when I saw what was happening. For Charlie McCarthy, my African Grey parrot, which could imitate my voice so perfectly that the house was always full of false alarms, was in the billiard room in his cage. And Massa was crouching before him, ready to spring.

Charlie was not smart enough to recognize his doom. He had been wakened from an evening nap by a rush of silvery fur, and now he was staring down into strange, gleaming eyes. That aroused his curiosity and his sense of the unusual. He cocked his head to one side and let out a loud and incredibly comic whistle of astonishment.

*"Whe-ew!"* came the hearty, ribald voice.

The point is, the voice was Missy's. Now the astonishment fell on Massa. The vulgar, casual whistle deflated her, but beyond that she was more mystified than ever in her life. She had seen me looking at her outside the window. Now I was in a cage clad in feathers, and I was saying, "Whew!" as I did sometimes, pretending an ape had swept me off my feet with admiration.

Massa was frozen in her tracks. She and Dick eyed each other, and Charlie casually lifted a claw and scratched himself. For an instant her face and the whole set of her body showed that Massa was completely flabbergasted and at a loss about what to do next.

What she did next opens a window for a moment into the mysteries of the gorilla mind. She shook her ponderous body out of its stupefaction, she gathered up her dignity. You could almost hear the swish of skirts as Massa, clad only in her silver-fox coat, moved toward the nearest chair and

seated herself with her head erect. Luckily for her, it was a rocking chair, and rocking helped soothe her shattered nerves. Not for a moment did she take her eyes off Charlie, and not for a moment did Charlie relax the bead he had drawn on her with shrewd, sharp eyes. Massa became more nonchalant, by a violent effort of will, assuming the airs of a caller waiting for the lady of the house. But she was intensely on her guard, for if this vulgar creature in the cage wasn't Missy—of which she could not be sure—at least it seemed Missy must be in the room.

With well-bred indifference she stretched her range of vision to include the whole end of the room, keeping Charlie in focus. She saw things that in any other situation would have tempted her beyond endurance—a tank of tropical fish, potted plants with red flowers, books, magazines, even a bowl of fragrant and maddening fruit. But she was looking for Missy, rocking warily.

Even the officers realized that Massa was putting on an act. "What gives?" they asked. "What's she up to now?"

"She's just thinking things over," Doctor Lintz told them.

But I was rocking with laughter, and Massa had to turn her head. She saw me with the three men, and we were all laughing at her. There I was outside, laughing in my own voice—and there was my voice in the cage. The puzzle was beyond her, but ridicule was worse. She went very rapidly from the room and into the staff kitchen. We were still watching through the windows, and when Massa came in sight again she was draining a bottle of beer. She threw the empty bottle through a pane, aiming at the officers. After she had uncapped and drunk her third bottle and tossed it neatly through the third pane, she felt more in command of the situation. The joke seemed even funnier to her after the seventh bottle and the seventh broken pane.

But it was beginning to pall on me. If Massa could put on an act, so could I, and I decided it would be the Clyde Beatty routine. Outside, there was a long bamboo pole around which a new rug had been wrapped. If I used it as a whip, not touching Massa, she would not realize that as a

weapon it was about as effectual as a fairy wand. Warning the officers not to shoot without my permission, I went in alone, catching up a stout chair on the way. With the chair as a shield, I bore down on the miscreant, brandishing my bamboo pole and shouting in a voice that was enough to make all the little chimpanzees out in the Simian House think that the Day of Judgment had come.

“Massa! Get back to your room! Scamper!”

She blinked, but her fighting blood was up. Who was Missy to give orders to Massa? She remembered just as vividly as I that she had had me down a few months before. She dashed toward me, but got a chair leg full in the chest. Once more she was nonplussed—a new voice for Missy, a voice that was everywhere, and now a chair that bit into her chest. And seven bottles of beer for a teetotaller were confounding the confusion. She forgot her jungle manners, and acted like an hysterical girl. She began to throw things at me—books, magazines, gimcracks, anything she could reach. I batted them off with the chair. She rushed the chair again and again, and now her anger reminded her of gorilla ethics. She stood up and beat her chest with clenched fists and uttered that dreadful roar that I had hoped never to hear again. Again it froze my blood, but this time I was on my feet, and if only I could stay on my feet Massa would not be shot. I purposely kept between her and the officers outside, and kept my mouth stretched in the idiotic smile that a few minutes before had been genuine. The men didn’t know what that roar meant; my husband had not even been in town when Massa had yelled before.

I brandished my pole, kept my chair poised and my footing firm, and met that charge, and all the others. Finally I edged Massa back into her own room, and at last she scuttled into her cage, disgusted with the whole evening’s entertainment.

The police snapped the padlock on the door, the official end of the Hallowe’en party.

“Now, that was a fight,” they said fervently. “There isn’t a woman in a million that could put up a fight like that.”

“If you want to know,” I retorted, “there are only a few

hundred mountain gorillas in this world, perhaps less than a hundred. But Massa is the most splendid of them all. If there were a million, she'd be the one in a million."

I turned for a last look into the cage. Massa was shrugging the matter off, but she was half drunk, and nearly as tired as I was.

"There are your blankets," I said. "Wrap up warm, and sleep it off. Good-night, Massa."

She picked up her blankets and went toward her bed. But she didn't say good-night. She had lost face. She had retreated from a stand-up battle with a little creature no stronger than a rabbit. At home, she would have been thrown out of the family for less.

I shouldn't wonder if Massa dreamed of the Bogeyman that night.

## CHAPTER XIII

### *Checked with the Baggage*

**A**BOUT a year after our trip to the Chicago exposition my ape family and I began to travel, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. Like a big unwieldy family, we went down to Florida for the winters, the apes weighed and checked on my ticket like baggage. Dick stayed in the baggage car, and the apes spent most of the trip eating at such a rate that the Pullman dining cars had scarcely enough milk and fruit left for the human passengers. None of them seemed to mind the train rides; they were full of excited anticipation, even on the first trip. After they learned that travel meant warm sun, new friends, delicious fruit, they became enthusiastic nomads. After all it was their nature, for chimpanzees and gorillas move in a circuit of feeding grounds and seldom nest twice in the same spot.

The trip to Chicago had solved the problem of transporting the colony, and we always followed the same system. We sent the glass-enclosed cages ahead by lorry, and put the apes into travelling cases with a grille at the front that could be covered by a hinged door while they were being moved. There was a ventilator in the top, and a feeding window in one side. The apes were growing so fast that we had to have new cases made every few months. They were weighed empty, and then again by the baggage clerk when the ape was inside, and this was a convenient system of recording weights.

Spending the winters in Miami meant that my long routine with the kennels was at an end. The midwinter had always been devoted to preparations for the Westminster show, and the prolonged stay in Chicago had meant that we missed it altogether in 1934. Without my realizing it, my simian family had been edging out the Hercuveens; and while I still feel that the kennels could be back in the Brook-

lyn yard if I waved my hand, to all practical purposes they were shelved in 1934.

Champions, farewell! Let us at least recite the names of the American breed champions that followed Aurora Borealis. After her death, Satellite swept the Westminster show of 1929. He was the best sire of them all, never producing a puppy below par, and he sired hundreds. The next year the giant Pythagoras, Jr., O'Berncrest took best of breed, then came Alpine Blossom, Invincible, and Standard, who was best St. Bernard in 1935 and 1936. In Ch. Hercuveen Standard I had bred the most perfect smooth-coated dog since Aurora herself, and he wrote the final Q.E.D. to the Hercuveen type. What gratifies me perhaps more than spectacular winnings is the fact that the type as I stabilized it is so hardy that Hercuveens are still taking the ribbons all over the country. For that is what I wanted more to do, to restore our homebred Saint at his best.

The pigeons had been stolen, and the rex rabbits had failed to pay their way. If you think this elimination of kennels, loft, and hutches left me with time to kill, I should mention a few of the complications in the Simian House.

With any growing family, health is the first problem. I have already described how we guarded the youngsters from epidemic diseases by isolating them from strangers, and by wearing hospital masks ourselves if we had a cold or a sore throat. We tried to build up their resistance by a protective diet, the use of sun lamps, outdoor exercise and, perhaps the most important thing of all, by making them as secure and happy as we possibly could, keeping them stimulated and amused by variations from routine and surprises in food and fun. In fact, we worked out what might be called the infant hygiene of the ape—and it was high time somebody did!

But the more serious health problems of apes are still to be solved, even when the best pediatricians work on them. A great deal of case history in this field has accumulated through the years. Chimpanzees, and gorillas to an even greater extent, so closely resemble us that only human methods are any good. As a doctor of internal medicine my

husband got a good many sidelights on the problems in his practice by a tussle now and then with a simian illness; and so did the child specialists who helped us out in bad cases. I never failed to call in the best pediatrician possible when I was stumped.

Having learned the veterinarian's lore with my dogs, I was perforce becoming a back-yard doctor of anthropoid medicine, and that meant I was dealing with a good many troubles of a special sort. Any newcomer from Africa was apt to have pellagra or rickets, and diet was the answer to that. But the parasites in intestines and blood were another matter. We have little knowledge about them, and no vaccines. Whatever I could do to keep up the red blood count was all to the good. But my third gorilla, Skippy, arrived with a blood infection. Since I was forced to leave him at home, his haemoglobin went down, he got anaemia and died. It goes against the grain to confess this failure with my third gorilla, but it proves how extremely careful we must be with them, especially in their first year here.

On the brighter side is the almost miraculous rescue of my second Lordie, Peggy Ann. She was just a baby and was dying fast of double pneumonia, the curse of so many simians. Oxygen tents and all hospital methods failed completely, and since I knew she was doomed I was willing to take a desperate expedient. Sulphanilamide was then so little known that I would never have learned of it without reading my husband's medical journals, which spoke of it as unproven, extremely dangerous, and only possibly the boon it has since proved to be. I spent hours telephoning doctors and hospitals for a dosage, and while they were all eager to test the drug on an ape, they had none to give me. I finally got a supply when Peggy Ann was moribund. After three doses she sat up in a chair and had her picture taken as the first ape to be snatched from the jaws of death by this miraculous drug. Since then I have used various forms of the sulpha-drug in bad cases.

Then there were the individual problems presented by each youngster. More than once, in a new consignment from

Africa, I would find a wild ape. I mean that literally; Johnny, Peter, and several others arrived as wild as tigers and had to be tamed. It wasn't hard to do and it didn't take long, but these apes represented the other side of the scale from Jiggs, who was born a gentleman. Even so, talented entertainers like Jiggs, Maggie and Joe, and my three Jackies made heavy demands on my time. The reason I had three Jackies was that one after the other they were snapped up by the amusement world. Jacky I stayed with me two years, and then went out to Hollywood for the first "Tarzan" picture with Johnny Weismuller, and Jacky III followed him in the "Tarzan" film released early in 1942. The Jacky between them made a smash hit at the Chicago fair and Ringling gobbled him up. As for Maggie and Joe, they continued to leave us every now and then for a vaudeville tour, but were always glad to get home again. But Jiggs was needed for warming the bosom of the family.

Sometimes Tony Desmoni and Dick would take the whole colony for a short appearance at Coney Island, and all of us spent two summer seasons on the Steel Pier at Atlantic City. Frank Buck had a few of the family in his exhibit at the World's Fair in Flushing. In short, it was, and still is, so hard to find trustworthy, healthy, and well-trained chimpanzees that I became a sort of impresario. In the sawdust world, and in such zoo circles as require trained chimps, a "Lintz ape" became a standard term, like a Hercuween.

My own experience was more dust than sawdust. Our fortnight's visit in September of 1934 to the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto began when a dignified delegation waited on me in Brooklyn and asked me to show real gorillas to Canada—and ended with our being stranded in Niagara Falls, like a road show.

I must say our brothers and fellow North Americans did us proud. They put up a fifty-thousand-dollar bond so we could cross the border duty free. They put up a tent. I have never seen anything gayer and more in the fine old tradition of fairs as bright and beautiful festivals. It was a

huge tent of many colours, and inside there were tropical tubbed gardens. Behind each cage were brilliant murals of African scenes. All the zoological societies paid us visits, and everything on earth was done for us—except arranging the weather.

It began to rain the day after we arrived, and the torrents increased, with only short reprieves, for the whole two weeks we stayed. Of course, we were worried about the colony catching cold, for it was also chilly to a degree. We had plenty of electric heaters and bought more, but there was an epidemic of short circuits. I lectured to the public about the great ape with a sweater for some shivering youngster in one hand, and the cod-liver-oil bottle in the other. So many fake gorillas had toured Canada that nobody could quite believe ours were the real thing, even when Buddy pretended to be ferocious and beat on the bars of his cage. He wasn't trying to get out, but was inventing a new game, and during the next years any drummer could have sat at his feet and learned the art of *accelerando*. What Ravel did with drums in his hypnotic "Bolero," Buddy could do with two fists on chilled steel.

Toronto is almost as staid and peaceful as Brooklyn, but there were two evenings in this short visit that were indescribable, for they combined all the features of a Mack Sennett film with a sinister surrealism. The first was the night of the fireworks. The rain had stopped for a couple of hours, and the fireworks started a dozen small fires of the real sort on our tent. I have said briefly that apes are afraid of thunderstorms, but at this point I could go on at some length about the panic that seized my family. I think the noise worried them more than the fires, but the flames carried out the threat of instant destruction that must be a part of the storm complex in apes and many of us. They cowered, and covered up their ears and eyes. They screamed in terror, and the chimps jumped up and down as if they had lost their wits.

I went from cage to cage, trying to soothe the youngsters. I took as many as I could into my arms and snuggled them

close. But they all wanted to be in my arms, for they were all crazed with fear, and I thought Massa would go mad. There was a great hubbub of fire engines and the noise of hoses playing on canvas. Firemen ran hither and yon—though the fires were small—and the hiss of rockets and the explosions of giant crackers and bombs bursting in air were incessant. With all the apes yelling at the top of their lungs, and the crowds outside cheering the fireworks, it is curious that anybody heard the alarm, GORILLA'S OUT! Whoever started it, the crowd took it up and was seized with such delightful panic that the fireworks were forgotten.

I was to hear this alarm more than once, for every now and then somebody in the family did break jail. Any chimpanzee or gorilla, trained or untrained, knows how to use keys after he has seen them used to open his cage. And any crowd that ever saw one of my apes make a dash for freedom raised the gorilla alarm. In this case the fugitive was Yawnie, milliner of paper hats. She dashed down the amusement section, broke up a girlie show, and was finally brought back soaking wet, for it had started to rain again. I gave her a blanket, and to shut out the noise she wrapped herself up like a mummy, with only a breathing hole.

The second insane night was our last one in Toronto. Our bond expired at twelve noon the next day, by which time we were to be across the border, or our apes could be seized as dutiable. I was under the impression that we had plenty of cash on hand, but instead my bookkeeper presented me with some large and wholly unexpected bills, most of them incurred in expensive restaurants by my temporary staff. In short, I was stranded. It was raining buckets, and our tent was being taken down over our heads. I had sixteen animals and five men to get across the border by an early train the next morning, and sixteen cages to send by truck. I felt like whacking my head and pulling out my hair, as the chimps do when faced with the worst. Instead, I went down the sawdust trail and sold a chimp, little Anymoe. Then I went back and boxed my apes single-handed, because nobody else could make the transfer from cage to crate without getting the

youngsters upset and fearful. By this time it was nearly morning, and I was wet, scratched, bitten, and on the verge of becoming a man-hater.

The bookkeeper-secretary was as wrong about train-time as about our finances, so we missed the morning train, and actually left two hours after our bond expired. We spent the morning at the station giving a free show to at least five thousand people. At Niagara Falls we got off the train and wired home for money. And that was our visit to the Canadian National Exhibition of 1934.

Florida was peace. The mocking birds sang, the hibiscus opened red blossoms, far away the surf boomed lazily, and always the sun shone. We feasted on oranges and grapefruit and papaya, on the coconuts rattling down from the palms. We stretched and relaxed. The apes put on pounds, and so, I'm afraid, did I. This was the best jungle any of us had ever seen, for we had a place with plenty of room so that we could forget roofs except at night and live outdoors.

Perhaps the warmth and peace of the place did revive jungle instincts, for Buddy began drumming on his body to signal the others. This is something which has been noticed only in gorillas living in the wild, by observers who managed to get close enough to family groups to glimpse and hear them without being themselves detected. I used to drive into Miami to do the marketing, and my return meant treats and surprises. Buddy's cage was so placed that he could see down the road, while the others couldn't. There was little traffic on the road, for we were well out of town, but in any case Buddy seemed to know the sight and sound of my car when I was a long way off. He would beat, not his chest, but his paunch, to signal "Missy's coming with food." Naturally Massa understood gorilla signals, but often the chimpanzees would understand before she did and raise the Hallelujah Chorus. Since chimps never use such signals, it is interesting how quickly they understood Buddy's language. Dick said this paunch-beating happened every time I was nearing home.

After we got back to Brooklyn, and Massa and Buddy were living in their two halves of the sunroom, they worked out jail signals, usually by beating in a certain way on the bars of their cages. Whichever one first saw me coming would pass the news along. Buddy was in such high spirits during this period that the trip back to Brooklyn usually involved jokes of an ultrapractical sort. At home, he never tried to disrobe any of us, because that wasn't funny enough. But he knew it was screamingly funny in public—in railroad stations especially.

Buddy was too much of an artist to repeat his whimsies in the same form, because he seemed to appreciate the importance of the surprise element. I was his first victim, and thank goodness, he let me off after that initial prank in Chicago, when I suddenly found myself standing in my underslip before an audience of dignified zoologists I had especially invited to a serious lecture on the gorilla. But he found other victims. In Toronto he ripped the entire back from a brand-new suit one of my temporary staff had bought for the trip. In the Miami station one of the railroad officials ignored Dick's warning and went past the row of travelling crates. Buddy's feeding-window was open, and in a flash one great arm came out and grabbed the seat of the man's trousers. You have to see gorilla strength to realize that in one second those trousers were in the cage—and the official was running for cover. We spent a long time raking the floor of Buddy's crate to recover keys, money, papers, and all the things men carry in their pockets.

And then in the Pennsylvania Station in New York a coloured man was helping to lug Buddy's big crate to a truck. He was straining and groaning and wondering aloud what made it so heavy, for he had no idea what was inside. Suddenly the black hand came out of the feeding hole and snatched off the porter's cap and, I'm sorry to say, a great deal of his top hair. He let his side of the crate down in a hurry, and said to his mate:

"Gabriel, hold my hand! Did you see what I saw? They've got a coloured man crated up in this box."

I came up to apologize and give him some money, and said I hoped he hadn't been hurt much. He didn't seem to mind his scalping so much as the ghastly idea of a crated coloured man. We finally lowered the front of the cage so he could get a good look at Buddy. But that didn't help him at all.

When we got back from the first winter in Florida it was still cold enough to make a fire necessary in the Simian House furnace. One morning when Dick went to build up the fire, he noticed that the family seemed to be sleeping more soundly than usual. He thought nothing of it and went back to the house for his breakfast. When he returned the Simian House was silent as a tomb. As he rushed from cage to cage he was sure every chimp was dead, for they were lying motionless. He realized that there must have been a leak of carbon monoxide gas from the furnace during the night.

In his panic he called the fire department, and the engine came clanging down the road and woke me up. I rushed downstairs to hear the exasperated firemen telling Dick this was a police job. Soon several emergency squads arrived with inhalators and oxygen tanks, and we took the chimps outdoors. The men worked over them like Trojans, like strong angels of mercy, while we stood by and wrung our hands. The youngsters were heavily gassed, and it seemed for ever before they began to move. Then one after the other they came to life, and we put them to bed in their house, which had been thoroughly aired out.

The men were now using artificial respiration methods on the last two of the family. Little Yawnie, the milliner, and her mate Buster never revived. It was our first campus romance, and the pair, caged together, had evidently gone happily to sleep without knowing this was the last night of their honeymoon. We could only be grateful to the emergency squads for saving the rest.

Otherwise the spring was tranquil enough, and Buddy had a fascinating time shedding his milk teeth. Of course he didn't enjoy the toothache part of the process, but this interesting new development was better than a truckful of

toys. By now he and Massa stayed in their big cages, and since I helped them both through their oiling and washing, anything as important as a loose tooth was immediately brought to my attention. The first one happened to be where I could reach it, and I managed to pull it out with my fingers. Buddy was apprehensive and held my hand to keep me from hurting him too much.

But when the tooth was out the fun began. He knew that tooth was part of himself, so he must hold on to it with extreme care. First he took the tooth and examined it carefully. Then he fitted it back into the hole in his jaw, found it wouldn't stay put, and took it out again. He brought it to the bars for me to look at, and I made admiring sounds, which pleased him. After that he sat down with the tooth clutched between his fingers and for a long time pondered what to do.

Finally he got up and crossed the cage to his private stock of paper bags, which all apes must have to be happy. With the greatest care he put the tooth in a bag, folded it lovingly, and stowed the treasure in his armpit. All day long he went about his usual business, every now and then sitting down, opening the bag, taking out his tooth for a careful examination, and then stowing it back in his armpit. After a day or so the fascination wore off and he stopped carrying the bag. All this amused me because I had done the same thing with my first baby tooth, wrapping it in paper and bringing it home to show my father. But like Buddy I hadn't let it out of my hands and had kept it lovingly for some time.

Most of Buddy's teeth were extracted in a game with a gunny sack. I couldn't pull them out with my fingers, so I gave Buddy one end of the sack to put in his mouth, and pulled at the other. I had to tug with all my might sometimes, but when the tooth came out we both felt proud. The automobile tyre which was almost his alter ego also helped, for he discovered it made a good teething ring and would sit quietly in a corner loosening up his teeth by chewing on the hard rubber.

Even when we went down to Atlantic City that summer and the crowds gathered outside Buddy's cage, he would

often turn his back and push and pry at a loose tooth. Or he would spend a whole hour trying to get a splinter out of his foot. He would lift it to his lap and try to pull the splinter out with his finger nails. If that didn't work he would use his teeth. Such complete concentration for such a long period is impossible to the chimpanzee. All the apes liked magazines full of pictures, but the chimps were bored after turning a dozen pages, and tore the magazine up. Massa and Buddy would sit on the floor and turn the pages slowly, looking at each one.

Though Buddy had a massive indifference to an audience unless he was in the mood for playing on their nerves or their sense of humour, every now and then he was impelled to cope with the people outside his cage on the Steel Pier. He used his beating accomplishments purely for dramatic effect. In Chicago he made people laugh, now he scared them. He would stand up and pound on the steel bars with terrific blows of his fists, beginning slowly, and increasing the tempo until the bars rang with an exciting tattoo. He never looked at the bars; he watched the people, and it seemed to please him when they backed away in alarm. If he felt they needed another sensation, he would climb on his tyre so he could reach the top of the cage, which made another sound, more like the sound of a tremendous bass drum, for the whole cage reverberated. In fact, the whole pier trembled with the impact of those two fists, and blocks away people puzzled over the noise. At five, Buddy was training himself to play the part of an adult male gorilla, who drums his foraging clan together whenever he thinks they are getting too scattered for safety or sociability.

While Captain Jiggs, as a Lordie chimp with something of the gorilla's ability to ignore strangers, would sometimes turn his back on them, as a rule he ignored only those things a well-bred person chooses to overlook. If people were rude enough to tease or throw sticks at him, he just didn't notice them, while Joe Mendi and the other Massies would fly into a rage. In short, Captain Jiggs liked the pleasant side of life

—riding his bicycle, roller-skating, turning handsprings, taking snapshots, sitting in the barber's chair for his weekly shave, and then having a bottle of pop and a cigarette. He was friendly and enjoyed shaking hands. But in Atlantic City what he most liked was fishing. He would stand for a long time leaning over the edge of the pier, watching the bobber anxiously. If he ever caught a fish, the pet kitten that was always in his pocket knew what to do with it.

Jiggs loved his kitten so much that once this devotion helped solve a problem. Some newsreel people were trying to make a short film of Captain Jiggs climbing a ladder to an apparently burning doll's house to rescue a blonde doll hanging out of a window. He would go up so far, and then leave the doll to her fate. But when I suggested putting his kitten in the window, he went up the ladder like a streak.

In another short film Jiggs and Joe showed their mettle as scenarists. They were supposed to be a bride and groom coming out of a church and getting into a carriage. That was all too simple for these artists of the ludicrous. They came down the steps, Jiggs dressed in a bridal gown and veil, and the cameras ground merrily. But Joe noticed a swimming pool hard by, and pushed his blushing bride into it. Jiggs came up gasping and minus his clothes, and the film was "made."

In Florida we often sent Captain Jiggs for the mail. The branch post office was nearly a mile away, but it was a straight road and we could keep him in sight. He rode a child's bicycle with a basket in front, and usually stuffed his kitten in his pocket. At the post office the mail was waiting, and in a store nearby Captain Jiggs collected his reward, a bottle of malted milk on standing order. He would sit on a box, catching up on the neighbourhood news with the grocery-store gossips. But once a huge black dog came in and Jiggs took an instant dislike to the intruder. He drained his milk quickly and threw the bottle at the dog, catching it in the midriff.

They say in Miami that the dog is still running.



Gently and affectionately, Captain Jiggs holds one of his pet kittens



I help Suzabella to walk upright, a difficult feat for a chimpanzee

## CHAPTER XIV

### *Growing Up*

**W**HEN Maggie Klein was little I used to keep her inside my coat. As a baby she would cling to my waist with her legs, and then as she got older she would snuggle close to me with her arms squeezing me tight. All her life she clung to this habit. Even when she got bigger than I she would try to get inside my coat. I would protest, "Oh, Maggie, you're getting too big to hug," and she would try to shrink and huddle her great loose body together, to make herself small.

They all hated growing up. Childhood is the ape's only period of real happiness. Their parents take devoted care of them and let them play and grow in security; and nothing is expected of them but obedience on a simple physical level, which never harms any young one. Maturity means facing dangers and chores, just as it does to us. But I think one enormous difference between us and the apes is the fact that we have evolved far enough in the development of our minds so that maturity affords us fuller enjoyments than childhood. Of course, some of us never mature, and like the ape, shrink from responsibility and long to return to the protection of kind parents, though this longing is usually disguised. If our subconscious minds, which the psychologists love to excavate, represent our racial hangovers, this is clearly one of them. In every one of us there is this undertow back to childhood, which never bothers healthy people except in secret moments of discouragement and fatigue.

But in my ape family this undertow was not buried, as it is in us. It was a stream on the surface of their minds. They were all like Maggie, wanting to keep small enough to snuggle inside my coat. Their minds weren't growing along with their bodies. In their emotions they were still dependent children. And I had to remind myself that there was

more than primitive mentality in the picture. For their own sort of life, the satisfaction of instincts and appetites, they had enough brains to get along. But they weren't living their own sort of life, they were in surroundings they couldn't possibly cope with, and so their dependence on me was double. Not only had they adopted me as a mother, but I was also their keeper, holding their fate in my hands. That's really what the Hallelujah Chorus meant: "Missy's coming with food—we're safe for a while more."

So, as my apes began to grow toward maturity, they were standing with most reluctant feet at the meeting of brook and river. Even in the jungle many apes tend to become morose and pessimistic when grown. In captivity their developing intelligence only makes it possible for them to see more clearly that they are in a predicament, in their keeper's power. I think Massa arrived at a brilliant moral solution of that quandary. She had loved me very much when she was a helpless innocent, but as her mind opened out she got a pretty clear notion that Missy was also a jailer, keeping her captive. Her pride wouldn't stand it, and when she discovered her physical superiority to me, she clung tight to her one advantage and demonstrated it to me in clear and dramatic terms.

As for Buddy, he was less the splendid animal than Massa, though he was very much larger and stronger. When he was five he could have crushed a horse in his two hands. And yet, though he knew quite as clearly as Massa that he was a prisoner, he wanted me to pull his teeth, and my hands were safe in the huge red cavern of his mouth. Buddy had gone so far along the road that instead of glorying in his physical power as Massa did it was a heavy burden to him. I am sure that he often hated his huge bulk and his dreadful strength, because it meant he couldn't have kittens for pets, as Captain Jiggs did, and especially because it separated him from Missy. So he was in a dilemma from which there was no real escape, unless he chose Massa's way out. Probably that has been his chief inner struggle for years—whether to retreat back to the world's greatest potential bully, or to suffer agonies and try

to hold on to what his race has learned. His dilemma in a Brooklyn house simply revealed the impasse of the gorilla race, which many of us believe may have started out as gigantic bullies and then somehow learned better.

With all my simian family, caging and limitation of freedom had come so gradually that they didn't suffer much. The chimpanzees were always in and out of their cage rooms in the Simian House, and the rooms themselves were so large and comfortable that the chimps really liked them as their own individual homes. Each one had his own trapeze, his own automobile tyre, his toys, his bed and food shelf, and usually some precious thing hidden away from possible thieves. Since chimps have no desire to share their belongings, they need a home that is a castle with strong bars. They are sociable and sympathetic, capable of long and warm friendships, but they like their own things and fly into a fit if even their best friend "borrows" a banana or a pair of gym shoes.

Perhaps the chimpanzee has an acquisitive instinct rather like ours, so that a thing becomes part of his personality and helps reinforce him. I had felt this need of something-more-than-just-me in Maggie, when I started her prayer-rug habit. Then I found that all the chimps were the same way; they all found something to lug around under the armpit or clutched to the chest, to make them feel safer or less alone—or goodness knows what. We human beings have it too, but it's an intangible instinct all the same. Why we need enhancement by a new car of a certain make, or a new hat, or the kind of cocktail napkins the people two doors away have, is still a mystery to us—especially on the first of the month.

While the chimpanzees would every now and then make a dash for freedom, it was the normal runaway instinct and they were always glad to get home by mealtime. Yawnie's break in Toronto was of course sheer panic, because the tent was in flames over her head. Joe Mendi's breaks were partly the fun of unlocking doors and partly the normal chimp curiosity. Even Captain Jiggs left us in Chicago, and we

found him watching the merry-go-round rather wistfully. But before we got to him he had put his hand in a kind-looking man's and was starting back home under his protection. No, I'm sure that as long as the chimps were young, cages meant simply a snug retreat to them.

And in actual practice none of my chimps was ever locked up permanently. I eliminated the third-raters as untrustworthy; the others would stay a few years and then be snapped up by the amusement world, and I would get new infants to train. The standing nucleus of my chimp family was small, for only Joe and Maggie and Captain Jiggs stayed with me from infancy until maturity. I could trust a Lordie behind my back, and I could trust my two Massies because I knew them inside out. They all grew big and strong, but any of the three could come into the house or go riding in my car; and as long as I took them one at a time they were perfectly well behaved. I can't say that when they were completely grown up they would have been perfectly behaved with anybody but me. But certainly Captain Jiggs would have made the attempt.

I was always wondering what would happen to Joe and Maggie when they got old enough to settle down with a mate. Would they choose each other? Fate settled that question, but even when I might have expected some moon-calf phase to appear, they stuck without alteration to the brother-and-sister act. They teased each other and quarrelled, yet they were very closely bound together in their affections, as well as in their professional lives. But there was never a whiff of romance between them.

The story of Captain Jiggs and Suzabella might have turned into a romance, but again fate intervened. During the middle 1930's Suzabella was merely the kid sister. She was much younger, and a splendid Massie physically in her zest for life and quickness of response. She adored Captain Jiggs and wanted to be exactly like him—which showed good judgment. She would never wear girls' clothes and insisted on dressing exactly like Jiggs in shirt, overalls, and a cap with the visor over one ear. Suzabella was a tomboy and an acrobat

of parts. Her most dazzling feat was to walk the tightrope in a ballet costume, balancing herself with a parasol. In fact, she was so strong and active that she was the only chimp that could romp with Jiggs. She could always hold her own with him, even when she was much smaller. If they were playing tag she would swoop and catch him by the ankle; if this didn't actually trip him up he would be so overcome by mirth that he would double up with laughter and fall down helpless.

So I have little to report about the erotic side of my family, for all of them except these two pairs were too young to think about such matters, and so were the gorillas. I can describe their attitude toward sex only as one of complete oblivion, and so far this still seems to describe it. But I know that growing up and mating in captivity often involves formidable problems, for I have watched other chimpanzees than my own go through these difficult years. A grown male that has mated is sometimes possessed with such a frenzied desire to get free and make his own way in the jungle of this world that he may break the strongest bars and escape. And when a full-grown ape runs wild he is almost sure to be shot down like a dangerous criminal.

If my chimpanzees never really suffered confinement and were not bothered with mating problems, why were the middle years of my family so difficult? I have said that they hated leaving the Easy Street of childhood and began to realize that I was not quite their mother, that perhaps they couldn't count on me for ever to appear with food and affection and make them feel secure in an unfamiliar world. That realization should be enough for a high-strung temperament to bear. These were emotional anxieties, but they also suffered, every single one of them, from a stress of another sort. It astonished me, and I think it is important and interesting enough to bear discussing. I call it the point of strain in learning.

I was astonished that learning involved a mental strain because, just as Doctor Kellogg discovered some years later in

training an ape and a baby side by side, the infant ape is a better pupil in human ways than the human infant. His mind unfolds much more rapidly than the child's, and he conquers the small world of the nursery without making a great effort. So the ease of bringing Maggie and Joe through their first year or so fooled me into thinking that they would go on developing—within limits, of course, but without nervous strain. The first great light dawned when I watched Maggie trying to thread a needle. Concentrating on this unnatural and extremely difficult task was much harder on Maggie than I realized—until she blew up. In this task she had set herself she always got to a point when she went all to pieces. And while young children also get nervous tantrums when things are too complicated for them to take, this was a tantrum plus. It was almost as if her mind, as well as her nerves, blew up, and she retreated very much further back than a child into a sort of animal confusion.

This experience with Maggie taught me to go at a slow and easy pace in teaching all my chimpanzees. Of course, I wasn't forcing Maggie to thread a needle; actually she was forcing herself without mercy. What I learned was to make lesson periods short, and to skirt this exhausting point of strain by trying to find out how much any given ape could learn at any given time without severe fatigue and a dreadful fit of discouragement. I often had to restrain them, because they were all too eager to learn.

In these individual tasks I found the limits of the ape mind. But even more painful than these temporary strains was a general blow-up. In most of my apes, this dramatic moment would arrive when they were about five years old, and it meant they had reached the saturation point in their progress in a human environment. I must say at once that I do not believe that we can set any particular age for this final wall, for a very remarkable chimpanzee I knew well kept on learning something all his fourteen years. He wasn't in my family, but I observed him closely over a long period. And Captain Jiggs and Buddy reached the end of their rope when they were older and under severe pressure.

But in my experience the average chimpanzee reached a point, when he was about five, when he could go no further in learning human ways. Sometimes there was a violent reaction against the sum total of his human accomplishments, and he reverted to the blackness and confusion of the jungle. Then he would calm down and go on as before, except that he had stopped developing and was acting mostly from habit. When you consider that these same habits are very far from natural to the chimpanzee, either you get a high idea of his adaptability—which is in fact one of his greatest gifts—or you get a high opinion of the power of education on the ape—and even on the human child.

For it isn't too easy for us to act humanly, either, and when we push ourselves too fast toward ultracivilization, we blow up too. Then whole societies collapse, and the old, dark, jungle fears get hold of us again. I often used to wonder, in helping an hysterical ape to get back on the road, whether we weren't all too much like the chimpanzee, rushing hell-bent before we knew where we were going, and then suddenly collapsing under accumulated strain. And now that the whole world is under jungle law of tooth and talon, I can hardly change my conviction that nature's most precious experiment cannot be rushed.

And I feel that the gorilla—as a natural experiment of another kind, a bold venture which on the whole has not succeeded—can still teach us a good deal. He takes his time, enjoys life as it passes, and never goes to war. My two gorillas blew up, too, in a violent reaction against human ways, but in a completely different sense: for while the chimpanzees were straining desperately to be like us and went to pieces because they couldn't get as far as they wanted, the gorillas seemed to feel an outrage at human beings like us making it impossible for them to live as they saw fit. If Doctor Yerkes found a "superiority complex" in Congo, it is a tribute to his intuitive powers, and from my fuller experience I can say that the gorillas in my house were so deeply rooted in their own ways that often they implied a criticism of ours. And of course the chimpanzees had such an inferiority complex that

they were perpetual climbers, and got hysterical when they failed to arrive.

Keeping the gorillas happy in captivity was perhaps the biggest problem in all my work with the apes. Their complicated temperaments would have been a hard puzzle to solve even if they had been as small as the chimpanzees. Even as three-year-olds, full of affection and play, they were dangerous children to have in the house. Every few months I would have to change the sort of game I played with them long before they were ready to abandon it. When they weighed well over a hundred pounds they still wanted to ride pick-a-back, or climb on my lap, or ride on my foot. In their minds they felt so small! But a mischievous pinch, or a love pat, or a careless hug, might put any of us on the sick list.

Yet Hermann stuck things out, playing with Buddy as long as he could, and that was much longer than safety warranted. There are no Congressional medals for people brave enough to wrestle a half-grown gorilla, but it takes staunch courage and real devotion, and Hermann had both. After we had to relieve Captain Jiggs from his back-yard boxing matches with Buddy, Hermann kept on playing hard with both apes. He never begged for quarter, and even Jiggs was powerful enough to be no comfortable playmate for the strongest man. To both Jiggs and Buddy, Hermann was the one person with whom they could let go and play as they liked.

Captain Jiggs would ride pick-a-back with Hermann when the ape was considerably the heavier. He would swing on a trapeze, and then wham both feet in the small of Hermann's back and knock him sprawling. In his room there was a strong iron chair, and if Hermann sat down Jiggs would make a flying leap and land astride him. But if I ever sat down in that chair I had to coax Captain Jiggs to sit on my lap, and he had a very gentle system of swinging up, supporting his weight on the sides of the chair, and then letting himself down easily. If I romped with him on the lawn and was

knocked down, he would stop and help me to sit up, hovering over me until he was sure I was all right. Buddy did the same thing instinctively, but I had to train most of the others to recognize my fragility, whereas Buddy and Jiggs seemed to realize it without being told.

Hermann helped a good deal to keep up the illusion we were trying to create—that Massa and Buddy were still free. But their area of freedom got smaller and smaller. After we returned from Chicago they no longer had the run of the house and yard and lived in their rooms on the basement floor and in their own playgrounds just outside. A barred gate inside the door of the sunroom was always kept locked, and for a while they had the freedom of their separate halves of the sunroom during the day. But we always put them in their big cages to sleep, mostly because we knew that some day they would have to stay in them, and we wanted to inure them to cages as something not too final.

In the intervals before they were kept caged, Hermann, Dick, and I all went into their rooms to tend them and play with them. But Dick had gone altogether too far in his joke of threatening to hit me and in playing jailer. Massa had shown in her own way what she thought of him, and though Buddy kept himself under control, it was plain that he considered Dick a great menace to me, and therefore to himself. Against all our warnings Dick kept up his pose, but he had to stay out of reach of both gorillas.

And so at last we took the next step and put both Massa and Buddy in their cages. We softened this jailing as much as we could. Hermann would go in for a wrestling match with Buddy, and though he often came out pretty well mashed to a pulp, he kept on until I made him stop. I counted on Buddy never playing rough with me, but my own visits inside his cage were fun only for my huge gorilla. He was so delighted to see me that he would seize me around the waist and swing me high in the air. He would keep me suspended as easily as if I were a kitten, and nothing could induce him to put me down, until Dick came to the bars with some particularly tempting fruit.

The day arrived when Buddy realized that he was being left alone in his cage. As I remember it, the whole household was having dinner, and sunset is a lonely time at best. Suddenly Buddy screamed in a voice we had never heard before, an appalling cry of agony. The policeman in the booth across the street told us afterwards that when he heard this unearthly cry he broke into a cold sweat. He couldn't tell from what direction the scream came; it was so tremendous that the very earth seemed to be crying out.

For a while we took care that Buddy was never left alone until he was asleep, or the desolate cry would come again. I spent a good deal of time with him, playing games through the bars, and as long as Massa and Buddy were with me I helped with their grooming. They had partial sponge baths with soap and water, and then I rubbed their coats with coconut oil, which cleaned skin and hair, and kept their pelts fine. What a contrast they were, Massa with her luxuriant silvery coat, and Buddy with his inky-black, wiry hair. It was an odd toilet through the bars, for they would have to keep turning slowly so I could reach their backs and chests. I wanted them to learn as much as they could, and since Buddy's scarred face always needed a lubricant in our climate, I taught him to rub his face with cold cream and wipe it off with cleansing tissues, a refinement which pleased him.

Massa hated giving up her automobile rides with me, but just before Christmas in 1935 we had a last ride together, all the way to Philadelphia. Even after her exhibitions of violence had made me fear she was too dangerous to keep in a private house, I held on to her, hoping she would quiet down. While she made no more jail breaks, that was more due to our vigilance than to her self-control. As I remarked, she had made a brilliant solution of her problem as prisoner by proving herself stronger than her jailers, and since that saved her pride and kept her from suffering too much, I welcomed it. But it was no solution for the household, which had to regard her as a suspended threat. There must always

be somebody who can control an animal in a house, and once I had lost to Massa, none of us could.

But that also meant that she was not dependent on me for her well-being and would be just as happy somewhere else, though just the opposite was true of Buddy. When the Philadelphia zoo asked to buy Massa as eventual mate for their Bamboo, doyen of all gorillas in the country, I decided to part with her. Though the experts agreed that Massa was a female, sex was not as important as her splendid condition. So I got a station wagon, took out the seats and installed heaters, and drove my first gorilla to a new home.

I stayed with Massa three weeks to make sure that she settled down contentedly. From the first she displayed her glorious self-confidence. A group of scientists gathered for a preview, and Massa made her entrance, gleaming, assured, friendly. She caught sight of me, smiled and beat her chest in welcome, which left several sceptics about chest-beating in a state of great excitement. One of them came over to congratulate me about my splendid beast, but I was so proud of her I was in tears and needed no congratulations. I feel that this superb gorilla, free in action, mentally alert, will always manage to keep her pride alive—if only by exulting in her own power.

For months after Buddy was caged he would wrap himself in his blanket, or any garment that happened to be on hand, and sit patiently near the door with his arms folded and his eyes intent. It was a long time since he had worn clothes, but he connected being dressed with Missy. He thought that if only he was wearing something Missy would come and take him for a drive, or a romp in the yard. But that never happened; there were only games through the bars.

When I first approached his cage I would hug him—as far as my arms would go. Even standing close to the bars they could only reach part way around his barrel chest. He would take my hands and pull and tug to make my arms longer. Then we'd both give up, and turn this into a tickling game. I would start gently tickling his ribs and he would try not to

squirm, but as I dug harder he would laugh and finally take my hands away. I could still get a reflex like this when he was in the mood, but all my apes laughed and cried less as they grew out of infancy.

And all of them needed variety and surprises as they outgrew their playthings. Sometimes I would tie a bunch of balloons to the roof of a cage just out of reach, and all day long the ape would be on the qui vive trying to reach them. Or I would give them something new to eat. The infallible device for amusing my family was to change mealtime into a picnic by the simple trick of putting their food into a paper bag. They played a game of surprising themselves by keeping everything hidden in the bag, and pulling out one thing at a time. After the last morsel was gone they would treasure the bag. And if one of the chimpanzees seemed too tired, or lonesome, I would rock it to sleep.

One of the games Buddy played through the bars was trying to catch Dick, and this sport grew more and more sinister, for in time Buddy made poor Dick the scapegoat for all his trouble. As for me, I could no longer control Buddy in the sense of making him obey. I discovered this in one of our most dangerous games, which Buddy loved. He would take my hand and bring it to his mouth, open the great jaws and pull my hand inside. Then with agonized caution he would bring his teeth together on my fingers, until he was just barely biting them. All the while his eyes were fixed on mine with a curious expression. I felt he was trying to tell me several things at once: that I was still safe with him, as I always had been, but—

I found what that "but" meant, when I ordered him to open his mouth and let me go. I was firm, there was authority in my voice. Still Buddy would keep his teeth closed on my fingers. But if I whimpered as if he were hurting me, if I begged, "Oh, Buddy, you're hurting Missy," then he would instantly release my hand and kiss the fingers in contrition. I demonstrated this to Dick, because I thought it was time we both understood that bullying Buddy, or even commanding him, was no good any more. Dick was still the dis-

ciplinarian, sure that Buddy must obey as he had when he was younger.

But I knew that my one hold on Buddy was his affection for me, and that probably the finger-biting game was meant to show me that with Missy he could control himself and play the game by his own choice, to prove his devotion. He was not yet six, but he was grown up enough to want to kill Dick and to want to keep my affection.

Very well, I would play the game too. I would go along with him and trust him as he trusted me, and try to hold back the darkness that was creeping over his mind with every day he was in prison. As long as I possibly could, I would go along with Buddy. But how long would that be?

## CHAPTER XV

### *My Poor Giant*

**I**N 1936 we were in Florida long before winter set in, for by now it seemed like the Garden of Eden to Missy and apes alike. While Ray Ridge in Brooklyn has little of the bustle of Manhattan, it is, after all, part of one of the busiest and greatest cities on earth. I was beginning to feel that I had piled up enough strenuous years behind me, and I wanted peace and the kindly sun. Perhaps more than anything, I wanted time to reflect on this experiment that had started so mildly twelve years before and was now presenting problems about the nature of the ape, and of my own race too. As it turned out, this year made it hard for me to think kindly of my fellow men.

The first monstrous thing happened in September. A coloured boy drifted in looking for work. We tried him out for a day or so, letting him clean up the grounds around the cages. He was lazy and incompetent, so we finally paid him off and told him there was no job for him. That night he came back after we were all asleep. He brought a bottle of strong disinfectant sweetened with chocolate syrup, and when he offered it to Buddy, the youngster drank it down. He had complete confidence about food, and had even lost his jungle caution about anything unfamiliar.

Once more a discharged man revenged himself by trying to kill Buddy. Once more acid almost ended his life. It had always been hard for me to believe that anyone could be as evil as that sailor and take out his resentment on a harmless creature; but when the same dreadful thing happened all over again, I was almost ready to believe that the powers of darkness had singled out my poor gorilla for torture. When we found him in the morning, with the guilty bottle almost empty beside him, he was in a shocking state. The acid had burned out the lining of stomach and intestines, and he was suffering agonies.

We called in the best doctors in the city, and they shook their heads. There was no telling, even after analysing the fluid left in the bottle and identifying the disinfectant, how badly the membranes had been injured, whether they would heal at all, whether Buddy could hold out without starving to death. It would be a long time before he could take food, and as he was too huge and dangerous to handle, he could not be given glucose injections or anything else to keep up his strength. Buddy would just have to suffer, and starve, and fight it out alone.

But I could at least be near him, and I had him put into his travelling cage, so I could get closer. Day and night I sat on the floor beside his box, and he would put his big head against the bars so that part of it rested on my lap. That seemed to comfort him, and it was all I could do. He could have just enough water to keep him alive and to wash a healing powder down his throat. His suffering was as gigantic as his body, and I wept many times because I could not help his pain. He would touch the tears on my cheek with his finger and then put it into his mouth.

His great frame was wasting, and he lost eighty pounds before he could take food. He moaned a good deal, but he was gentle and patient and proved once more an amazing thing that is true of all the great apes—they are stoical in suffering, and even when they are babies they seem to understand much better than human infants that they must bear their pain and co-operate in their cure. After what seemed an endless time, I could see that healing had begun and that soon he would be able to take food. I pondered a good deal about what to give him for the first hazardous feedings. Something nourishing, something that would not irritate the healing membranes—I decided to try essence of beef. This was not so much my English background as the fact that my tiny, delicate puppies had often been brought through their first days by scraped beef. So I got the best meat, and by a process of my own that involved standing for hours over a stove, I made a rich essence. Buddy liked it, and it gave him the strength to finish his fight. I was grateful for

every hour I stood over the stove, because at last I could help him. It was a long five weeks before we dared to put him back on his old diet, but after that he got back the lost weight and put on a great deal more within the year.

One midwinter morning I drove into Miami to do some shopping, and when I got back Dick Kroener was white and shaking. He had just discovered that Buddy was not in his cage. This was one of the times when I realized that Dick's devotion to the giant gorilla had become the ruling passion of his life. But I cannot pretend that I was any less full of dreadful fears than Dick. The alarm had spread like wildfire around our thinly settled community; householders had bolted their doors; men and boys who knew gorillas can't climb trees had taken this instinctive refuge. Buddy was perfectly well again, he weighed over three hundred pounds, and he was quite capable of murder. And yet it was Buddy's own safety that most concerned me—cars speeding down the road, men with guns. As long as men have guns the dice are loaded against the gorilla.

I had to find the runaway quickly if I could, and bring him back—alive, if I could. It never occurred to me that Buddy might refuse to come home with me, or might turn on me. Certainly I was the only person who might still have some persuasive power over him. Armed with a pan of milk, I set out across the fields in the direction one of the scouts who had climbed a tree thought he had taken.

At last in a field of low palmettos I caught sight of his black head, and walked slowly toward him with my offering and friendly words. But my heart turned over as I came nearer, for at last I was seeing a gorilla as he really is. He was peaceful, he was at home. He moved with the leisure of a great ponderous animal who is perfectly relaxed and opened out in the sun, so that his senses take in the warmth, the colours, the scents around him. He was wild as a human child of nature is sometimes wild, alive to every rustle of the light breeze in the palmettos, capable of subtle enjoyments. Here was the supreme æsthete of nature, whose whole



I am proud of Massa, who is now a happy inmate of the Philadelphia Zoo



Waiting for Missy. Buddy, a few months after his first trip to Florida, watches with the wistful expression reserved for my visits

life is given over to the endless pleasures nature alone affords.

He moved between the palmetto tufts, finding every now and then a fresh blossom which he would pluck and admire with a smacking of his lips, and then eat slowly, savouring its unfamiliar perfume. The noonday sun played along his great black shoulders, and he shrugged and flexed his muscles as if he had never felt the sun before. This was his own jungle, his own sun. When night came he would remember how to build his nest of branches and leafy twigs, scooping out a hole under his springy bed so that the rain, if it came, would not make a pool beneath him.

How well I knew his happiness! For I had been a wild nomad, too, hating roofs and confinement and the whole world of people. Yes, I had been a child like him for a while, healing my first sorrow and bewilderment at the cruelties of life in the kind woods. If only I could go away and leave him for ever, content in his jungle . . . but the sound of a car rushing down the road not far away brought me out of my trance. I thought, my poor giant, in all this great country of mine there is no safe jungle for you.

I held out the pan of milk to Buddy. He came up to me and took a sip, for he was always hungry. I backed slowly away; the lure must last all the way home. He followed me, not suspecting my treachery. Every now and then he took a sip of milk, and then, as I backed away, followed me at his own leisurely pace, finding a palmetto flower, sitting down to a gourmet's feast. Then hearing my call, he would come to me for another drink of milk. I dared not hurry him, though my anxiety grew almost as heavy as my guilt. I waited until each delicate feast was over, then called him again and gave him a niggardly sip, and lured him farther. He was so relaxed and happy that when we were before his cage and I set the pan inside, he automatically followed the lure.

But when the gate was shut and locked Buddy sat with his arms folded across his chest and did not touch the milk. For the rest of the day he refused to come to the bars when I

called him, or to take food from my hands. Missy had not played the game; she had tricked him. He brooded all that afternoon, not sullen or angry, but deeply sad. I am sure that in his mind he was trying to understand just what I had done, trying to puzzle out how it was that he was now shut away from the delectable fields of palmetto in fresh bloom.

Not far from us there was an excellent outdoor zoo, and I decided to put my colony in it for exhibition and safekeeping. The owner had had a good deal of experience with chimpanzees, and since the cages were guarded day and night I felt this arrangement was safer. By now my stars were eager for the limelight—in this case Florida sunlight.

So Maggie flipped from trapeze to trapeze, with a complete turn in mid-air, and still held her own against young Suzabella, walking the tightrope in her crisp ballet costume, balancing herself with her gay parasol. Captain Jiggs, roller-skating with his kitten in his pocket, was too contented to envy the old trouper, Joe Mendi, who always packed the crowds around his cage. Joe was a wonderful comedian, and long practice had taught him just how, and when, to get his laughs. He was still acting out his little dialogue, smiling like Joe E. Brown at the right spot, but he often grinned from ear to ear because he was so pleased at his power to hold people spellbound and make them laugh. He had always liked his vaudeville tours, the bustle backstage, the lights and applause from the house, the taxi rides to his hotel, and the inevitable interview with the press as he drank his morning coffee. But Florida was even more fun, and Joe was at the top of his style.

One Sunday evening the keeper told me that Joe had refused his supper. I looked him over and nothing much seemed wrong, so I decided that the Sunday crowds, and especially the hot weather, had upset his stomach. It had been such a sweltering day that the glass fronts of the cages had been raised to give the apes better ventilation. I gave Joe a simple household remedy I always used when the

apes were under the weather, and tucked him in for the night.

By morning Joe Mendi was dead. The zoo owner rushed over to tell me the news, and I think he couldn't have felt worse if he had raised Joe from infancy, as I had. When we discovered that Joe had died from arsenic poisoning, we thought at first that one of the people he had been trying so hard to amuse had given Joe poisoned candy through the open front of his cage. It was horrible enough to think that somebody in the audience, perhaps a boy at the smart-alec age, had murdered my wonderful chimpanzee. But a few weeks later Skippy II, the youngster who had finally learned to say "Ah-ah," met the same fate. Then the zoo owner and I realized that both chimpanzees had been the victims of one of those unbelievably low crimes that are always happening in the sawdust world. If I could ever bear to write about this experience it would make a fantastic tale, but I doubt if anybody could endure reading it.

We stopped at Atlantic City on the way home, and if it hadn't been for my steady-riding Captain Jiggs, the exuberant extrovert Suzabella, and some charming baby chimpanzees, I would have felt that apes, like man, are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Maggie was in a morose state, but I doubt if she realized that the little brother who had clung to her when she wanted to play, her torment and her oldest friend, would never come back. Joe had often gone away for solo tours, and she probably expected to see him come bounding in any day, full of fresh triumphs. But Maggie was about thirteen now; she had lost the gaiety of childhood and was beginning to turn in on herself, as so many apes do. She was as big as Captain Jiggs, weighing about 180 pounds, and was getting too cantankerous for anybody but me to handle with entire safety.

As for Buddy, he was passing the 400-pound mark, and there was something terrifying in his face. Since we were not sure his original cage was strong enough, we had built a welded steel cage around it, and on days when a large crowd was expected we bound heavy cables around the outside

cage. Now, when he beat his tattoo on the bars, I wasn't sure it was histrionics, and it began to sound like the pounding of a wronged prisoner trying to escape.

#### GORILLA'S OUT!

For once I believed the alarm that spread down the Steel Pier and for blocks around, and I was seized with the almost superstitious panic that gripped the crowds. But no, Buddy was standing in the innermost of his three cages, gripping the bars with his mammoth hands, tense at the pandemonium. When I found Maggie's cage empty I was still in great anxiety. If she was upset, or if people frightened her, she was big enough to be dangerous.

But Maggie Klein spent her hour of freedom with no harm to herself or anybody. When she escaped she walked down the pier with the crowds, and went into the ballroom. Maggie always had a flair for elegance, and there were red plush seats on the gilt chairs. It was wonderful to find so many chairs, all of them red, and she sat on one after the other, all around the ballroom. Then she romped a bit, sat down once more on the delightful red plush, and went outdoors again. There was a ship moored to the pier, and she went aboard and climbed the rigging to get away from the annoying crowds that followed her. At last she decided that on the whole home was best, and came quietly back. One of the attendants took her hand and led her to her cage, and the excitement was all over.

Perhaps I was allowing myself to get into a state of expecting the worst, after the dreadful things that had happened in Florida. But when we got home it seemed that Buddy's dark brooding filled the whole house. Hermann was no longer with us, and a new yard man and his wife were living in the basement apartment with Dick. I am sure Buddy had not forgotten that it was a man who had poured acid over him in Boston harbour, and certainly his experience of less than a year ago was still vivid. Now that Hermann was gone, Buddy became a man-hater; he was like a smouldering volcano, nursing destructive fires deep within him. No man in the house dared come within his reach, and when I tended

him and rubbed his back with oil, his thoughts seemed far away, his mind coiled like a serpent ready to strike. Not at me, but at the whole world that had tortured him and then put him in prison.

It was getting toward fall when we had one of those thunderstorms that always made me regret that we lived on the Narrows of New York harbour. A seventy-mile gale ripped down the bay as if it were a funnel. Even the stout old house with its heavy walls was heaving under the buffets of the storm. Plenty of human beings have a primitive terror of thunder and lightning, a throwback to our forest life many thousands of years ago. But to my apes, all born in the jungle, these terrors are immediate and stark. A ground ape is always in danger at night, and he must depend on his keen senses for his life. The roar of wind and the crash of thunder drown out the sounds of stealthy approach. The rain blots out scents of the enemy, and the lightning reveals to the prowler the nest which the ape has made for the night. No, my apes were quite right to fear a thunderstorm.

But I could not give them much thought that evening, because a dear friend who was staying with me was suddenly called home by sickness in her family, and by the time I got back from driving her to the subway the household was settled down for the night. I was very tired, for I'm primitive enough to hate thunderstorms myself, so I went to bed in the guest room, which I had been sharing with my friend. Even with the door and windows shut, I could feel the house heave and tremble as if it were a ship out in the harbour, labouring under the gale. But I finally drifted off to sleep.

In the dead of night I woke up with my heart pounding. There was no sound, but I knew somebody was in my room. Someone had noiselessly opened the door and was standing by my bed. I found I was in a cold sweat, and my mind finally admitted what my senses already knew. Yet I kept putting off the dreadful truth. I told myself it's only Maggie

Klein, my big old Maggie, with another fit of nerves like the one in Atlantic City. But I knew it was not Maggie. I argued, it must be Captain Jiggs, because of that catch in his breath . . . But I knew that even a Lordie doesn't have that human catch in his breathing when he's terribly frightened. And I could feel the ponderous movement of a body along the bed, and then a heavy knee pressing on the edge of the bed as the beast climbed . . . yes, only a gorilla climbs knee-first. And then the tremendous weight settled on the foot of the bed, pinning me down.

I had to play dead, until my mind started to work again. But I could not have moved, or drawn a deep breath, for my life.

The lightning flashed, and I saw Buddy huddling there. His arms were wrapped around his head to dull the thunder that followed the flash, and he was rocking in an agony of fear. Now he began to sob like a distraught child. My poor giant! How he had suffered down in his cage, feeling the house rock and the storm lashing against the frail sunroom. Nobody was near him but Dick and the new couple at whom he had glowered with suspicion. Frantic for help, he had somehow escaped and climbed the two dark flights of stairs, and then groped from room to room until he had scented me in the unfamiliar guest room.

He had come to me for comfort. I never once, through all these moments of horror, thought that he might have gone to Dick's room, as Massa had—only with a more dreadful purpose. I knew all the suffering that had piled up on him in the last year; I knew he had grown full of hatred and was plotting his revenge. And though he had reached his crisis of strain—not in learning, but in knowing too much of human ways—I could not feel that he had murdered Dick. I had trusted Massa just as implicitly, and seen fear open up the abyss that separates man from animal and turn her into a beast ruled by the primal reflex of life—kill before you're killed. But I could not believe that terror had turned Buddy into a beast.

When you and I are frightened we seek comfort from

someone we love, and I believed Buddy had come to me with that same impulse. He had braved the darkness to find me, and darkness was almost as bad as the storm. But I must not turn on the light or make a sign, until I could think what to do.

Three people in the basement, Emma the cook in her room near the kitchen, my husband across the hall. Five people, sleeping fitfully in the storm—was it possible none of them had heard Buddy prowling? Perhaps somebody had already called the police booth across the street, and nothing I could do would stop Buddy from being shot. If my husband opened his door across the hall, or Dick or Emma came running up the stairs, there would be tragedy. Buddy was hysterical, at the end of his rope. Any disturbance would mean that he would turn murderer.

How deep was my hold on him? He had already taught me that I must no longer command him, that he could do as he pleased with me. I had been the one person he loved and trusted—but did he trust me after that day I had tricked him back into his cage and spoiled perhaps the most perfect contentment he had ever found? So many thoughts whirled through my mind while I tried to grope through the labyrinth of perils in which six people and one gorilla could hardly hope to be saved. But there was something in that dry sobbing of his that suggested the only way out, a slender chance at best. For he was soothed enough just by having found me, so that his panic was giving way to self-pity. I remembered how I could hypnotize him into being sad or angry. Now he had collapsed under too much pressure, and fear had driven him back to childhood.

Perhaps, if I treated him like a frightened child, made him luxuriate in self-pity, I could keep him in this mood of helplessness long enough to make the dark journey down the stairs and back to the safety of his cage. If I could keep him quiet enough, docile enough—

I allowed myself a few more precious seconds—for I suppose all these thoughts had crowded into my mind almost instantaneously—to rehearse my rôle. Once I had dreamed

of singing *Tosca*, or *Carmen*, or *Sieglinde*. Now, if I could play the rôle of a sympathetic mother with a frightened child, I might save seven lives. Everything depended on my voice, for I dared not risk lights. As long as the darkness and the storm together played on his nerves, they would help me create in his great dark mind a picture of himself as a trusting, obedient child.

Lying there, pinned down and weak, I began talking softly, with honeyed compassion.

"My poor, poor Buddy. Don't be afraid. Your Missy will take care of you. It's all right, Buddy." Pity, tenderness, reassurance—the words mattered little, though he understood them all. It was the tone that quieted his sobbing and relaxed his huge body bit by bit. Talking in a warm, comforting stream, I could slowly draw up my feet, slowly lift myself and swing my feet to the floor. No time for slippers and dressing-gown, no time for anything but starting that slow, perilous journey.

"Poor Buddy, come along with Missy now. Let's find some good fruit. Take Missy's hand. That's right. Hold Missy's hand."

He was down on the floor beside me, clutching my hand in his huge one, both our palms clammy with sweat. Slowly we moved through the door, but Buddy had to cling to me, he was so terrified of the dark. He caught me in a half embrace, holding one hand cruelly tight on mine and clutching my nightgown with the other. He was already so much taller than I that my head was against his chest, and I almost suffocated in the strong sweat his terror had roused.

Always talking, even past my husband's door, praying that he would not hear my voice above the storm, glad of the storm's uproar but dreading each peal of thunder, too, because Buddy whimpered at the noise. So we reached the stairs and began edging down very slowly, feeling our way in the darkness and stopping for breath because our hearts were pounding like mad. Halfway down I felt that I must make Buddy relax his grasp on my hand, or I should faint with

pain. I began whimpering softly to let him know he was hurting me, and he obediently loosened his hold. Yes, he was still my good child, my little black ball of mischief sliding down the polished stair-rail. I slipped one hand along the rail, remembering Buddy sliding down with whoops of joy, and then suddenly falling asleep across his kiddy car. I made myself think of him as a small boy sprawled across his scooter, because my voice must echo my thoughts.

Step by step we edged down the long dark flight and along the length of the house toward the back stairs, and now I began praying that Emma wouldn't hear us. But I dared not stop the hypnotic monotone of my voice, for now it was carrying me, too, along, as if it were a power of salvation beyond my own power . . . I can't remember going down the second flight. But in the basement hall there was a bowl of fruit, and I snatched up a pear, holding it away from Buddy. He smelled it, and for the first time made normal sounds, the gurgling sounds of appetite. Talking about the delicious pear, I led Buddy into his room and before his cage.

And then I was hopeless, for a low light was burning, and he could see his prison where he had suffered agonies I can only guess. And he could see me, a little white thing smaller than Maggie Klein. And he must remember how he had sold his freedom a few months before for a pan with only a few sips of milk.

Sometimes, when everything in you is gone, drained out, all the courage, and fight, and desperate faith, and nothing is left but the feeling that everything is over, a miracle happens. Perhaps it is that last reserve of adrenaline, perhaps it is something outside of ourselves. But I heard in my own voice all the allurement and delight that can be expressed in human tones, all the persuasiveness of John Henry Davies, talking of the joys of Paradise.

"Oh, Buddy, get the beautiful pear! Look, Buddy, good, good!"

I threw the pear into his cage—and he rushed after it.

I pushed the gate shut and clicked the padlock. He was

safe now. But I clung to the bars, because my knees had collapsed. This was no animal I had tricked back into prison. It was a child of the human stem, a being with the power to think, and to love, and to suffer.

"Oh, forgive me," I whispered, and turned and climbed the stairs.

## CHAPTER XVI

### *Crossroads*

“DICK, I’m afraid Buddy is outgrowing his cage.”

In the days that followed the thunderstorm I made casual remarks like that to Dick and to my husband. I was covering up for Buddy—or really for myself. For my refusal to give him up had endangered the whole household. Buddy had not broken out of his cage that night; he had only had to open the gate, because the padlock had not been snapped shut. While I could make sure that no such oversight would occur again by checking up every night myself, I felt that no bars or locks could hold him if he exerted his full strength.

And so, pretending an apprehension to cover up the dreadful thing that had already happened, I had Buddy’s cage rolled out of the sun room to a strong outbuilding that had metal doors. He was out of the house now, and we were that much safer. But I was merely playing for time. A miracle can happen only once, and I knew that I must part with Buddy, for his own safety and the security of us all.

Playing for time, playing out the days, while I got my courage together, and made myself forget all I knew about him and felt about him, until I could regard him as others did—as a huge and dangerous beast. That is one end of the boomerang in bringing up a gorilla—at the very period when he most longs for freedom, and his intelligence is mature enough to understand all but the final reasons for his captivity, he must be treated like a dangerous beast. And the irony is monstrous; having laboured to build up a relationship of affection and trust with this stranger, having found him capable of playing a difficult game very much as we do by the severest struggles to control his emotions and scale his impulses down to a human level—I had to reward his pains by jailing him for ever. To him this must seem wanton treachery.

Yes, the boomerang had circled back to my own hands. But I would have plenty of time to brood over that. Now I must act. The decision had been clear enough for years, as clear as the solution. Buddy must be sent to prison, and I myself would dictate the terms of his sentence. Various zoos and circuses had been waiting for my rare gorilla for years. I had only to inform the right people that I was ready to part with him, and they would catch the first plane to New York. As everybody knows, it was the nephews of John Ringling who bought my gorilla; but the conditions of the sale are less familiar. The two chief ones were that Dick Kroener should have charge of Buddy, and that he should live in a cage I designed.

Dick was not only willing to go with Buddy and take care of him as long as he lived; he would have been wretched at any idea of separation. The two have one of the strangest relations that can be imagined. Though Buddy had cultivated his childish grudge against Dick until it became frozen into an attitude of waiting for the chance to kill him, he nevertheless trusted Dick implicitly. Though Dick never knows which of the two will outlive the other, this perpetual duel and danger are sweet to him, because his life is completely bound up in the gorilla. There is a grotesque code of honour between them; they are trusted and familiar adversaries. Buddy, because of his dreadful experience in Florida, would have refused to accept food from a stranger and might rather have starved to death. And without a familiar face to shake his fist at, I think his prison days would have been short. Since Dick could not be parted from the pride of his life, my first great problem was solved.

My second condition was that Buddy should have the sort of cage that would protect his health, keep him safe from people, and people safe from him. He must be isolated from the outside world, this friendliest of great creatures, in a cage so strong he could never escape, so hygienic he could get only enough germs from his food and contact with his keepers to keep up a healthy minimum of resistance. I drew up the plans for his cage, with all the specifications, and presented

them to John Ringling North. Eventually they were embodied in the famous home of Gargantua the Great.

The basic idea of the supercage was the same I had used when I took my colony to Chicago, but of course I could never have afforded this air-conditioned palace on wheels, which I understand cost about \$25,000 to build. Though no gorilla can have enough space, the main room of Gargantua's cage is twenty feet long and seven feet wide, and he has a smaller sleeping compartment. The cage is doubly walled by thick glass, with an air space between the panes. Inside the glass are strong bars of chilled steel set very close together. The air-conditioning creates a warm and fairly damp atmosphere—seventy-six degrees of temperature, and a fifty per cent. humidity.

Mothers who send their sons to war occupy the last moments with all sorts of practical details—packing up, thinking of comforts, keeping very busy. I was sending my foster son to his own solitary war, and I kept very busy, too. On the last day I gave him all the things he liked best to eat, feeding him through the bars, and I oiled his stiff black coat for the last time. Toward night, with eight strong men to handle his cage, I drove over in the truck that took Buddy to the Pennsylvania Station. It was such a short while back that the porter he had scalped had insisted that a black man was crated up in a box, and now his words came back to me all too clearly.

I told Buddy that he was going to Florida, quite as usual, and that whatever other people called him, Dick would still wake him up in the morning with his "Hey, Buddy, you lazy boy—"

Too many things happen to us all about Christmas time. Five years before, Buddy had arrived, twenty-two pounds of blinded, scarred, blazing fury. Now he weighed in at four hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and he had learned to keep his thoughts to himself. Two years before I had driven Massa down to Philadelphia through the thin snows of midwinter. Children grow up, and you can always hope they'll never quite leave home to stay. But when the great apes grow up

the parting is final. Perhaps I was punishing myself for having put my human family in peril, but when I resolved to send Buddy away, I realized that Maggie Klein, too, might prove dangerous to everybody but me. It was easier to send her down to Sarasota with Buddy, set my house in order, and have the whole ordeal over at once.

After all, I still had a nursery school, with new pupils to train. There were my second Lordie, Peggy Ann, who even as a baby showed the sunny self-control of Captain Jiggs; Rosebud, Jacky III, and later Mary Lou. I had Suzabella, a strong, confident personality; and always there was Captain Jiggs. You could tell your troubles to Jiggs, and he would send you away laughing. I began to make plans for Jiggs and Suzabella, for she was growing toward maturity. When she was a little older I hoped that they would mate and have children.

I astonished myself by appearing at the February Westminster show with a Hercuveen; and amused myself listening to Charlie McCarthy, my African Grey parrot, conducting the affairs of the house. When I ordered the groceries I had to shut the door, because when I started, "Will you please send—" he would begin calling out the list in exactly my voice. Twice we got the groceries Charlie ordered while I was conning over my list. He would call the dog to her meals, and scold her, "Mona, you dirty dog! Look at the dirt you tracked in," which usually applied to the situation better than most parrot remarks. And when my husband engaged in a little raillery with Charlie, he would cock his head to one side and say in a quavering old-maidish voice, "You—you old rascal, you!"

And then, pretty much to my consternation, the ballyhoo that now surrounded "the world's most terrifying creature," Gargantua the Great, began echoing about my ears. Somebody discovered that this dreadful giant had grown up in my house, that, in fact, I had been raising great apes for some time. All day Charlie McCarthy was echoing the Norwegian maid's pretty accent, "Mrs. Lintz, please answer the telephone." I lectured all the way from Little Rock to Boston; I talked over the radio and was interviewed by our First Lady

for Hobby Lobby. The Order of Adventurers admitted me as the second woman in their membership, and presented me with a gold medal to boot. I do not put this under the head of ballyhoo, for it was a gallant company of men I had long admired—Lowell Thomas, Roy Chapman Andrews, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Admiral Byrd, Captain Felix Riesenbergs.

America was suddenly gorilla-conscious, and so much misinformation was broadcast—a great deal of it credited to me—that I resolved to sit quietly down, some day when I had time, and try to clear things up in a book. But just then I had no spare moment, and perhaps it was just as well. Talking about Gargantua helped me forget Buddy.

Whenever I could I would take Captain Jiggs for a drive. He was nearly ten, and the oldest member of the family. Though he had not reached the limits of his learning ability and had never had a nervous crisis such as the Massies went through when they were about five, he was still an adolescent. And at this period chimpanzees show much more plainly than human youngsters what the coming of maturity means, because it is all on a physical level. The young ape is dependent, obedient, passive. The grown ape must make all the decisions for the family, such as choosing the feeding grounds; he must protect his mate and young with a great deal more care than other jungle males do. And he must be ready to fight to the death to defend them.

While all these obligations come upon us in the more diluted forms of civilized life, with the ape they are literal and vivid. He must be aggressive, something we do not encourage in our young, except in sublimated forms—like licking the daylights out of their lessons or the competing football team. And he must be free. At home he must take the lead in exploring the jungle, coming to know what spots are safe from natives and leopards, and still afford good food and water. The ape is a nomad, as wild as the Kirghiz and border Cossacks. He is born with the instinct to range far and wide, fighting his way as he goes.

Captain Jiggs had seen a few months of this sort of life, and since infants are born with their eyes wide open and learn like lightning, he retained shadowy memories of how his race lived, and behind that little fringe of real experience was the whole force of his inheritance. And yet he would sit on the front seat of my car, fastidiously groomed, and if I forgot to give him sun glasses he would fish them out of the compartment.

He was so used to the ordinary way people looked in Greater New York that even when he was a good deal younger he could pick out anybody who was different. Once we were parked by the curb waiting for a friend who was shopping, and as usual a crowd gathered to stare at Jiggs and try to decide whether he was a boy in a sailor suit, or something Frank Buck or the Martin Johnsons had brought back. Jiggs was most tolerant of all this, because he was used to it and because he was friendly. He liked looking people over himself. When he caught sight of a Chinese in native costume at the edge of the crowd, he hung out of the window, fascinated by this unfamiliar sort of man. I'm sorry to say that Captain Jiggs decided he didn't like the Oriental's looks, or perhaps his clothes. At any rate, he spat vehemently in his general direction—which amused the Chinese more than anybody. I only wish now I could fudge my story and shift the nationality of the stranger. But that's not the point. What astonished me was Jiggs's complete assimilation into American life.

And he was marvellously close to the gorillas—and to us—in knowing what affection means. It must be clear by now that all my chimpanzees were for ever demonstrating their affection, but Captain Jiggs was so highly individualized and developed in his emotions that his expressions of feeling meant a great deal more. When he gave me love pats his eyes were swimming with a sincere, eloquent love, unlike the eyes of most chimpanzees which retain something of the animal blankness. I think Jiggs and Buddy—and Massa, too—really understood what love meant.

Jiggs was falling in love with his tomboy playmate Suza-



Suzabella sits in her place in the sun, gazing with interest at the camera



Beauty treatment goes down well with Captain Jiggs

bella, and I was happy that, unlike Joe and Maggie, these two were outgrowing the boisterous phase of childhood and choosing each other for life. The female chimpanzee follows exactly the human cycle at maturity, and by midsummer of 1938 Suzabella was entering the mating period. But I felt it best to postpone the nuptials for a few months, since she was still very young.

The courtship proceeded through the bars until one day Jiggs completely lost his patience and literally burst through the door of his cage. He must have made a flying leap and rammed himself against it with the full force of his 180 pounds and his muscles, about three times as powerful as a man's. He broke a heavy wood panel like matchwood, and then tried to smash the door to Suzabella's cage. He didn't have the space for a flying start and had to give up. Very sensibly, he decided to get out of sight of his tantalizing lady-love, so he put on his clothes, as he always did when he was paying a call, and crossed the lawn to the house.

I found him sitting on the chaise-longue in my bedroom, and we were both very calm about his visit, though it was against the rules.

"Captain Jiggs," I suggested, "let's go for a drive."

He brightened up, and by the time we had spent two hours out in the July sunshine he seemed his old self, happy as a lord. I bought him an ice-cream cone and a lollipop for good measure. If only I could have explained to him that the wedding cake was on order! But he was perfectly quiet, and since his cage had been repaired while we were out, I took him back to the Simian House and helped him off with his overalls.

Fate was against us that day, for just as Jiggs started into his cage a great grey rat scuttled out. This was just too much, and Jiggs flew into complete hysteria and fled across the lawn into the house. The jungle had got my ape with a vengeance that day, and this was the time he blew up. The two strongest emotions—sex desire and fear—had torn his nerves to shreds. I followed him and found he had once more taken refuge in my room, so I decided to let him stay until he was calm again.

But he was so distraught that when he found some liquid shoe polish in the bathroom that opened off my room he applied it to his bare feet by the same system he used with his gym shoes in a careful little border around the edge. Perhaps he thought he was wearing gym shoes. Then he found my husband's shaving things, and shaved himself as he always did once a week, in his own quarters. It was, of course, a safety razor, and nobody had ever taught him or Joe that the blade could be removed—but I watched him anxiously.

Nothing seemed to calm him down, so I let him play on the upstairs porch that opened off my bedroom. He began sliding down the heavy copper rain pipe, then climbing up again. He really seemed to be reverting to a less highly evolved sort of ape, for he seldom climbed. He even swung on to a branch that overhung the porch and peered down at the crowd that had gathered.

Whatever had been going on in my own household I don't know, because I was keeping my eye on Captain Jiggs. But somebody had called the police, and several of them were on hand, asking what they should do, for police always expect to do something as quickly as possible. Nobody called the crowds; they rushed in through the front gates and stood in throngs in the yard, making a great hubbub. Those inside the gate kept calling to passers-by that a man-eating gorilla was loose, and all the rest. My Jiggs, who had raised three fine cats and a collie dog of his own, the soul of patience and courtesy!

Even now, in his distraction, Captain Jiggs was a gentleman and born entertainer. He slid down the drainpipe; then he went over to the ring of people, who backed away from him, and tried to shake hands with them. He couldn't understand why suddenly people were so changed, for all his life they had fallen over themselves to shake his hands and pat his head. Now they acted as if he were a loathsome big rat. He chattered with great animation, trying to explain things.

I realized I must take him away from the crowds and the police. I knew the disciplinary effect of clothes, and perhaps if he was dressed, and I stayed with him in his cage, he would

pull his wits together. I called to one of the officers to bring me Jiggs's overalls.

Instead, the officer took aim as Jiggs was sliding down the drainpipe and shot him in the back. I leaned down from the porch and cried out to Jiggs. He lifted an arm in answer and tried to crawl up to me. But he fell in a heap on the ground, and now he was a creature at bay, for several policemen rushed for him with pistols drawn. Jiggs picked himself up, mortally wounded as he was, and started for the bushes where the kidnappers of Charley Ross had been shot years before.

I was rushing down the stairs to save him, but he was dead when I reached him. Scores of people saw how Jiggs died. He rushed for cover, with the police after him, and when he saw he was cornered he turned and faced the firing squad. All those strangers who saw his last gesture of appeal said that he looked at his pursuers with an eloquent plea for mercy in his eyes. Then, as they took aim, he covered his eyes with his hands.

It was Suzabella who showed me the way out of the dreadful emptiness of the next weeks. Neither of us could find anything to do. I suppose I was busy lecturing to all those people who told me it must be "thrilling" to raise great apes, just as Suzabella was swinging from her trapeze. But she kept looking at Jiggs's empty cage. She was numb and lost, all the incentive had gone out of her play. Then one day the babies, Peggy Ann and Mary Lou, went out of bounds, saw Jiggs's big empty room with its fine play equipment, and entered. Suzabella came to the heavy wire meshing that separated her from Jiggs's cage, and watched the small fry swing on his trapeze. She was animated for the first time since Jiggs's death, and watched the youngsters with the critical eye of the accomplished acrobat. So I put the two runaways and Jacky III and Rosebud into the big room every day. Suzabella coached them from her side of the wire partition; she invented tricks which they copied, scolded them, encouraged them, and played the mother.

So I took heart and enjoyed the new youngsters as much as Suzabella did. Mary Lou had arrived ill, but she soon developed into the best of all my Massies in physique. She was the most perfectly behaved baby chimpanzee of them all. When she was a year old and had been with me only a few months, I took her to a banquet at the Advertising Club at which I was to speak. She sat beside me in a high chair, all dressed and powdered as a baby should be, and for three hours she bewitched everybody. She ate what I put on her plate without spilling, she listened to all the speeches, even mine, with close attention, and then she cooed and let everybody kiss her. It's surprising how many people who start with the usual feeling of distaste at apes find them irresistible close to. Mary Lou even did a radio spot with me and made cooing sounds at the right place in the script. When she was old enough she went on tour as an actress.

Peggy Ann, the Lordie who was rescued from pneumonia by sulphanilamide, had the beautiful poise and self-control of her type. When she was still quite young she went with Rosebud to the St. Louis zoo, and while I never forgot her, a great many things occupied my mind during the two years after she went West. For one thing, I was trying to get leisure to write this book, and perhaps I should not have gone down to Miami for that job, because people are always interrupting me there to ask me to give advice about a sick ape, or admire a new one—or find a lost one. I stopped everything one day to help track down a runaway for a perfect stranger, and since I had the right hunch and found the lost chimpanzee, I was allowed to hold her on my lap. She was a darling and most affectionate, but I was talking to several people busily, and it was some time before I saw the youngster on my lap watching my mouth with close attention. It suddenly occurred to me that only my own apes were taught to watch the face like that.

"Where did you get this chimpanzee?" I asked in great excitement.

The owner told me he had bought her from the St. Louis zoo, so I cried, "Why, it's my little Peggy Ann!" She had

known me right away and was patiently waiting for me to recognize her.

They never seem to forget. When I go to see Massa, she is gracious. There is no other word for it. She is delighted, beats her chest, and tries to kiss me through the bars. When I leave, she climbs up the front of the cage, throwing kisses until I am out of sight. Whatever our difficult moments, we are closely bound together.

As for Buddy—we are still playing out the game together, and I am still the only person he excepts from his general hatred of our race. I cannot blame him for this hatred, for he has twice been the victim of wanton malevolence, and now suffers from his life sentence, which to him is inexplicable. His life is monotonous to the point of torture, his strength is less than the strength of the steel bars that hold him in. His thoughts must run in a circle of hopelessness, and the circle is narrowing every year.

People are always worried when I come to see Buddy. He is headlined for his ferocity and his incessant plotting of murder; and it is quite true that until his present cage was built he tried to kill everybody who came within reach, from John Ringling North to Dick. You might think this the normal thing for a nearly grown male gorilla to do, for every one of them in the wild must fight when he is cornered. I try to think that, but it is not the whole story. For Gargantua is not a wild gorilla; he is a captive who for most of his first five years in this country was content with his state. He had playmates of his own sort; and though out of all his human associates he liked only Hermann and loved only Missy, that seemed enough. Now he is alone.

It is for this reason that now and then I go to see Buddy, to keep a little rift open through the darkness that covers his world. As long as I can go to the back of the cage so that I can reach him through the bars, and hug his great grotesque body, and put my fingers inside his mouth to see how his second teeth are coming on, so long Buddy knows there is one person who does not consider him a brute beast and

killer. The people who watch me get green in the face; since December of 1937 mine are the only hands that have touched Gargantua the Great.

About a year ago Buddy was in Madison Square Garden. I went to visit him and my husband came with me, declaring he was sceptical about my gorilla remembering me at all, but probably to prevent me from getting killed. It was after hours, and I was allowed to go inside the barrier. Buddy was in his sleeping compartment, lying on his back with his legs in the air, as he always does when he is asleep. I went close to the window and called. He roused; and when he saw me he got to his feet, as he seldom does nowadays, walked across the cage, and crouched down close to the steel bars. For a full minute he gazed into my eyes with that steady, searching gaze of his, convincing himself that this was Missy, and that only love and pity were in her eyes.

We couldn't hear each other, but I could see him mouthing his name for me. Then he got to his feet and beat his breast in delight. I have never had a sweeter tribute from any of my household. But what followed tore my heart-strings. He crouched down again, as close to me as he could get, and with one finger pulled up his scarred lip. He had a gumboil over one of his last baby teeth, and he had confided his trouble to none of his keepers. But he knew I wouldn't let him have an ache in his mouth, or anywhere in his great body if I could help it.

Now all I could do was to report the sore tooth, and go home. There was nothing I could do about Buddy's troubles any more, especially the biggest one of all—his life sentence in that luxurious jail of his. Unless he can find something to feed his mind and to make his life bearable, he will only fall deeper into a hopeless melancholia. I am afraid that he is slowly going mad.

Yes, Gargantua the Great is the world's most terrifying creature—but not for the reason people think.

## CHAPTER XVII

### *The Human Beast*

We are afraid to hunt Gorilla, for if one of us should come into his jungle to kill him, Gorilla will walk up to that man, and break his weapons in his hands.—*Native legend of the Cameroons.*

**I** WILL spend these last pages talking about problems that concern us all. My experience has taught me many things that we all know—the first and the last of them is that animals, wild or tame, are so eloquent in their need of our protection and love that often they remind us of our failure to love each other enough.

There is nothing I can say about dogs—except in technical matters—that all of us don't know. Long ago we chose the dog as our closest companion, and then bred into him the right qualities of this rôle. We expect him to be brave and loyal in situations where we ourselves might fail to stick. We expect him to be more devoted and affectionate than most of us are, and to possess all the charming qualities of play and good humour and ready forgiveness that make him an ideal friend. Within his limits the dog has a better character than our own. But those limits are narrow, for the dog is an animal we have shaped to our own purposes, as we have the horse.

When it comes to chimpanzees, we are dealing with creatures new to us and not well understood except by a few specialists. Some of them see a "future" for them something like that of the dog, if they can be tamed and bred over a long period, as the dog has been. Doctor W. Reid Blair, former director of the New York zoo, puts the chimpanzee next to man in intelligence, confessing our ignorance of the gorilla. He says :

"In some ways, I am inclined to think, the mind of an ape excels that of man, because the ape's mentality has been specially adapted and habituated to certain conditions from which man has long been removed . . . If the chimpanzee

could have had the same advantages of culture for the same number of years that the dog has enjoyed for thousands of years in his association with man, we might today be witnessing a remarkable intellectual advance in the animal. . . . No other creature below man can so quickly analyse a situation and seize on its solution."

It is possible that chimpanzees have a future with us as household pets, entertainers, or even mechanics. They suffer so little in captivity, now that we know how to take care of them, and are so easily taught, that we may be able to shape them to our own purposes, like the dog. But since many of us feel that they're not quite animals, giving them what Doctor Blair calls "the advantages of culture" may have quite different results.

That is a very large and complicated problem that we don't have to settle now, and that some future highly educated chimpanzees may decide for their own race, as a sub-human minority. But at the moment there are certain things about which every citizen of the country should take some responsibility. There are still apes in private zoos and especially in the amusement world that are shamefully treated. They are underfed or misfed; they are kept in filthy, cramped quarters; they are exploited and treated stupidly and cruelly. There should be laws forbidding the sale of any of the great apes to purchasers who cannot show a clean record in their treatment of animals, and a specialized knowledge of caring for apes.

The second thing that the general public can do to prevent tragedies is to keep calm when an ape breaks jail. This happens more often than most of us realize, because they are the cleverest animals in cages and can think of most ways to escape. I have described several breaks which I myself witnessed, mainly to show that the ape intends to leave home only for a short time and, unless there is something quite wrong with him or his home, his intentions are perfectly peaceful. If this book helps at all in explaining what apes are like, then it may help to save the lives of some of them.

If I saw my gallant Captain Jiggs shot down under my own

eyes, it was because a crowd of people who understood nothing about apes got panic-stricken. My experience is not unique; lately a marvellous chimpanzee that broke out and spent two hours exploring the neighbourhood without harming anybody at all was shot down by an innocent bystander. At the moment he was starting home with his devoted foster parents, walking between them. But a perfect stranger with a shotgun took it upon himself to murder one of the most intelligent chimpanzees in this country.

Perhaps we should all be like some small neighbours of mine who were having a tea party in their playhouse one afternoon. Mary Lou, dressed in sunbonnet and rompers, appeared uninvited. The little girls thought a fairy tale had come true, and when I found my runaway, cooing and smacking over her "pretend" tea, I had trouble getting her back. The children simply accepted Mary Lou for what she was—friendly and innocent like themselves. Even if an ape is big, and not so friendly, he can be soothed very quickly by calm words and a gift of food. But since he is the most nervous creature on two feet, he absorbs panic from the crowd, and that is how most trouble gets started.

There is one last thing in our attitude toward the chimpanzee about which I cannot expect everybody to feel as I do. After nearly twenty years of close companionship with these apes, it is quite natural for me to accept their peculiar status in the scheme of things, as betwixt-and-between the animal and human worlds. I realize that this goes counter to certain of our tastes and even religious beliefs, and I have no desire to argue tastes or beliefs. But since these are based on ignorance of the great apes I have related my experiences for what they are worth in creating a new attitude. To me, watching these strange creatures grow up in my house, their earnest and painful striving upward has only increased my sense of wonder in the whole human story.

For day after day I was seeing that story in its larger sense—the desperate efforts to learn, the fatigue and discouragement that follow failure, then the renewal of courage. Why were they working so hard, and what were they trying to do?

It seemed clear to me that they were trying to bridge that gulf from animal to man; they were trying to change themselves and become something different.

I never had this sense with other animals. My splendid St. Bernards were not in the process of becoming anything but the very best dogs I could help into being. My Chinese dragon—by poetic licence—was a rather obtuse creature with an awkwardly long tail and a taste for my neighbour's beehives, and down to the end of time his children would be Chinese dragons. My leopard would never change her spots, nor her species.

But my apes were trying to become something else. I cannot express it differently. With a deep and almost tragic desperation, with a will that is not in other animals, they were striving. Animals battle their way, but they do not strive. Only man and creatures like him make an effort of will in order to transform themselves into something higher.

And then we ask, whence comes this image in his mind that makes him want to transform himself? Whence comes this will to change, which is not the will to survive, but a drive upward? Why should these creatures, who are part of nature, be possessed by the painful urge to separate themselves from nature and find other laws which are much harder to understand and to obey?

We cannot answer these questions. Whether we are talking of ape or of man, the answer lies buried in the very kernel of our nature.

"Is the gorilla more or less intelligent than the chimpanzee? . . . As well might one inquire: Was Wilson more intelligent than Roosevelt, or Washington than Lincoln? . . . Gladly we confess our ignorance of the relative intellectual status of the gorilla. In the face of the information at hand we should be equally reluctant to say that it is more or less intelligent than man, chimpanzee or orang-outang. In fact, both statements may be true, since everything depends on the particular feature or aspect of intelligence which happens to be conspicuous. . . .

"Many times in the course of our work it has occurred to us that this giant among apes may represent a natural experiment in which the value of brawn versus brain is being determined."

This last statement of Doctor Yerkes agrees with the surmise of other authorities. Sir Arthur Keith wrote that man and gorilla, each variable and plastic, are evolving in opposite directions, the one toward brain, the other toward brawn. If I were to be indiscreet I could tell you of certain strict men of science, whose minds are too well disciplined to be swamped with emotional ideas, who regard gorillas as men of another sort. They are convinced that the gorillas belong on our side of the wavering line that separates man and beast. But here the mysteries only begin. Is the gorilla the sort of creature, as Keith suggests, who is evolving in his own way—an incomplete experiment that thousands of years from now may produce bigger and better gorillas? Or is he a lost tribe of mankind that long ago strayed from the common stem, and has ever since been falling back to the jungle, a retrograde man like certain tribes in Australia and Polynesia? Or is he an experiment that has failed, so that he is now trapped and cannot turn in any direction? This last theory is more or less the opinion of Jasper von Oertzen, who has studied chimpanzees and gorillas in their native homes:

"The gorilla appears to me, although it is the highest of the apes, very like an animal which in its genetic development has been betrayed into a blind alley. For this anthropoid belongs to creatures with a double nature, which have acquired a little, never enough, of the many qualities needed in the world to carry on successfully the struggle for existence. It is not so circumstanced, within the boundaries of its natural gifts, that the species is assured of the greatest possible length of life. It is neither a skilful climber nor an enduring runner. It has the powerful jaws of an animal of prey, but nourishes itself on plant foods. It has the strength of the athlete, but prefers to save itself by flight rather than attack. Its means of speech are limited; its senses are incomplete."

This penetrating description is worth a second reading. But it raises the most troubling questions of all. Why should the mightiest creature in the jungle refuse to use his strength? Why does he forage all day for vegetables instead of killing his food? Why does he run away from a fight if he possibly can? If we must suggest an answer to these puzzles, we can say that the gorilla hasn't the temperament that goes with his brawn. He refuses to be a bully. He has learned something better. Having started out to be a creature of brawn, he became enough a creature of brain for his real dilemma to lie in his double nature. This is his quandary in trying to get on with us, and perhaps in getting on in the world much longer. For his race is dying, and I believe it will vanish as the greatest mystery in nature.

It seems very doubtful whether captive gorillas will ever yield us enough facts to explain their race and the unknown spaces that stretch behind our own history—certainly not enough to pay for their sufferings in captivity. And it is impossible for us to learn much about how the wild gorilla lives, for if you get near enough to observe him he has already discovered you and his normal life ceases then and there. He vanishes or he becomes the creature at bay. But we know enough to see how he has worked out his dilemma, and nobody can say that he hasn't fitted himself into his jungle with great wisdom.

He doesn't talk as much as we do, perhaps because he has arranged his domestic life so that it is free from quarrels and arguments about what to do next. His life is orderly, well disciplined, and free from needless fussing. The father is head of the family, and evidently one old patriarch leads the group of families that travel together in a band. The gorilla has made no tools or gadgets, built nothing to last longer than overnight, but he sees the world. There may be understandings between the various bands; at any rate there are no wars. His personal and domestic joys are simpler than ours, and evidently more profound. He enjoys eating and sleeping and taking sun baths, he enjoys his children, and keeps his mate, or mates, for life. He attains a natural dignity with

the increase of years, and receives the respect due to his superior experience and wisdom.

Now and then some intelligent and trustworthy observer goes into the jungle and manages to get a glimpse of a family without being detected, a most difficult feat. There is a charming picture of a band of mountain gorillas, breakfasting on the juicy stalks of the chervil, by Count Gyldenstolpe. To see them thus, he crept forward until he could see an open glade, and two babies playing a clumsy game of "tick" on a fallen tree trunk:

"On one occasion the young ones clasped each other in their arms, and once I noticed how one of them, after an unsuccessful attempt to catch the other, began to beat the tree trunk with both hands, evidently in order to make its play-fellow come nearer out of curiosity. Then suddenly there was a lively movement amongst the feeding animals and slowly and lazily a full-grown female gorilla climbed up the trunk. There she sat looking around. The young gorillas kept perfectly motionless for some moments. They resumed their dizzy game, however, as soon as the mother had convinced herself that no danger threatened. The female soon joined in the game, to the visible and audible delight of the young ones. Once I saw the female gorilla take one of the young ones in her arms. She remained sitting like that a long time, with the other young one looking jealously on. By and by the female climbed down to the ground again and the young ones continued their interrupted game alone."

He goes on to describe another mother with her young, sitting content with their existence; a big male on a fallen tree who was keeping guard while the rest of the band of thirty ate their meal; and the leader, patriarch of the clan.

A wonderful glimpse of the leader of a band of mountain gorillas comes from Ben Burbridge, who watched from screening thickets as a ponderous silver-backed male walked toward the edge of the forest and made a peculiar clucking sound:

"Several females with urchin-like young, some riding their babes upon their backs, joined him. Young males, much

smaller than the great lord of the band, but scarcely distinguishable from the adult females . . . ambled from couches where they were resting. One mother, delayed by a truant youngster, cuffed it soundly before joining the others.

"Gorillas are grave and deliberate in everything they do. The old man waited in quiet dignity until the band was assembled, then by gesture or word, I could not discern which, ordered them to march. With the gravity of a band of warriors they swung into line, females in the van, young following, the old male bringing up the rear. It was an imposing sight as they slowly disappeared in the forest."

For myself, I say, let them disappear in their own forest. Throw around them all the laws and protection we can, make it a grave crime to capture one of them, let alone take his life. The various districts in which gorillas live had already started in this direction when the war tore down restrictions. I suppose, when the nations gather around the peace table some day, nobody will remember to protect the gorilla by international treaty, but this should be done. And though nobody loves these creatures better than I do, I think we must leave them at home, and protect their feeding grounds.

Often I wanted to ask Massa and Buddy strange questions that none of us can answer: Are you going up toward the human world, or did you, long ago, belong in that world and then retreat from it? This sympathy and this desire to share the best you have are what we call human traits. Are you only just beginning to learn them, or are they all you remember from a past very long ago? Are you, as king of the anthropoids, caught in a tragic dilemma? Having taken the path toward physical power, did you abandon it too late? Did you then begin to cultivate powers of mind and heart, only to find that your human brothers had long ago outstripped you, and now feel only terror of you because of that very brawn you so despise?

Whatever the answer to these questions, whether the gorilla is an arrested man, or a retrograde man, or a man on his way up, to me he seems a brother. I am treading on

holy ground—that holy ground we have fenced off from the animal world and call human. But if I believe that the gorilla keeps the peace because he has a moral sense, what else can I call him but man?

I can hear my father's beautiful voice coming from the pulpit with that old humble question, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" Our own nature and our own destiny are still a mystery to us; and with all mankind at war today, it is hard to affirm that either nature or destiny is sublime. Paradoxically enough, the gorilla who is advertised as the world's greatest gangster should be able to show us how deeply rooted is our desire for peace. Perhaps we should give up asking, "What is Gorilla?" and ask him, "What is Man?"

If his ancient wisdom could speak, he might answer like this:

"Man is a creature impossible to understand. He enjoys too little the simple things that come every day—food and sun and companionship, sleep and noonday leisure. He makes too many things, he even makes machines to kill. When Gorilla must fight, he first sends the females and young to safety. When Man fights, his machines destroy the females and young first of all.

"I fear that Man has now reached a very bad pass, for he is destroying the jungle in which we all must live, and the young who should live after us. Gorilla uses his strength only to keep the peace. When the enemy comes to his feeding ground to destroy him, he goes up to that foolish one, and breaks the weapon in his hands."

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